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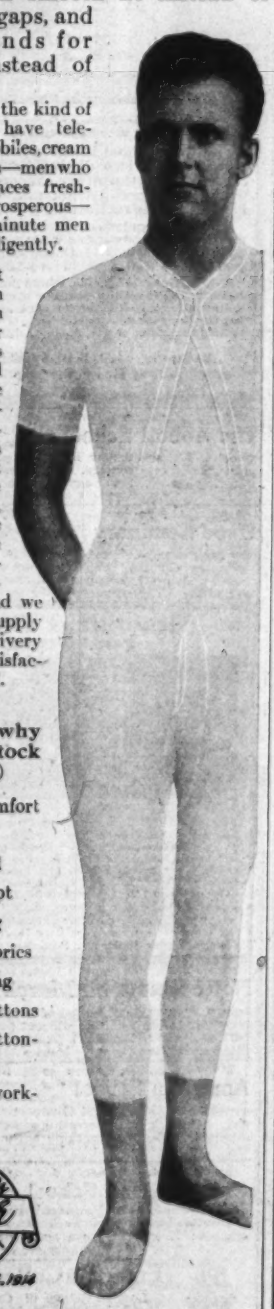

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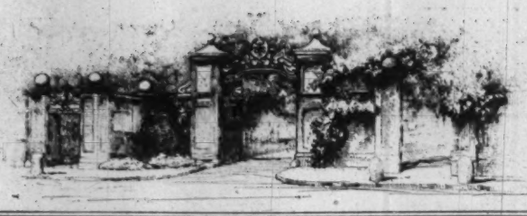

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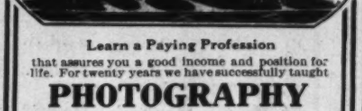

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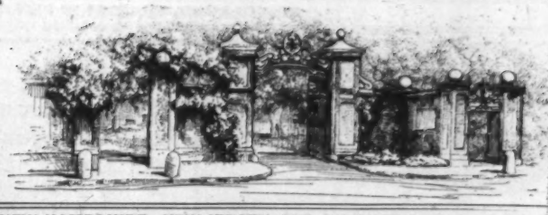

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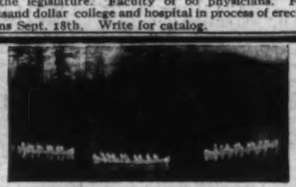

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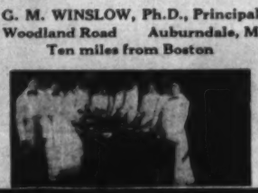

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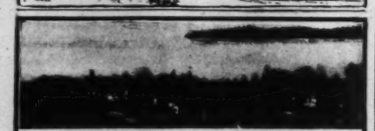

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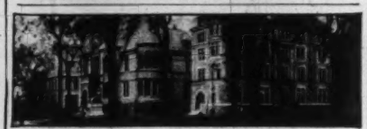

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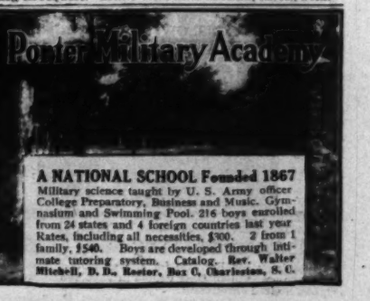

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McClure's June Bulletin

of Pure Foods and Toilet Preparations

THE following food products, beverages and toilet preparations, advertised in McClure's, have been investigated and approved by Professor Lewis B. Allyn, Food editor of The McClure Publications. In recommending these goods to McClure readers through this Bulletin each month we believe that we can help you safeguard your buying. All have been advertised in McClure's Magazine within the past year. Others will be added to the list each month. Watch this list and use it as a buying guide.

Baby Foods
Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
Eskay's Food
Mellin's Food (Page 9)

Baking Powders
Royal Baking Powder (Page 2)

Beverages
Walter Baker & Co. (Page 9)
Blooker's Cocoa
Horlick's Malted Milk
Postum (Page 45)
White House Coffee

Candies and Confections
Luden's Cough Drops
Lowney's Chocolates (Page 57)
Sterling Gum (Page 42)
Whitman's Chocolates

Cereals
Cream of Wheat
Grape Nuts
Post Toasties
Quaker Oats Co. (Page 50)
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Crackers and Biscuits
National Biscuit Company

Fish Products
Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes (Page 76)
Frank E. Davis Fish Co.

Fruits
Atwood Grapefruit Company

Miscellaneous Food Products
Beech-nut Packing Company
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Soups
Campbell Varieties (Page 37)

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Crystal Domino Sugar

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Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil
Vinol
Sanatogen (Page 6)

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Baldpate Hair Tonic (Page 67)
Chas. Baez Azurea Face Powder
California Citrus Cream
Carmen Powder (Page 68)
Colgate's Products
Cuticura Soap (Page 61)
Depree Chemical Co.
Fairy Soap
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Ivory Soap (Page 10)
F. F. Ingram's Milkweed Cream
B. J. Johnson Soap Co.
Lambert Pharmacal Co., Listerine (Page 81)
I. W. Lyon & Son
Mentholatum
Mülhens & Kropff Products
"Mum" Mfg. Co. (Page 66)
Newskin Company (Page 67)
"Nujol" (Page 66)
Oakland Chemical Co. (Page 57)
Packer's Tar Soap
Palmolive Products
Pears' Soap
Pebeco Tooth Paste
Pompeian Night Cream
Resinol Soap
Rexall Hair Tonic
Paul Rieger's Perfumes
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Woodbury's Facial Soap

Miscellaneous
Pompeian Olive Oil

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

JUNE
1916

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

Illustration by Clarence F. Underwood

The King sat smoking. They did not speak. There was no reason why they should. They both knew the thought within their minds

"For God and King!"

by

Porter Emerson Browne

Author of "Peace — At Any Price" and "Uncle Sham!"

A CERTAIN latter-day sage, from beneath the humor of Celtic pseudonym, has asserted that when reference be made as to service for God and king, he would wish to be assured that the Senior Member of the firm has been consulted.

Connection lies between this and that bombastic bellow of the Dark Ages that the King can do no wrong. Perhaps, in the days when first this cry came crashing from the hairy mouths of men whose only respect was for a hand more heavy and a heart more foul than their own, this was so. Then it was that might made right — only the weak of body, and the meek of soul were wrong.

However, antedating by a little the coming of the bible with gold edges, appeared Wrong as we know it. But the panoplied phrase persists — as absurdly incongruous and as abjectly ridiculous as a knight in full armor tilting against a twelve-inch projectile; eventually to be as futile. But that is not yet; for the human race is young, slothful of mind and very ignorant. So the Divine Right that is of might still rules to bathe the world in blood. But it will pass.

However ——

Once upon a time there was a king. He himself believed not in Divine Right. It is doubtful if there is a king who does. However, his people did believe; and that, to the king, was all that mattered.

The king did not believe that he could do no wrong; for he had occasional gleams from an atrophying intelligence; and his conscience, though fast dying from the undue burdens it was forced to bear, yet was not quite dead, and sometimes called to him, in the night, when he was not too drunk to listen. However, as the king's subjects believed that he could do no wrong (or, at least, were content not to argue the matter) what booted the personal beliefs of the king, who was wise enough to keep those beliefs to himself? Any man, even a Divinely Righted king, were a fool, and worse, to question his pleasures.

Like all kings, this king had a queen. This was (for the queen, at least,) unfortunate; but it was unavoidable; for kings, like stallions, are supposed to live mainly for posterity; and queens are only queens when nature has blessed them of her functions. It is but a short step from the royal palace to the breeding-stables; and even a shorter step back again.

The king loved the queen as much as the stallion loves the mare; no more. And the queen — but what difference does it make? She was merely a queen.

The king was with the queen only at times when his presence was demanded — levees, and the opening of bazaars, at celebrations, and at reviews, and when little potential kings and queens were to be born into the world. At all other times, he did much as he chose — always taking excellent care not to upset in the minds of his people their theories anent Divine Right, and the regal incapacity for wrongdoing. At times, that which the king did caused the queen to spend long, wet-eyed, sleepless nights. But as she was a queen first and a woman afterward, again it did not matter. How could it? She had been fortunate enough to give birth to seven children in seven years. What more ought a queen to expect?

But while the king did not love the queen, there was a woman that he did love. He knew that he loved her. He knew because he had loved half a hundred other women before. And if he loved those half hundred, why not this? Could one ask for better proof of love than that?

She was young, this woman; young and very beautiful; beautiful of face, beautiful of body. Her husband thought that, too, she was beautiful of soul . . . But, like many husbands, he did not know his wife very well. He made of her what he wanted her to be; and that he loved and worshiped.

The king had known many women; he had known many husbands. Some were satisfied with gold; some

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with preferment. But this one seemed different. His eye was gray and clean; his jaw square and set . . . The king was troubled. . . .

And then the Great War came. And with it, we come to our story.

They had been rushed to the front. The officer in command had received his orders only that morning . . . He had kissed his wife good-by, the while buckling on his revolver. She was very beautiful, this wife of his; he loved her as it is given few men to love, and few women to be loved; and his gray, clean eyes grew misty as he kissed her . . . Then a confused rushing of armed men, marching swiftly through crowded streets, clambering into, and on, and over long trains of jammed coaches. . . .

At length their train stopped. There were other trains, like theirs, many of them. They formed, in companies . . . From God knew where, in all the confusion, came orders. And they began to advance.

They met the wounded first, sunken-eyed, wan-cheeked, in bloody bandages . . . Ambulances whose floors dripped red upon the bitten roadway . . . There was a far mutter, like distant thunder. . . .

The enemy were coming, by hundreds, by thousands, by tens of thousands . . . Like great, gray snakes they were winding their way across the stricken countryside, stopping now and then to coil — and then to loose those coils and leave the Thing broken, bleeding, while on they crawled, on, and on, and on ——

Wild rumors reeled through the trembling air. Could it be stopped — this sullen, relentless, onward movement? If not — His country, for which his fathers had fought, and fought, and died, to become a conquered province! The liberties of its people to be taken from them! Its men slaughtered; its women violated! . . .

The Officer's lean, bronzed hand closed over the butt of his automatic; his gray eyes gleamed . . .

And then the battle!

One may not tell much of fighting. It is at once so incomprehensibly big, and so absurdly little . . . A countryside aflame with the fire and smoke and torment of a hundred hells . . . The buttons on a man's uniform. . . .

The Officer found himself on a little hill with the command to dig himself in. . . Already the enemy had the range of his position; and even as the men set frantically to work with their entrenching tools, came a shell . . . It exploded fair among them . . .

It seemed unreal; horribly unreal . . . Where but a moment before had been men, swearing, sweating, digging, there was now only a vast hole. There was blood, to be sure; there were pieces of flesh — an arm, a leg, a head torn from its quivering trunk . . . And there were wounded, screaming, muttering. . . .

The Officer grew sick . . . He tried to see who it was that was gone. . . .

But there was no time for that. They must dig and fight — dig and fight . . . That was what war was, digging and fighting — digging and fighting . . . .

There came another shell. And more men were gone. . . .

And now the enemy were charging. Little men, they looked, in dull, dusty uniforms. . . .

Even as he watched, his own troops, on either side of the hill, began to fall back . . . A retreat! . . . His jaw set. . . .

His Second in Command saw, too . . . Sweat running from his forehead, he looked up . . . The Officer's eyes half closed. . . .

"Dig," he said. And that was all.

Another shell came . . . More men were gone . . . A flying fragment killed the horse of an orderly, from headquarters, pitching him off on his head . . . He came up to the Officer, spitting dirt and blood.

Cursing the enemy that had killed his horse, he screamed his orders to the Officer. They were to hold the position at all cost; to enfilade the advancing enemy when they tried to pass; so that those on either side of the hill might effect a safe retreat.

The orderly started off, cursing, stumbling over the corpses. He had gone seventy yards, perhaps eighty, when it happened . . . A sheet of flame . . . The orderly's field glasses fell at the Officer's feet. The Officer picked them up and stood looking at them, vacantly. . . .

He felt a little stinging swish across his forehead. And his eyes were filled with blood. . . .

He drew his hand across them . . . The enemy were nearer . . .

He looked for his Second in Command . . . The Second in Command was holding his hand where his jaw had been; over it ran a cataract of blood. . . .

Illustration by Clarence F. Underwood

And then the battle!

The Officer remembered his orders. So that was it! They were a sop — a sop to be thrown to the great, gray snake to make him pause in his crawling long enough that others might escape.

His jaw set a bit tighter . . . If there must be a sop, there must be. All men can't be heroes; as all men can't live and love and be happy . . . And if it must be he that is to die that others may live — war is war, and life is life, even as death is but death . . . There came to him dimly, in all the hell-hurled tumult, that it didn't matter much after all — that it wouldn't matter much if only it weren't for Her . . . And if his going would save her from the Thing so horribly worse than death that conquering men do to conquered women — God!

They were few now, his men, pitifully few . . . Even as he looked more were down . . . His own orderly was among them; hardly more than a boy he was, a boy who loved all men and whom all men loved . . . They couldn't kill him! It was unfair, horribly unfair! The boy whom children loved, to whose feet every stray dog came friendlily. . . .

The machine-guns had been smashed or silenced save one . . . Two men were operating this, one firing, the other feeding. . . .

And now the enemy were upon them . . . Like gray waves, they foamed up the hillside, surging along on either side of the base . . . The Officer emptied his automatic blindly, at the surging gray torrent. . . .

He heard someone calling to him. He looked. One of the men at the gun was down; a bullet through his head, striking as fair between the eyes as you could place your finger. . . .

The Officer threw down his empty gun. Dragging the fallen body to one side, he took his place, firing, firing, firing at the surging gray waves that came rolling on endlessly, remorselessly. . . .

His finger pressing the trigger, he took a swift look about him . . . All were down now . . . All gone . . . All dead or dying, all save only the man beside him and — himself. . . .

His gun had ceased firing; he pressed the trigger savagely . . . But it wasn't the gun; it was the man beside him . . . He had slipped to the ground; there was a red foam flecking his lips . . . He thrust out his hand . . . The Officer grasped it with his own, then slipped in a fresh belt of cartridges. . . .

Then It came. It was as though someone had hit him on the chest with a stick, a fierce, quick, savage thrust . . . It didn't hurt much . . . He felt dizzy and weak . . That was funny. He looked down at the breast of his uniform. There was a great, wet, red splotch. His breath bubbled in, his throat. The Officer slipped to the ground. . . .

The gray seas engulfed him. Countless gray forms were all about him. It was the End. . . .

And so he died. But before the soul had left his body, there came to his blood-streaked lips six words. The first was the name of his wife. And the other four: "For God and King!"

The king sat smoking. Through half-shut eyes he watched the woman before him. She was very beautiful, this woman; kings usually know what is beautiful of woman; kings usually have what is beautiful of woman; for, being kings, they have much money and much power; and money and power bring beautiful things.

I could not describe this woman if I would; nor would I if I could. But you have seen beautiful women. This woman was probably more beautiful than any you ever saw. And the king looked at her through half-shut eyes. . . .

They did not speak. There was no reason why they should. They both knew that her husband had been removed from the board of strategy, where he would have been of great value to his country, and sent to the front in France where he could be of but little. And they both knew why he had been sent, and who sent him. Therefore the beautiful woman reclined before the king; while the king watched her through half-shut eyes.

And they both knew, too, the thought within their minds. So she said nothing. She was a very beautiful woman and she had chosen what she had chosen. And he? Well, was he not a king by divine right?

And a king, you know, can do no wrong.

At Random in Fandom

Sketches by **Arthur William Brown** *Verses by* **Grantland Rice**

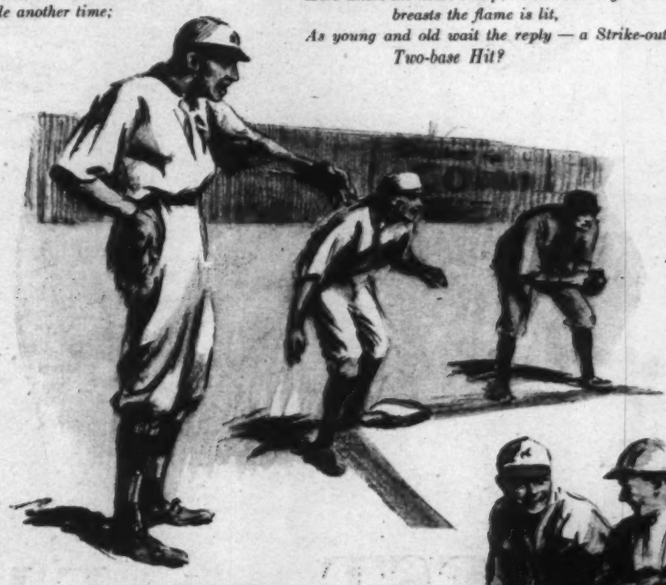
Here end the sorrows of the race — all want and wretchedness and crime,
Where Care must seek another place — where Sin must bide another time;
Here where the heart's wiped clean and dry — where in dull breasts the flame is lit,
As young and old wait the reply — a Strike-out — or a Two-base Hit?

TYRUS RAYMOND COBB

Take seven parts of hurricane and eight of dynamite;
Add fourteen parts of flame and flash and twenty parts of fight;
Toss in another twelve for speed and raw nerve on the job,
And if it breaks the ball game up you'll know the answer's COBB.

WALTER JOHNSON

We know that Matty's Fadeaway comes drifting by like Fate;
We know how Alexander's curve revolves across the plate;
But what has Walter Johnson got? No living player knows,
For no one ever sees the ball that Walter Johnson throws.



THE COACHER

"Get in the game — head up, old scout,"
The Coacher's call swings to a shout;
So at Life's base the voice of fame —
"Get in the game — Get in the game."

THE VETERAN

What has he left of the name and fame
That came to him from the good old game,
The game that his soul had learned to love?
A faded dream — and a worn-out glove.

THE UMPIRE

An Umpire died — and went below,
To where hell's hottest blazes glow,
"O, what rare bliss," he called in mirth,
"Compared to what I caught on earth."

AFTER THE GAME

Since Batting Eyes or proper breed
Are trained to go for Curves and Speed,
The player jumps his day's fatigue,
To sign up with the Chicken League.

At seven o'clock in the morning, the most trying hour in the day for a woman, Floss was still triumphantly pretty

THE ELDEST — *by* Edna Ferber

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

THE author of "Our Mrs. McChesney," in which Ethel Barrymore is so successfully starring, is the most recent notable addition to the McClure group of writers. "The Eldest" is Edna Ferber at her best.

THE Self-Complacent Young Cub leaned an elbow against the mantel as you've seen it done in English plays, and blew a practically perfect smoke-ring. It hurtled toward me like a discus.

"Trouble with your stuff," he began at once (we had just been introduced), "is that it lacks plot. Been meaning to meet and tell you that for a long time. Your characterization's all right, and your dialogue. In fact, I think they're good. But your stuff lacks raison d'être — if you know what I mean."

"But" — in feeble self-defense — "people's insides are often so much more interesting than their outsides; that which they think or feel so much more thrilling than anything they actually do. Bennett — Wells ——"

"Rot!" remarked the young cub, briskly. "Plot's the thing."

There is no plot to this because there is no plot to Rose. There never was. There never will be. Compared to the drab monotony of Rose's existence a desert waste is as thrilling as a five-reel film.

They had called her Rose, fatuously, as parents do their first-born girl. No doubt she had been normally pink and white and velvety. It is a risky thing to do, however. Think back hastily on the Roses you know. Don't you find a startling majority still clinging, sere and withered, to the family bush?

In Chicago, Illinois, a city of two millions (or is it three?), there are women whose lives are as remote, as gray, as unrelated to the world about them as is the life of a Georgia cracker's woman-drudge. Rose was one of these. An unwed woman, grown heavy about the hips and arms, as houseworking women do, though they eat but little, moving dully about the six-room flat on Sangamon Street, Rose was as much a slave as any black wench of plantation days.

There was the treadmill of endless dishes, dirtied as fast as cleansed; there were beds, and beds, and beds; gravies and soups and stews. And always the querulous voice of the sick woman in the front bedroom demanding another hot water bag. Rose's day was punctuated by hot water bags. They dotted her waking hours. She filled hot water bags automatically, like a machine — water half-way to the top, then one hand clutching the bag's slippery middle while the other, with a deft twist, ejected the air within; a quick twirl of the metal stopper, the bag released, squirming, and, finally, its plump and rufous cheeks wiped dry.

"Is that too hot for you, ma? Where'd you want it — your head or your feet?"

A spinster nearing forty, living thus, must have her memories — one precious memory, at least — or she dies. Rose had hers. She hugged it, close. The L trains roared by, not thirty feet from her kitchen door. Alley and yard and street sent up their noises to her. The life of Chicago's millions yelped at her heels. On Rose's face was the vague, mute look of the woman whose days are spent indoors, at sordid tasks.

At six-thirty every night that look lifted, for an hour. At six-thirty they came home — Floss, and Al and Pa — their faces stamped with the marks that come from a day spent in shop and factory. They brought with them the crumbs and husks of the day's happenings, and these they flung carelessly before the life-starved Rose and she ate them, gratefully.

They came in with a rush, hungry, fagged, grimed, imperious, smelling of the city. There was a slamming of doors, a banging of drawers, a clatter of tongues, quarreling, laughter. A brief visit to the sick woman's room. The thin, complaining voice reciting its tale of the day's discomfort and pain. Then supper.

"Guess who I waited on today!" Floss might demand.

Rose, dishing up, would pause, interested. "Who?"

"Gladys Moraine! I knew her the minute she came down the aisle. I saw her last year when she was playing in *His Wives*. She's prettier off than on, I think. I waited on her, and the other girls were wild. She bought a dozen pairs of white kids, and made me give 'em to her huge, so she could shove her hand right into 'em, like a man does. Two sizes too big. All the swells wear 'em that way. And only one ring—an emerald the size of a dime."

"What'd she wear?" Rose's dull face was almost animated.

"Ah, yes!" in a dreamy falsetto from Al, "what *did* she wear?"

"Oh, shut up, Al! Just a suit, kind of plain, and yet you'd notice it. And sables! And a Gladys Moraine hat. Everything quiet, and plain, and dark; and yet she looked like a million dollars. I felt like a roach while I was waiting on her, though she was awfully sweet to me."

Or perhaps Al, the eel-like, would descend from his heights to mingle a brief moment in the family talk. Al clerked in the National Cigar Company's store at Clark and Madison. His was the wisdom of the snake, the weasel and the sphinx. A strangely silent young man, this Al, thin-lipped, smooth-cheeked, perfumed. Slim of waist, flat of hip, narrow of shoulder, his was the figure of the born fox-trotter. He walked lightly, on the balls of his feet, like an Indian, but without the Indian's dignity.

"Some excitement ourselves, today, down at the store, believe me. The Old Man's son started in to learn the retail selling end of the business. Back of the showcase with the rest of us, waiting on trade, and looking like a Yale yell."

Pa would put down his paper to stare over his reading specs at Al.

"Mannheim's son! The president!"

"Yep! And I guess he loves it, huh? The Old Man wants him to learn the business from the ground up. I'll bet he'll never get higher than the first floor. Today he went out to lunch at one and never shows up again till four. Wears English collars, and smokes a brand of cigarettes we don't carry."

Thus was the world brought to Rose. Her sallow cheek would show a faint hint of color as she sipped her tea.

At six-thirty on a Monday morning in late April (remember, nothing's going to happen) Rose smothered her alarm clock at the first warning snarl. She was wide-awake at once, as are those whose yesterdays, todays and tomorrows are all alike. Rose never opened her eyes to the dim, tantalizing half-consciousness of a something delightful or a something harrowing in store for her that day. For one to whom the washwoman's Tuesday visitation is the event of the week, and in whose bosom the delivery boy's hoarse "Grocrees!" as he hurls soap and cabbage on the kitchen table, arouses a wild flurry, there can be very little thrill on awakening.

Rose slept on the davenport-couch in the sitting-room. That fact in itself fixes her status in the family. This Monday morning she opened her eyes with what might be called a start if Rose were any other sort of heroine. Something had happened, or was happening. It wasn't the six o'clock steam hissing in the radiator. She was accustomed to that. The rattle of the L trains, and the milkman's artillery disturbed her as little as does the chirping of the birds the farmer's daughter. A sensation new, yet familiar; delicious, yet painful, held her. She groped to define it, lying there. Her gaze, wandering over the expanse of the gray woolen blanket, fixed upon a small black object trembling there. The knowledge that came to her then had come, many weeks before, in a hundred subtle and exquisite ways, to those who dwell in the open places. Rose's eyes narrowed craftily. Craftily, stealthily, she sat up, one hand raised. Her eyes still fixed on the quivering spot, the hand descended, lightning-quick. But not quickly enough. The black spot vanished. It sped toward the open window. Through that window there came a balmy softness made up of Lake Michigan zephyr, and stockyards smell, and distant budding things. Rose had failed to swat the first fly of the season. Spring had come.

As she got out of bed and thud-thudded across the room on her heels to shut the window she glanced out into the quiet street. Her city eyes, untrained to nature's hints, failed to notice that the scraggy, smoke-dwarfed oak that sprang, somehow, miraculously, from the mangey little dirt-plot in front of the building had developed surprising things all over its scrawny branches overnight. But she did see that the front windows of the flat building across the way were bare of the Chicago-gray lace curtains that had hung there the day before. House cleaning! Well, most decidedly spring had come.

Rose was the household's Aurora. Following the donning of her limp and obscure garments it was Rose's daily duty to tear the silent family from its slumbers. Ma was always awake, her sick eyes fixed hopefully on the door. For fourteen years it had been the same.

"Sleeping?"

"Sleeping! I haven't closed an eye all night."

Rose had learned not to dispute that statement.

"It's spring out! I'm going to clean the closets and the bureau drawers today. I'll have your coffee in a jiffy. Do you feel like getting up and sitting out on the back porch, toward noon, maybe?"

On her way kitchenward she stopped for a sharp tattoo at the door of the room in which Pa and Al slept. A sleepy grunt of remonstrance rewarded her. She came to Floss's door, turned the knob softly, peered in. Floss was sleeping as twenty sleeps, deeply, dreamlessly, one slim bare arm outflung, the lashes resting ever so lightly on the delicate curve of cheek. As she lay there asleep in her disordered bedroom, her clothes strewing chair, dresser, floor, Floss's tastes, mental equipment, spiritual make-up, innermost thoughts were as plainly to be read by the observer as though she had been scientifically charted by a psycho-analyst, a metaphysician and her dearest girl friend.

"Floss! Floss, honey! Quarter to seven!" Floss stirred, moaned faintly, dropped into sleep again.

Fifteen minutes later, the table set, the coffee simmering, the morning paper brought from the back porch to Ma, Rose had heard none of the sounds that proclaimed the family astir — the banging of drawers, the rush of running water, the slap of slippered feet. A peep

Rose smiled as a mother smiles at a child that has unknowingly hurt her. "No, thanks, Henry. Not tonight. You and Floss run along"

of inquiry into the depths of the coffee pot, the gas turned to a circle of blue beads, and she was down the hall to sound the second alarm.

"Floss, you know if Al once gets into the bathroom!"

Floss sat up in bed, her eyes still closed. She made little clucking sounds with her tongue and lips, as a baby does when it wakes. Drugged with sleep, hair tousled, muscles sagging, at seven o'clock in the morning, the most trying hour in the day for a woman, Floss was still triumphantly pretty. She had on one of those absurd pink muslin nightgowns, artfully designed to look like crêpe de chine. You've seen them rosily displayed in the cheaper shop windows, marked ninety-eight cents, and you may have wondered who might buy them, forgetting that there is an imitation mind for every imitation article in the world.

Rose stooped, picked up a pair of silk stockings from the floor, and ran an investigating hand through to heel and toe. She plucked a soiled pink blouse off the back of a chair, eyed it critically, and tucked it under her arm with the stockings.

"Did you have a good time last night?"

Floss yawned elaborately, stretched her slim arms high above her head; then, with a desperate effort, flung back the bed-clothes, swung her legs over the side of the bed and slipped her toes into the shabby, pom-poned slippers that lay on the floor.

"I say, did you have a g——"

"Oh, Lord, I don't know! I guess so," snapped Floss. Temperamentally, Floss was not at her best at seven o'clock on Monday morning. Rose did not pursue the subject. She tried another tack.

"It's as mild as summer out. I see the Werners and the Burkes are housecleaning. I thought I'd start today with the closets, and the bureau drawers. You could wear your blue this morning, if it was pressed."

Floss yawned again, disinterestedly, and folded her kimono about her.

"Go as far as you like. Only don't put things back in my closet so's I can't ever find 'em again. I wish you'd press that blue skirt. And wash out the Georgette crêpe waist. I might need it."

The blouse, and skirt, and stockings under her arm, Rose went back to the kitchen to prepare her mother's breakfast tray. Wafted back to her came the acrid odor of Pa's matutinal pipe, and the accustomed bickering between Al and Floss over the possession of the bathroom.

"What do you think this is, anyway? A Turkish bath?"

"Shave in your own room!"

Between Floss and Al there existed a feud that lifted only when a third member of the family turned against either of them. Immediately they about-faced and stood united against the offender.

Pa was the first to demand breakfast, as always. Very neat, was Pa, and fussy, and strangely young looking to be the husband of the gray-haired, parchment-skinned woman who lay in the front bedroom. Pa had two manias: the movies, and a passion for purchasing new and complicated household utensils — cream-whippers, egg-beaters, window-clamps, lemon-squeezers, silver-polishers. He haunted department store basements in search of them.

He opened his paper now and glanced at the headlines and at the Monday morning ads. "I see the Fair's got a Spring housecleaning sale. They advertise a new kind of extension curtain rod. And Scouro, three cakes for a dime."

"If you waste one cent more on truck like that," Rose protested, placing his breakfast before him, "when half the time I can't make the housekeeping money last through the week!"

"Your ma did it."

"Fourteen years ago liver wasn't thirty-two cents a pound," retorted Rose, "and besides——"

"Scramble 'em!" yelled Al, from the bedroom, by way of warning.

THERE was very little talk after that. The energies of three of them were directed toward reaching the waiting desk or counter on time. The energy of one toward making that accomplishment easy. The front door slammed once — that was Pa, on his way; slammed again — Al. Floss rushed into the dining-room fastening the waist-band of her skirt, her hat already on. Rose always had a rather special breakfast for Floss. Floss posed as being a rather special person. She always breakfasted last, and late. Floss's was a fastidiousness which shrinks at badly served food, a spotted table-cloth, or a last year's hat, while it overlooks a rent in an undergarment or the accumulated dust in a hairbrush. Her blouse was of the sheerest. Her hair shone in waves about her delicate cheeks. She ate her orange, and sipped her very special coffee, and made a little face over her egg that had been shirred in the oven or in some way highly specialized. Then the front door slammed again — a semi-slam, this time. Floss never did quite close a door. Rose followed her down the hall, shut, and bolted it, Chicago fashion. The sick woman in the front bedroom had dropped into one of her fitful morning dozes. By eight o'clock the little flat was very still.

If you knew nothing about Rose; if you had not already been told that she slept on the sitting-room davenport; that she was taken for granted as the family drudge; that she was, in that household, merely an intelligent machine that made beds, fried eggs, filled hot water bags, you would get a characterization of her from this: She was the sort of person who never has a closet or bureau drawer all her own. Her few and negligible garments hung apologetically in obscure corners of closets dedicated to her sister's wardrobe, or her brother's, or her spruce and fussy old father's. Vague personal belongings, such as combings, handkerchiefs, a spectacle case, a hairbrush, were found tucked away in a desk pigeon-hole, a table drawer, or on the top shelf in the bathroom.

As she pulled the disfiguring blue gingham dust-cap over her hair now, and rolled her sleeves to her elbows, you would never have dreamed that Rose was embarking upon her great adventure. You would never have guessed that the semi-yearly closet cleaning was to give to Rose a thrill as delicious as it was exquisitely painful. But Rose knew. And so she teased herself, and tried not to think of the pasteboard box on the shelf in the hall closet, under the pile of reserve blankets, and told herself that she would leave that closet until the last, when she would have to hurry over it.

WHEN you clean closets and bureau drawers thoroughly you have to carry things out to the back porch and flap them. Rose was that sort of housekeeper. She leaned over the porch railing and flapped things, so that the dust motes spun and swirled in the sunshine. Rose's arms worked up and down energetically, then less energetically, finally ceased their motion altogether. She leaned idle elbows on the porch railing and gazed down into the yard below with a look in her eyes such as no squalid Chicago back yard, with its dusty débris, could summon, even in spring-time.

The woman next door came out on her back porch that adjoined Rose's. The day seemed to have her in its spell, too, for in her hand was something woolly and wintry, and she began to flap it about as Rose had done. She had lived next door since October, had that woman, but the two had never exchanged a word, true to the traditions of their city training. Rose had her doubts of the woman next door. She kept a toy dog which she aired afternoons, and her kimonos were florid and numerous. Now, as the eyes of the two women met, Rose found herself saying, "Looks like summer."

The woman next door caught the scrap of conversation eagerly, hungrily. "It certainly does! Makes me feel like new clothes, and housecleaning."

"I started today!" said Rose, triumphantly.

"Not already!" gasped the woman next door, with the chagrin that only a woman knows who has let May steal upon her unawares.

From far down the alley sounded a chant, drawing nearer and nearer, until there shambled into view a decrepit horse drawing a dilapidated huckster's cart. Perched on the seat was a Greek who turned his dusky face up toward the two women leaning over the porch railings. "Rhubarb, leddy. Fresh rhubarb!"

"My folks don't care for rhubarb sauce," Rose told the woman next door.

"It makes the worst pie in the world," the woman confided to Rose.

Whereupon each bought a bunch of the succulent green and red stalks. It was their offering at the season's shrine.

Rose flung the rhubarb on the kitchen table, pulled her dust-cap more firmly about her ears, and hurried back to the disorder of Floss's dim little bedroom. After that it was dust-cloth, and soapsuds, and scrub-brush in a race against recurrent water bags, insistent doorbells, and the inevitable dinner hour. It was mid-afternoon when Rose, standing a-tiptoe on a chair, came at last to the little box on the top shelf under the bedding in the hall closet. Her hand touched the box, and closed about it. A little electric thrill vibrated through her body. She stepped down from the chair, heavily, listened until her acute ear caught the sound of the sick woman's slumbrous breathing; then, box in hand, walked down the dark hall to the kitchen. The rhubarb pie, still steaming in its pan, was cooling on the kitchen table. The dishes from the invalid's lunch-tray littered the sink. But Rose, seated on the kitchen chair, her rumpled dust-cap pushed back from her flushed, perspiring face, untied the rude bit of string that bound the old candy box, removed the lid, slowly, and by that act was wafted magically out of the world of rhubarb pies, and kitchen chairs, and dirty dishes, into that place whose air is the breath of incense and myrrh, whose paths are rose-strewn, whose dwellings are temples dedicated to but one small god. The land is known as Love, and Rose traveled back to it on the magic rug of memory.

A family of five in a six-room Chicago flat must sacrifice sentiment to necessity. There is precious little space for those pressed flowers, time-yellowed gowns, and ribbon-bound packets that figured so prominently in the days of attics. Into the garbage can with yesterday's roses! The janitor's burlap sack yawns for this morning's mail; last year's gown has long ago met its end at the hands of the ol'-clo'es man or the wash-woman's daughter. That they had survived these fourteen years, and the strictures of their owner's dwelling, tells more about this boxful of letters than could be conveyed by a battalion of adjectives.

Rose began at the top of the pile, in her orderly fashion, and read straight through to the last. It took one hour. Half of that time she was not reading. She was staring straight ahead with what is mistakenly called an unseeing look, but which actually pierces the veil of years and beholds things far, far beyond the vision of the actual eye. They were the letters of a commonplace man to a commonplace woman, written when they loved each other, and so they were touched with something of the divine. They must have been, else how could they have sustained this woman through fifteen years of drudgery? They were the only tangible foundation left of the structure of dreams she had built about this man. All the rest of her house of love had tumbled about her ears fifteen years before, but with these few remaining bricks she had erected many times since castles and towers more exquisite and lofty and soaring than the original humble structure had ever been.

The story? Well, there really isn't any, as we've warned you. Rose had been pretty then in much the same delicate way that Floss was pretty now. They were to have been married. Rose's mother fell ill. Floss and Al were little more than babies. The marriage was put off. The illness lasted six months — a year — two years — became interminable. The breach into which Rose had stepped closed about her and became a prison. The man had waited, had grown impatient, finally rebelled. He had fled, probably to marry a less encumbered lady. Rose had gone dully on, caring for the household, the children, the sick woman. In the years that had gone by since then Rose had forgiven him his faithlessness. She only remembered that he had been wont to call her his Röschen, his Rosebud, his pretty flower (being a German gentleman). She only recalled the wonder of having been first in someone's thoughts —she who now was so hopelessly, so irrevocably last.

AS she sat there in her kitchen, wearing her soap-stained and faded blue gingham, and the dust-cap pushed back at a rakish angle, a simpering little smile about her lips, she was really very much like the disappointed old maids you used to see so cruelly pictured in the comic valentines. Had those letters obsessed her a little more strongly she might have become quite mad, the Freudians would tell you. Had they held less for her, or had she not been so completely the household's slave, she might have found a certain solace and satisfaction in viewing the Greek profile and marcel wave of the most-worshiped movie star. As it was, they were her ballast, her refuge, the leavening yeast in the soggy dough of her existence. This man had wanted her to be his wife. She had found favor in his eyes. She was certain that he still thought of her, sometimes, and tenderly, regretfully, as she thought of him. It helped her to live. Not only that, it made living possible.

A clock struck, a window slammed, or a street-noise smote her ear sharply. Some sound started her out of her reverie. Rose jumped, stared a moment at the letters in her lap, then hastily, almost shamefacedly, sorted them (she knew each envelope by heart) tied them, placed them in their box and bore them down the hall. There, mounting her chair, she scrubbed the top shelf with her soapy rag, placed the box in its corner, left the hall closet smelling of cleanliness, with never a hint of lavender to betray its secret treasure.

Were Rose to die and go to Heaven, there to spend her days thumbing a golden harp, her hands, by force of habit, would drop harp-strings at quarter to six, to begin laying a celestial and unspotted table-cloth for supper. Habits as deeply rooted as that must hold, even in after-life.

Tonight's six-thirty stampede was noticeably subdued on the part of Pa and Al. It had been a day of sudden and enervating heat, and the city had done its worst to them. Pa's pink gills showed a hint of purple. Al's flimsy silk shirt stuck to his back, and his glittering pompadour was many degrees less submissive than was its wont. But Floss came in late, breathless, and radiant, a large and significant paper bag in her hand. Rose, in the kitchen, was transferring the smoking supper from pot to platter. Pa, in the doorway of the sick woman's little room, had just put his fourteen-year-old

They were the letters of a commonplace man to a commonplace woman, written when they loved each other, and so they were touched with something of the divine

question with his usual assumption of heartiness and cheer: "Well, well! And how's the old girl tonight? Feel like you could get up and punish a little supper, eh?" Al, engaged at the telephone with someone whom he addressed proprietorially as Kid, was deep in his plans for the evening's diversion. Upon this accustomed scene Floss burst with havoc.

"Rose! Rose, did you iron my Georgette crêpe? Listen! Guess what!" All this as she was rushing down the hall, paper hat-bag still in hand. "Guess who was in the store today!"

Rose, at the oven, turned a flushed and interested face toward Floss.

"Who? What's that? A hat?"

"Yes. But listen ——"

"Let's see it."

Floss whipped it out of its bag, defiantly. "There! But wait a minute! Let me tell you ——"

"How much?"

Floss hesitated just a second. Her wage was nine dollars a week. Then, "Seven-fifty, trimmed." The hat was one of those tiny, head-hugging absurdities that only the Flosses can wear.

"Trimmed is right!" jeered Al, from the doorway.

Rose, thin-lipped with disapproval, turned to her stove again.

"Well, but I had to have it. I'm going to the theatre tonight. And guess who with! Henry Selz!"

Henry Selz was the unromantic name of the commonplace man over whose fifteen-year-old letters Rose had glowed and dreamed an hour before. It was a name that had become mythical in that household — to all but one. Rose heard it spoken now with a sense of unreality. She smiled a little uncertainly, and went on stirring the flour thickening for the gravy. But she was dimly aware that something inside her had suspended action for a moment, during which moment she felt strangely light and disembodied, and that directly afterward the thing began to work madly, so that there was a choked feeling in her chest and a hot pounding in her head.

"What's the joke?" she said, stirring the gravy in the pan.

"Joke nothing! Honest to God! I was standing back of the counter at about ten. The rush hadn't really begun yet. Glove trade usually starts late. I was standing there kidding Herb, the stock boy, when down the aisle comes a man in a big hat, like you see in the western pictures, hair a little gray at the temples, and everything, just like a movie actor. I said to Herb, 'Is it real?' I hadn't got the words out of my mouth when the fellow sees me, stands stock still in the middle of the aisle with his mouth open and his eyes sticking out. 'Register surprise,' I said to Herb, and looked around for the camera. And that minute he took two jumps over to where I was standing, grabbed my hands and says, 'Rose! Rose!' kind of choky. 'Not by about twenty years,' I said. 'I'm Floss, Rose's sister. Let go my hands!'"

Rose — a transfigured Rose, glowing, trembling, radiant — repeated, vibrantly, "You said, 'I'm Floss, Rose's sister. Let go my hands!' And ——?"

"He looked kind of stunned, for just a minute. His face was a scream, honestly. Then he said, 'But of course. Fifteen years. But I had always thought of her as just the same.' And he kind of laughed, ashamed, like a kid. And the whitest teeth!"

"Yes, they were — white," said Rose. "Well?"

"Well, I said, 'Won't I do instead?' 'You bet you'll do!' he said. And then he told me his name, and how he was living out in Spokane, and his wife was dead, and he had made a lot of money — fruit, or real estate, or something. He talked a lot about it at lunch, but I didn't pay any attention, as long as he really has it a lot I care how ——"

"At lunch?"

"Everything from grape-fruit to coffee. I didn't know it could be done in one hour. Believe me, he had those waiters jumping. It takes money. He asked all about you, and ma, and everything. And he kept looking at me and saying, 'It's wonderful!' I said, 'Isn't it!' but I meant the lunch. He wanted me to go driving this afternoon — auto and everything. Kept calling me Rose. It made me kind of mad, and I told him how you look. He said, 'I suppose so,' and asked me to go to a show tonight. Listen, did you press my Georgette? And the blue?"

"I'll iron the waist while you're eating. I'm not hungry. It only takes a minute. Did you say he was gray?"

"Gray? Oh, you mean — why, just here, and here. Interesting, but not a bit old. And he's got that money look that makes waiters and doormen and taxi drivers just hump. I don't want any supper. Just a cup of tea. I haven't got enough time to dress in, decently, as it is."

Al, draped in the doorway, removed his cigarette to give greater force to his speech. "Your story interests me strangely, little gell. But there's a couple of other people that would like to eat, even if you wouldn't. Come on with that supper, Ro. Nobody staked me to a lunch today."

Rose turned to her stove again. Two carmine spots had leaped suddenly to her cheeks. She served the meal in silence, and ate nothing, but that was not remarkable. For the cook there is little appeal in the meat that she has tended from its moist and bloody entrance in the butcher's paper, through the basting or broiling stage to its formal appearance on the platter. She saw that Al and her father were served. Then she went back to the kitchen, and the thud of her iron was heard as she deftly fluted the ruffles of the crêpe blouse. Floss appeared when the meal was half eaten, her hair shiningly coiffed, the pink ribbons of her corset cover showing under her thin kimono. She poured herself a cup of tea and drank it in little quick, nervous gulps. She looked deliciously young, and fragile and appealing, her delicate slenderness revealed by the flimsy garment she wore. Excitement and anticipation lent a glow to her eyes, color to her cheeks. Al, glancing expertly at the ingenuousness of her artfully simple coiffure, the slim limpness of her body, her wide-eyed gaze, laughed a wise little laugh.

"Every move a Pickford. And so girlish withal."

Floss ignored him. "Hurry up with that waist, Rose!"

"I'm on the collar now. In a second." There was a little silence. Then: "Floss, is — is Henry going to call for you — here?"

"Well, sure! Did you think I was going to meet him on the corner? He said he wanted to see you, or something polite like that."

She finished her tea and vanished again. Al, too, had disappeared to begin that process from which he always emerged incredibly sleek, and dapper and perfumed. His progress with shaving brush, shirt, collar and tie was marked by disjointed bars of the newest syncopation whistled with an [*Continued on page 54*]

Home-Made Precocity — *by* Agnes Repplier

WRITERS on "Intensive Education" would have us believe that the precocious mental development of children is wholly and entirely a matter of parental training. Any kind of "child-material" can be so assiduously cultivated, so enriched with "memory images," so stored with "subconscious ideas and impressions," that an early blooming is assured. Fathers, whose sons enter college at fourteen, mothers, whose little daughters speak as many languages as they have years to their lives, and enthusiastic commentators on "Psychology and Parenthood," all unite in saying that method and perseverance will speed the average child to intellectual mountain-tops, and make him the wonder of the age.

This is a purely modern point of view. The records of precocious children go back to the first dim pages of history; but they are written in a spirit of fearful wonder, as if dealing with something akin to the miraculous; and they nearly always close with these comforting words: "This marvelous infant died in his fifth year."

It is probable that a Medieval baby who, at nine months, essayed an affable conversation with its family, would have been accounted a changeling, a fairy imp, the herald of uttermost disaster. In the years of the Reformation, pietism claimed the wonder-child as its own. Heinrich Heinniken of Lubeck knew the Pentateuch by heart before he was fourteen months old (so, at least, says the chronicler), and was making gallant headway with the rest of the Scriptures, when he suddenly gave up the task, dropped his weary little head, and died.

Within the past few years there has been a remarkable efflorescence of precocity in the United States, a generous rivalry among parents as to which can exhibit the most amazing product to the world. In each and every instance we have been assured that the so-called prodigy is a normal, healthy, happy little boy or girl, who has outsped other children in the race for knowledge, simply because no valuable moment of time was ever wasted by his or her instructors. All we have to do is to surround a child from infancy with an "intellect-stimulating environment," to guard it conscientiously from the insidious indolence common to our fallen nature, to make its play as instructive as its work, and to see that every hour is fraught with solid gain. American civilization is "on the run," and children, like colts on the race-track, must be started early in pursuit.

What does not seem to occur to intensive educators is that few parents — even intelligent, ambitious parents — want precocious children. Why should they? Ignorance may be a handicap to the adult; but it is the blessed privilege of the child. "Passionate after dreams, and unconcerned about realities," his world is not our world, and we are unwise to thrust our importunate bulk into its adjusted harmonies. What he requires from us he will seek; but to besiege his sacred citadel, his "starry solitudes," because we chance to know things he has no need to know, is to affront Nature, who forever strives to shield the immature from bearing the burdens of maturity. Freedom from intellectual and from moral tension is the precious prerogative of childhood.

Assume that the new theories of education are correct; that it is possible to so steep an ordinary apple-eating little boy in mathematics that he will endear himself to gray-haired university professors by solving the problems which have baffled them; that a nice little girl with her hair in pig-tails can be trained to speak seven languages, and "dash off a poem on any subject proposed to her." Life and the art of living are not mastered in such fashion. The years of a man are threescore and ten. Out of so many we should be able to spare him his childhood unassailed. Seven languages may be no tax upon precocity; but the average household would have some difficulty in supporting its end of the conversation.

"Come, let us live with our children," said Froebel, the simple-hearted. "Come, let us exhibit our children," is the newer order, from which the sensitive parent shrinks, appalled. He stands ready to rub up his Latin, and puzzle out his little son's examples; but the least and last of his ambitions is to be an intensive educator, a showman of the intellectual life.

The Stay-at-Home

By Theodosia Garrison

COMIN' or goin', still they spread the news
About America — how grand it is,
The wonders that are waitin' you to choose,
And gold that common that like sand it is.
"And here you stick," says they, "like some old tree
Stuck in the bog belabored by all seasons.
What's ailing ye?" says they. Well, lave it be —
I have me reasons.

There's Cormoc's Hugh come back with all his talk,
Spendin' and spreadin' like a king he is,
The people flockin' down the way he'll walk
Till in the middle of a ring he is.
But where's that one whose face was like a rose,
The day he went betwixt her tears and teasin's?
Married these five years — gone where no man knows —
Faith, I've me reasons.

"A likely chap," they say; "what's ailin' you?
The gold and richness over there it is."
Sure, I'm not doubtin' what they say is true;
They have me leave to hurry where it is.
'Tis I that hold the treasure that endures,
The while I'm listenin' their talks and treasons.
(Oh, Sheila girl, those two blue eyes of yours!)
Faith, I've me reasons!

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Showing the Other Fellow

How to Put Some Human Interest into the Dry Facts

By JAMES H. COLLINS

A YOUNG fellow left college with the degree of civil engineer, and started his professional career by building a bridge. Every fledgling engineer begins by building a bridge.

His bridge was only a little township affair, across a creek, way back in the country. But he supervised the construction with as much care and seriousness as though it were to span the Hudson River.

One day, while he was busy on the job, an old farmer drove up and asked if he understood building dams. When the engineer said he did, the farmer explained that he wanted to throw a small earth dam across a stream on his place, to make an ice pond. He had the teams and men to haul the dirt, and understood that part of it pretty well. But he wasn't certain about the foundations and spillway. Several home-made dams in that neighborhood had washed out because these details were wrong. He proposed to have his dam stay in. If the engineer could sort of supervise the work while he was putting up his bridge, the farmer was willing to pay a reasonable fee.

They agreed on terms, and the engineer promised to inspect the dam site next day and lay out a plan.

That night he sat up late, reading everything he had with him on dam construction. When he went to the old farmer's place next morning he felt capable of passing a stiff examination on dams, or testifying on the subject in court. After going over the site he sat down with the farmer, made some rough sketches, and started to explain the project at length, showing how one type of dam could be built this way, and another type that way, and how a third type might be feasible under given conditions, and so on. He was full of the technique of dams, and let himself go full tilt in his interest.

But to his discomfiture, the old farmer did not enter into the engineering spirit of the thing at all. He listened, but doubtfully, and when the engineer finished there were just two points uppermost in his mind, both of which the engineer had overlooked entirely.

"About how much is this dam going to cost me?" asked the farmer, and when a hurried estimate had been made in dollars and cents, he asked:

"How soon can we get it done?"

In building that dam the young engineer learned more that was useful to him professionally than was taught by his first bridge. For he caught the layman's point of view toward engineering projects. Later on in his career many big jobs came his way, involving hundreds of thousands of dollars in construction, and yielding absorbing engineering problems. But no matter how big the job, or how complicated, or how familiar the people he was working for might be with technical matters, he found the same two questions looming up above all others in the lay mind.

"How much is it going to cost?" asked the banker, the promoter, property owner, corporation president, public official. "And when will it be done?" When those questions were answered with an estimate in dollars or a promise in months, they were satisfied to leave the technicalities to him.

This led to his making a study of the human side of engineering, and especially the presentation of engineering information so that points most interesting to the layman would be plain, if not striking. For he saw that, while the engineer and layman might be after the same general result, they were each thinking about it in a wholly different way.

One of the principal activities of the business world is the making of reports.

An engineer is sent to survey a dam site or report on a trolley route. The chemist is given samples of material and asked to report on its value in manufacturing. The mill treasurer wants to show the directors why expenses rise so fast, and draws up a report. Departments of state and city governments print hundreds of volumes of reports yearly to show taxpayers how money is spent. In the vast work of ascertaining business facts so that intelligent action may be taken by somebody, even the office boy is called upon for a report occasionally, and has his chance to investigate and explain.

But the bulk of these reports is pretty dry stuff. Written by technical men, and dealing with technical matters, they often miss the human point of view. The technical man may be so full of his technicalities that he cannot see the details that would interest an outsider. Professional ethics may lead him to make his report as dry as possible so there will be no suspicion that he is taking sides with anybody.

Business policy is frequently shaped by reports that conceal the vital facts instead of revealing them, and then things get to going wrong for lack of clear information.

The chairman of the board put his finger on the cheapest sign at once

FOR several years a certain corporation had been losing money, despite the efforts of directors to put its affairs on a paying basis. An expert was hired to investigate the business, and after a month's digging submitted his report. He had the reputation of being a very astute man in his line. But his report was like a kindergarten lesson.

He had drawn up his facts in a set of colored pictures, on cards.

For five years the directors had been trying to get that business on its feet, working with the conventional information embodied in the usual reports and statements about business. All the facts they saw were boiled-down summaries of assets and liabilities, income, outgo, investment, and the like.

In his picture-card report the expert took the item of capital investment, for instance, and showed it by symbols. The picture of a machine represented money tied up in equipment. A loaded freight-car indicated money in raw materials. A bale of goods indicated how much capital was constantly involved in finished products, and so on. They were all drawn to sizes that indicated the comparative amounts. One card had the picture of a building larger than all the other symbols. That represented the company's investment in land, mills, branches and real estate generally. Its very size carried the suggestion that it might be too big a load for the business. Other cards threw more light on what was being done with money. There was one symbolizing the number of times capital had been turned over yearly, making it plain that some dollars were working overtime to make up for laziness on the part of other dollars.

With this vivid comparison before them, the directors were able to retrench intelligently and constructively. Instead of weakening the business still further by attacking the productive dollars spent for wages and salaries, they went after some of the lazy dollars on real-estate jobs, which were earning only bank interest. These were put to work making goods and finding markets, and out of their bigger earnings the concern paid rent on real estate belonging to others.

The expert who drew up that picture-card report says that, in the effort to be brief in reports, and give directors information quickly, most of the meat of a situation is eliminated altogether. Important little items are swallowed in some big group of items, and there is little contrast anywhere between one item and another to form a basis for comparison and action.

"Not one director in a hundred," he adds, "has a clear idea of the facts laid before him in board meetings, because the facts are not put in a way to impress him. Most directors vote in the dark, backing up the policy of somebody who is supposed to understand the mysteries of the business — and who probably understands no more than themselves."

The gist of a good report, one in which the important points stand out, and on which action can be taken, lies in two things:

First, gathering all the facts.

Second, arranging them so they will be clear to the people who are to act upon them.

Many a technical report looks deep. It is a mass of figures, formulas and diagrams. The lay mind glances over blue-prints, curves and tables, tries to read a sign language with which it is unfamiliar, marvels at the intricacies of the subject, and concludes that it cannot follow the reasoning of the expert who prepared such a learned exhibit.

But probably the depth is only imaginary. The report may be dry because the investigator did not get all the facts and go far enough in his researches to become interested himself in the vital questions at stake. Professional pride or impartiality may have led him to be as technical as possible, so that nobody would accuse him of taking sides, when taking sides in a big, broad way, making heroes out of some facts and showing up others as clever villains, is just what the situation calls for.

When the investigator has dug far enough into basic facts to love and hate them, then human phases of the proposition stand out. If he can get quite warm under the collar about his facts, [*Continued on page 45*]

Piry of the Philippines—

In Three Parts — Part One

PEMARONG is one of the last and loneliest of the Southern Islands, a full day's passage below Luzon, and as close to the equator as you can get, off the mainland of Asia. The first American outfits to land there found fighting with the Moros, and promised old Peters, who came with two full battalions of volunteer-regulars to relieve them, that he would get action before they were out of the harbor. This, however, did not come to pass. Peters, it appears, called in Labulamo, the old Moro chieftain, and the two got on very well together from the beginning. In any event, hostility collapsed.

"Labulamo is a good old man," Peters explained to his adjutant, Pansy Bright. "I wonder why the other soldiers roughed him so? He says it's easier for his people to fight than not, but they *can* behave when things are pleasant. It isn't that we want quiet so much, Pansy," the old man added, "but I thought it worth while to look around a bit. It's too hot weather to take up fighting careless-like and slack-handed."

"But how did you do it?" his adjutant insisted.

Pansy Bright believed in armed force, having been taught so on the Hudson. He was a shavetail lieutenant fresh from the national school, but assigned by prestige to captaincy with Peters's volunteers. Bright had a dry and mirthless eye, that had not yet looked upon the blood of his men. He was square as a ticket, but intensely concentrated upon the battle idea.

"My son," said Peters, "they appear to be raising politics now by intensive cultivation, but the old leisure style, such as I was brought up on, is good enough to make peace in these here humid zones of excessive heat. Now if we could have some real Michigan holiday weather — we'd be too strong for peace —— "

"But the other outfit had action — plenty of it."

"I know —— "

"They said we'd have a fight on before they were lightered off shore!"

"I know, but say, Pansy, what are we here for?"

"To straighten 'em out."

"Exactly. You wouldn't want 'em any straighter than they are now, would you? They wouldn't look comfortable. . . . A touch of rum and orange peel doesn't hurt this *vino dulce*."

Peace became general in three years. Here and there the red marks of the archipelago faded out, and most of the island establishments were on a civil rather than on a martial basis. For instance, old Peters was now governor of Pemarong, instead of military head; and he was wont to remark that he had gotten a late start toward becoming an oriental, but that he was getting there. He had been a Michigan state senator, before his army appointment, and had always considered the latter a political move to get him out of his native state. Yet he came to love the tropics, and the only thing that seemed to hold him to Michigan matters (apart from his daughter, Pearl), was a certain Detroit newspaper that covered the Lansing legislature through a man named Musty. Musty's columns during the sessions were unchangeable.

There had been changes in Pemarong during the three years, but no war. Bright, for instance, was a lot better soldier at this distance from the orthodox milling of West Point, and was in command of the soldier force, slightly dwindled from the first landing. Kossuth, the second in command, was a thorough-going young captain, who never made his appearance at headquarters unless sent for. Bright in his wide-margined leave of absence which closed six months before, had met Miss Pearl at home. The exact consequences were unspoken, but were serious from his own point of view. This brought Bright closer to the Governor. They lived together. The sweet wine drunk at mess was of a racier quality, but the old man was no less flabby and dry. The chief activity at this time was the construction of the new governmental headquarters — an Alhambran villa of Peters's idea, on the cliff-like brow of Pemarong's northern front. It faced the distant Manila, and overlooked the single harbor of the Island.

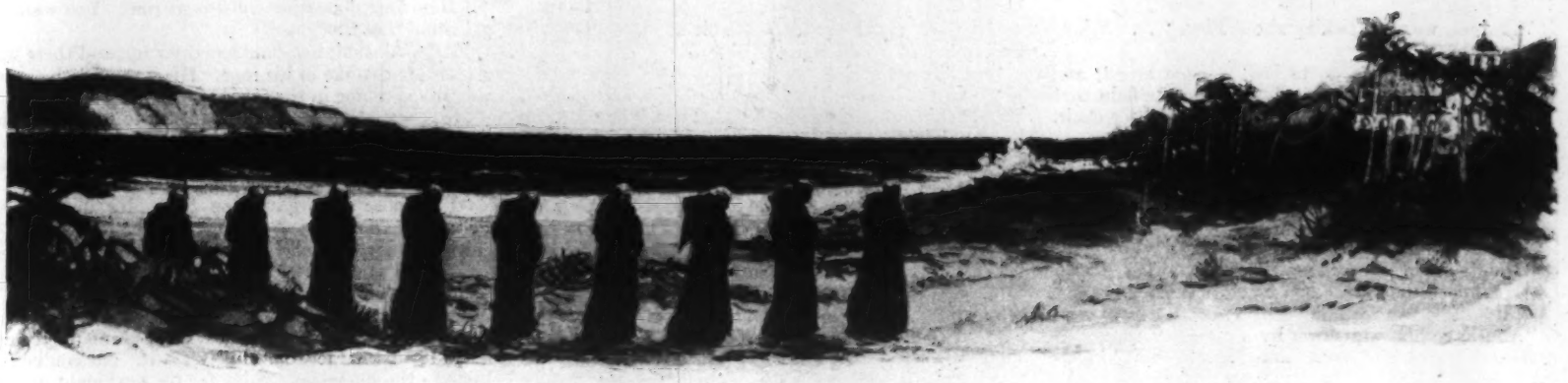
"If this was Lake Huron now, I'd want a southern exposure," said Peters, as he chose the site. "But down here we'll face the north for old sake's sake. The mists will come up sweeter than an orchard; the stars are prettier. Besides, it's a good place to watch the little natives. Say, Pansy, they're just as happy as if they were fightin'."

Pansy preserved silence.

Broad, low and cool, with pillars, built of Pemarong cliff-rock; and with every stone that was laid, there was the thought of how Pearl would like it in the old man's head. He caught up a handful of vines during a morning's walk in the lower jungle; they stayed and prospered — and time strolled on until Piry came and got his sleeves rolled up for excitement.

He was one of Pansy Bright's regular army men; transferred from a cavalry outfit for specific incorrigibilities having to do with that branch of service — "a good soldier when not drinking," was the whisper. But Piry didn't hasten to reveal the effect of contrast

"Take her to the empty root-cellar," the monk said fearfully



by Will Levington Comfort

Illustrations by P. V. E. Ivory

and one of his first stimulated announcements was that Pansy's infantry was a rotten outfit, and that he didn't like doughboys anyway.

"He'll give us war, before he's done," Bright repeated.

The figure wilted, and another sprang to the bloody breast

"Oh, I wouldn't be hard on Piry," said Peters. "I see that Washington has O. K.'d our pavilion."

That meant that the main porch of the headquarters Alhambran and Peters-esque was accepted. The old man smiled.

"I guess we've come home to die, Pansy."

"You certainly love it — don't you? When are you taking your furlough?"

The old man shivered. "They haven't sent for me. The little girl is in her last year at Brun Mower, or some such place. I guess it's a dress-makin' school — and she's coming."

She was coming — if God remained in His world. Pansy had needed this assurance. The evening was set apart from others in brightness. He chose a cheroot, the taking of which reminded Peters:

"Them Havana plants came to-day — and we are set out. Three acres down by the donghoon trail. . . . You can talk about Manila tobacco, but there's a little hangover in the mouth from a good Havana seegar that I'm lonesome to feel again — and this Fall ——"

"It's Fall now, General ——"

"Hang if it isn't. Seasons are certainly modern in this country. Anyway, along about Easter we'll be smoking off the neighboring hemisphere where we came from."

"You'll be havin' cherries next, and green corn —"

"Stop! That's not kind. . . . I can't think of cherries till I get this ice-plant settled ——"

"And Northern-spies —"

Peters fell into a kind of trance, facing the broad sea-distance and the stars. "I remember the frosty days of November and the tree of Northern-spies out by the barn. One of them yellow-red fellows, brittle, cold — a whole romance in the first mouthful. Pansy, you shouldn't have done this. Damme, you shouldn't. We've got so much. I'll keep the little girl in Brun Mower an extra semester ——"

"You might grow Michigan garden-truck in your ice-plant ——"

"There may be an idea in that. I'll meditate myself on it. . . ."

"I'm going to-break that man, Piry ——"

"I believe 'break' means dishonorable discharge ——"

"Just that — he's a devil and half-educated."

"Why don't you lick him?"

"Me — a commissioned officer?"

"I don't believe you could."

"That's not tempting, as it would have been a few years ago," Bright said. "The fact is, it's not my business, Governor, and you know it. . . . He's a devil. If we'd been in a regulation post, not down here on our own recognisance, Piry would be up in Leavenworth now for more years than he's got left."

"Why, Pansy," the old man said slowly, "you'd be getting stale, if it wasn't for Piry. He keeps down the *embopo*. That word sounds like a pure Malay ——"

"Neat and a singer — educated and a ladies' man —" muttered Pansy.

"I'd know he was in trouble by that," said old Peters. "I've seen 'em come and go — the country town beau — the stalwart curly head of a company of infantry — the fellow who sings, ogles the girls, and has a bit of manner — he's the one who gets the big life-beating. . . . I tell you what it is, Pansy. Everything is balanced here below. This sort of fellow comes up easy — good swimmer, good runner, good boxer, likely — gets the habit of winning. He's all soft with confidence in himself for the bigger games — and then we sit on him. . . . I've got a theory that we should tide him over ——"

"You know, I've come to believe in your theories, Governor," said Bright, in a way that made the old man look across the harbor — for they liked each other. "Yet this man is at the center of everything amiss," Bright added. "He's hand and glove with the pirate element, among the natives. He's a contagion of lawlessness ——"

"What did he do last night?"

"We had a running guard to watch a pile of supplies on the beach. They came in at sundown and couldn't be handled until this morning. It's true he did a little job of commissary work, and wasn't relieved when Sergeant Fleury picked his guard. Fleury didn't know that Piry was still in charge of some feed wagons — ordered him to take his trick of guard with the rest. Piry didn't explain, but got rough about it."

"The mistake was Fleury's."

"Yes, Piry was exempt by regulation, but you'd think he was running the Island if he has a few beans boiling. . . . He was ordered to take the post between eleven and twelve, and didn't report. Fleury sent a corporal and two men out to find him. . . . Yes, he was over in town — dressed civilian — pipe-clayed to the eyebrows — feet cocked up on a table in the little café — keeping the place open. Piry was drinking

wine with the bloods of the town — and when I say bloods I mean these young Manila men who aren't down here for any good purpose. Oh, not war — that's out of my horoscope, apparently; I meant thieving and business sedition ——"

"Thieving and business sedition, Pansy?" the old man repeated dreamily. "I wonder if I'm getting self-conscious? We're drawing about all there is going in this Island — and when another party starts something — it's thieving and sedition. . . . And yet, the Island seems happy as a whole ——"

"Piry isn't."

"Oh, yes, we were talking about Piry. . . . Where is he now?"

"He told Fleury to go to hell, resisted arrest, and when a detachment was called, put up such a fight that Fleury felt called upon to batter him down with a chair. He's shut up in the orange-house."

"Hurt him?"

"Not seriously."

"How long before his enlistment runs out?" the older man questioned.

"Nineteen months, I believe ——"

"Don't 'break' him, Pansy."

"We'll need the orange-house before that ——"

"I'll build a pen for him."

"And have him waited on by a detail every day — rum and books and fruit smuggled in — hell-brewing ——"

"Sounds bad, but try him once more."

"Think of the example to the others —" argued Pansy.

"The others can't get away with loose behavior, as Piry does ——"

"It's bad luck to go against your advice, Governor."

"Don't."

Pansy departed reluctantly. "He'll think we're afraid of him ——"

And that was just the word that trickled back to headquarters. Piry, upon being turned loose and the charges against him dropped, was said to remark in the garrison that the old man was afraid of him. The only sense that could be construed from this was that Piry was known to be in and out of the conferences of the Manila crowd — a group of young Spanish-Tagals of recent advent in Pemarong, who professed to be interested in the commercial resources of the Island.

"Piry threatens to make you look like a street-vender when his enlistment is over," Pansy reported, on the word of his dog-robber. "He also states that brains are at a premium in Pemarong, as things stand."

"I'm willing to grant that," the old man said, with his dry, lingering smile. He was wondering how far Piry would go. "You know what I think?" he asked, after a moment.

Pansy Bright always wanted to know what the Governor thought.

"I think Piry wants us to recognize him as a gentleman. If we could only make him know that this gentleman stuff is about played out, east and west. . . . Say, I wonder if he'd come and call this evening?"

Piry was sent for.

"And he's not taking a drink?" Peters asked presently.

"Not to excite himself."

"A good soldier?"

"Yes."

"I think I'll try the stuff that's in him."

"A man in the ranks! We've gone mad down here in Pemarong —— "

"It will be between Piry and me. Anyway, that *ranks* business has got to go. Piry started out, doubtless, with a will to pull his country out of a hole. Instead, he has had his moral and mental inferiority crowded down his throat by every movement and action in the service. And a real man might break — after years of trying to prove his quality and equality, and not having the chance. No enlisted man has such a chance in the army. You know that, for you helped the game along when you first came over here with your naked shoulder-straps, Pansy ——"

"You think if I — if I had been in the ranks for years — and not been given a chance to show how I came up — I'd break training?"

"You wouldn't be in the ranks for years — or at all. You've got an eye for Pansy — an eye for the main chance and the capacity to wait. You don't take chances. You'd pull a few strings before you enlisted. Piry, I'll warrant, was first at the post for enlistment ——"

"I see," interrupted Bright. The manner of his saying that was enough to prove Pansy's quality.

Piry came in.

Bright withdrew.

"Have a cheroot," said Peters.

Piry was knit like a roe-buck; had a broad brow, a well-cut mouth, and a savage blue eye. He stood at attention in the cool shadowed room, and Peters contemplated him with pleasure. There was a good strain to the old man, that his life had not spoiled. It seems necessary to halt to say this. He was tender-hearted, loved the young, and the younger peoples, "the little natives" as he called them. He loved this soldier — a fusion now of disorder and madness.

"Sit down, Piry."

It was the hardest thing for Piry to do, and angered Piry to think that it was hard. He knew if he sat down he would soften, and Piry sober was ready to fight the Island now. He had a certain delight in the drug of conquest, and didn't care to have the effect abate.

"You people have made me forget how to sit down," he said.

"What's the matter, boy?"

"It's my own business — how I go to hell, isn't it?"

"Yes — if you go alone."

The last remark drew Piry up with a jerk. He thought of his various schemes for vengeances and disruption — none which were of himself alone. It was also the character of remark to get to Piry — true, in face and depth of it, swift and sharp, as the old man put it.

"You people here have everything soft — you run things. It's a matter of luck — your part and mine ——"

"And you'd like to turn tables?"

"I don't care what happens to me."

"There's a place for you, Piry. You'll find it if you get the hell out of your heart, and be patient. The world never gives a man his — just when he thinks he's ready. The fact is, he is seldom ready when he thinks he is. A man is always a year behind what he wants, even in good going. If you want to build a house this year — it will be done next, when your whole dream is changed. You sit tight and show your stuff for one year, and I'll gamble you'll look back to this minute — to the thoughts in your brain this minute — as to some horrid dream, told by a stranger and outcast."

"What did you ask me here for?"

"To give you a chance ——"

"What kind of a chance?"

"How long does your enlistment run? You want to get rid of that first ——"

Piry weakened; his shoulders drew up, and there was something cat-like in his rage. His scorn for the army was an evil flame in the room.

He reported a year and a half still to serve; that he would have earned a commission in the cavalry but for the baiting of an officer; that things were just about as rotten here.

"I suppose they gave you to us for discipline?" Peters remarked.

There was a baleful challenge in the eyes of the other.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Piry," said the old man. "You do what you're told for half the time left, and I'll see what I can do about the other half. We have pretty much our own way down here. A man I recommend for discharge would likely get it. All you've got to do is the game right thing for the next eight or nine months. I won't make it hard for you. Get the idea of desertion out of your head. It isn't healthy ——"

"It's just as clean as coming in on the patriotic dodge ——"

"We've closed that subject. I hear it isn't popular in America any more ——"

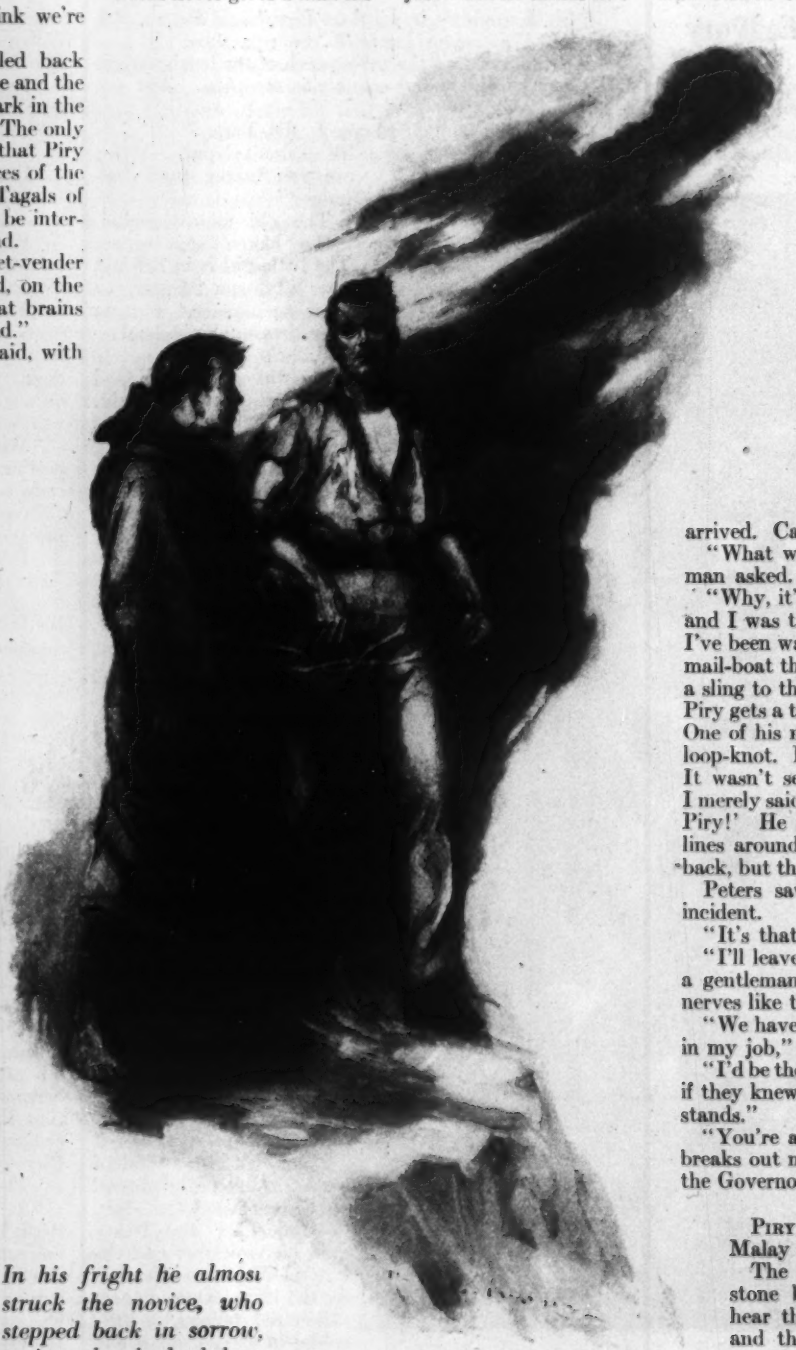
Piry looked him over. He believed that the old man desired to placate.

"Isn't there a string to it?" he asked suspiciously.

"Nary a string. If you want a job, I'll give you one. If you don't, all right. If you want transportation home, I'll help you to that ——"

This puzzled Piry. "Maybe I can put in that eight months," he said.

Peters shoved his hand out over the desk.



In his fright he almost struck the novice, who stepped back in sorrow, seeing what he had done

Six months afterward Piry broke out like a long-pent fire, furiously and at different points. At the same time, there was a letter on the Governor's desk saying that the order for Piry's discharge was up to the Secretary and would doubtless be signed in time to catch the next mail for the east.

Peters considered that if Piry was locked up and court-martialed, or even formally charged, the order for his discharge would be invalid when it arrived. Captain Bright came in.

"What was the Piry grievance, Pansy?" the old man asked.

"Why, it's as much a surprise to me, as to you — and I was there. . . . That bay saddle-horse that I've been watching for, came in from Manila on the mail-boat this afternoon, and had to be derricked in a sling to the lighter. The beast was fat and fussy. Piry gets a tension on when things are close and fast. One of his men was slow and stupid in making the loop-knot. Piry let loose a scrap of talk I didn't like. It wasn't serious; it was his idea of effectiveness. I merely said to him quietly: 'Don't be a rough-neck, Piry!' He seemed to collapse. There were white lines around his mouth. He managed not to talk back, but the stuff was gone from him."

Peters saw more than Bright had seen in the incident.

"It's that gentleman-idea again, Pansy."

"I'll leave it to you, Governor, if there was ever a gentleman who had *the idea of it* sitting on his nerves like that."

"We have to be artificial before we get natural — in my job," the old man remarked.

"I'd be the laughing-stock of the service, Governor, if they knew how easy we had been with Piry, as it stands."

"You're almost over that caste-stuff, Pansy. It breaks out now and then, but it's sure going," said the Governor.

Piry drank noisily with companions, Moro, Malay and Spanish. It was night.

The old man sat alone on the edge of his stone balcony, nearest the town. He could hear the voices from the drinking-shop, now and then even the words. A platoon of infantry detached itself [*Continued on page 38*]

"I've just a minute, but I wanted to hear your voice"

More Woman Stuff — *by* Dana Gatlin

Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART says: "Let me thank you for two new writers who are going to make themselves felt — Dana Gatlin and Cameron Mackenzie." Miss Gatlin is here with another success; Mr. Mackenzie, next month.

IT was Corinna's birthday, and she was unhappy. None of her friends, had they known her state, could have ferreted out any possible reason for her discontent; but definite reasons may have little to do with it when a woman is vaguely, consumingly, supremely unhappy.

Corinna had been engaged to Andrew Benson for three months. Andy was handsome, agreeable, successful. Moreover, he was desperately in love with Corinna. She knew that — yet she was unhappy.

As for Benson, during these swift, slow, happy, miserable three months, he had come to understand Corinna so well that he realized he understood her not at all. He understood her cloaked sentimentality, her amazing poise, her underlying tenderness so deep that he could not plumb it. He understood her enormous concern for trifles, her foolish sensitiveness, her swift rancor which, at unexpected times, thrust out so that her own sweetness might allay the venom's sting. He understood that her calmness was not always calmness; that her indifference was not always indifference; that her sweet poise might mask whatever complex feelings there may be in woman. Woman! Benson figuratively threw up his hands. The more he understood her, the more he marveled at her incomprehensibility. And — for such is the way of Love — by each new line of attack, be it sweetness or rebuff, did the girl make him fall in love anew.

Corinna realized — what woman doesn't? — her power. Yet, on this, her birthday, she was submerged in unhappiness.

Of course she realized why, on this day, he couldn't be with her. That he had explained a week before: the stupendous inconsideration of the western magnate who had chosen the day before this very date to arrive in New York on business, staying only till the day after. His visit, and its possible outcome, was of paramount importance in Benson's career. She knew that. And so she assured Benson the evening he regretfully told her of the frustration of their own plans.

"I understand how it is, Andy," she said. "You go ahead and look after them — and don't think of me."

How sweet, how lovely she looked saying that! — the soft shine in her dark eyes, the wistful smile trembling at the corners of her mouth.

Benson caught her hand.

"Of course I'll think of you!" he declared. "I'll be thinking of you all the time. And ——"

"Oh, no, you mustn't do that," protested Corinna gravely. "You must put your whole mind on business. I'll understand — and plan something else and be perfectly happy."

"Don't be *too* happy!" demanded Benson quickly.

"All right, then, I won't," she promised; and they smiled and squeezed hands.

"I can send you some matinee tickets, anyway."

"Oh, don't bother," said Corinna. "I'll ——"

"But I *want* to," insisted Benson. "Please let me—to pamper myself. I want to feel I'm taking part in your birthday."

Corinna lifted her eyes, like stars washed in dew.

"Dear old Andy! I just didn't want you to be worrying on my account — that was all."

He put his arms around her and drew her to him; but even while that immeasurably sweet tumult was born again to charge the air between them, Benson, with a curious little side-thought, thanked God for the unparalleled common-sense of his wonderful girl.

Two days passed, and Benson was a trifle busier than usual, preparing for the imminent personage. He was forced to break a dinner engagement with Corinna, and for the first time neglected to telephone her a good night. The next day brought the visitor, and Benson was isolated in a flurry of affairs.

Corinna felt almost as if he were in a foreign country. She kept repeating to herself that she must learn to be reasonable about his business, and never become one of those foolish women who do not understand.

Not until the night before her birthday did he call her up.

"I've just a minute," he greeted over the wire, "but I wanted to hear your voice."

Corinna's answer was sweet enough to justify his wish.

"I'm rushing uptown to meet Fowler and his gang," Benson went on. "I'm late already, but ——"

"You'd better hurry, then. Don't waste time by talking to me." There was no perceptible change in Corinna's voice, but Benson answered quickly:

"I *want* to waste my time that way — you know that."

Corinna said nothing. Benson went on explaining:

"I've got to eat with the whole tiresome crew. Then the theatre. After that, I hope, they won't expect me to take them home and tuck 'em in bed."

The little joke evidently was lost on Corinna.

"Oh, you're going to the theatre? What are you to see?"

Scarcely a second it took to say these words. Yet time enough for a whole flock of thoughts to dart through Corinna's mind. *They*, the two of them, had planned the theatre for this very evening. Then, when all their beautiful plans had been swept to fragments, Benson had asked to send her the matinee tickets — only three days ago — had he forgotten? Was it possible that his concern for others, mere business acquaintances, already outweighed his remembrance of things connected with her? There had been a time, long ago it seemed, when the merest trifle touching herself ——

The swift, clear-detailed wave of reflection swept through her mind, coloring it, but not coloring her voice as calmly she questioned:

"Oh — what are you to see?"

Benson told her.

"I must tear along now," he added. "I just wanted to hear your voice, and wish you 'many happy returns of the day.'"

"I wish you wouldn't say that," said Corinna.

"Say what?" he asked, surprised.

"The 'happy returns' thing."

"Well, for Heaven's sake, why not? It's just ——"

"I only meant I wish you wouldn't say it *now*. It's bad luck to say it before the birthday — nullifies itself. I'd rather you'd wait till the day *after* ——"

"Well, I won't wait till the day after," he declared. "I'll call you up tomorrow — you absurd young one. I'm sorry I got in wrong tonight. I only wanted you to know I was thinking about you, and that I was eager to ——"

Corinna interrupted him.

"You needn't go into detailed explanations — apologies — with me, Andy; you're always doing it. And you're already late, you said."

"You're right there," he agreed. "And I'm hot as the dickens in this booth, bundled up in a fur overcoat."

"I wouldn't, for the world, have you make yourself uncomfortable talking to me." Corinna's voice still retained its extreme cheerfulness.

"What's that?" he demanded suddenly. "What *is* the matter with you tonight, Corinna? Don't you feel well?"

Unfortunate, blundering Benson! After the immemorial manner of man, accusing woman, when her mood is unresponsive, of "not feeling well." And after the immemorial manner of woman, in such case, Corinna's resentment chillingly sweetened her voice.

"What makes you think I don't feel well?"

"Oh — I don't know. You sound so queer."

"Queer — how?"

"How can *I* say?" Benson's voice was tinged with gloom. "The only thing I definitely know is that I've *got* to beat it. Just tell me, sweetheart, that you *do* feel well, and that you love ——"

"Please don't say such things over the telephone," interrupted Corinna.

"But ——"

"I'd rather you wouldn't. And you must hurry on to your important people. Good-by."

"Well," he said, lingering, "I'll try to run in to see you for a minute in the morning."

"Don't try to crowd it in — you're so busy."

"I must crowd it in some way. Don't you want to see me?" His tone was hesitant, a little hurt.

"Of course it will be nice to see you," she said brightly. "Now hurry, before you get overheated and catch cold. Good-by."

With the unsatisfactory good-by tingling in his ears, somehow permeating his whole system, Benson, vainly puzzling at the reason, pondering yet again the unfathomable ways of woman, hastened to meet his friends and a dampened evening.

Corinna's evening was no brighter. Moodily she moved over to her bedroom window and looked down on the Park. In the lamp-shot gloom, over the skeleton tree-tops, hovered the soft peace of night; a little wind swayed the dark-lined branches — everything, down there, lovely and hushed and tranquil. The sight, somehow, deepened her feeling of unhappiness; yet, her cheek against the cold pane, she stood soberly staring, giving herself up to the feelings within her.

Why was she unhappy? She felt sure Andy loved her as much as ever; and she mustn't become one of those women who strive to thrust forth emotion as man's first consideration. Yet — something within her choked up the reflection — there *had* been a time when to Andy, she was the first consideration in the whole world.

Romance was evanescent — she had always heard that. But surely — not yet! — only three months! In those first days, when their love was new and palpitant and wonderful, she could scarcely make him ring off — never would he have known whether the booth was hot! Always, now, he seemed to telephone on the run. And she never to be considered first — but a sort of by-issue, an after-thought. Yes, an after-thought! He had even forgotten to mention the matinee tickets; probably had them in his pocket, just waiting to bring them in the morning, in a taken-for-granted manner.

And then, as she stood there reflecting, a great hot tear trickled down her cheek. Amazed at her state, uncomprehending it, rebellious against it, yet fostering it, Corinna hastily undressed and sobbed herself to sleep.

Corinna's birthday dawned bright and crisp; the Park, discarding its dark night-plumes, lay golden under almost tangible sunshine. Corinna's heart, too, in the miracle of sleep, had lost its bitterness. In happy anticipation, she put on the soft blue dress that he liked best. She spread out her gifts to show him, clipped an item from the morning paper which would amuse him, made mental memoranda of the things she particularly wanted to tell him — it seemed an age since they had really talked together.

So it was a flushed, star-eyed, expectant Corinna who answered the telephone when Benson called. Things had developed, he explained, so that he couldn't get uptown all day.

"I'm frightfully disappointed! Are you, Corinna?"

You would have been amazed to see what Corinna accomplished during those fifteen minutes

"Of course. But I'm so busy, myself, with a jumble of things, that perhaps it's just as well." Corinna herself was surprised at her tone; without her dictation, it seemed to have made itself coolly impersonal.

Benson either did not catch it, or chose to ignore it.

"Maybe I can run up at tea-time," he said. "I don't know yet just how things will shape out, but ——"

"I'm sorry," cut in Corinna, still in that excessively calm voice, "but I'm planning to go out."

"Oh," said Benson. He paused; then, "Of course I can't ask you to stay in, since I'm not *sure* I can come, can I?"

His inflection clearly indicated his hope. But Corinna did not respond to it.

"I seem to be unlucky," Benson went on. "Anyway, I wanted to give you my greeting; and to say I'm sending something right around by a messenger."

Again in that swiftly mysterious way in which a multitude of thoughts can flash, like a packed lightning bolt, clean through one's mind, Corinna reflected: "If he's going to *send* those tickets, now, I won't take them. He assumes that, all this while, I've been sitting docilely waiting for them. Anyway, I never did like the idea — his thinking he can pack me, without him, off to the theatre. That's the way one treats poor relations — or servants! I'll tell him so, too, when he mentions them — not in an ill-tempered way, but as though it were a joke. But I'll be firm about not accepting the tickets."

All this in a second; aloud she was saying:

"Oh, lovely! What is it, Andy?"

"That would be telling," replied Benson, his voice eager and gay again.

"I know — roses," suggested Corinna.

"No, I'm not going to tell you," maintained Benson.

"Will I like it?"

"I hope so. I'll be anxious to know. I wanted to bring it myself. Maybe I *can* catch you for a minute this afternoon — as soon as I get back."

"Get back?" repeated Corinna.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? We're all motoring up to Briggs's place in Westchester; he's a Bigwig, you know."

"That will be nice."

"Yes, I really expect to enjoy it. But I'll be hoping to see you, by some lucky chance."

Corinna, however, gave him no encouragement. And, as she hung up the receiver, conscious that Andy was troubled, she wondered how that strange, gnawing pain had again crept into her heart.

Presently the messenger arrived with the package. Her first glance told her it was not flowers; the first time, on an "occasion," Andy had failed to send her roses!

Half-heartedly, she undid the wrappings. It was a picture, a colored etching, Whistler's "Battersea Bridge." Beautiful, of course — but not roses. Oh, well! pictures were more enduring than flowers, and sentiment could not last forever. When one became engaged, she supposed, one should accustom oneself to practicality. And when one married ——!

As Corinna meditated, thus, for some minutes she forgot the matinee tickets she had planned to spurn, which he had not sent at all! When that recollection finally came to her, it brought a slow, sardonic smile to her lovely features. Woe to any man who causes the woman he loves to ridicule herself. And double woe to him whose beloved has, in her mind, staged a pretty quarrel, with honors on her side, but who — poor wretch! — has not intuitively known his cue!

Corinna had little appetite for the luncheon of favorite delicacies which honored the day. After luncheon she declined two invitations for the afternoon. She felt as if she never could feel gay again, as if she never could endure seeing others gay. When the shadows began to lengthen across the Park, she put on her wraps and went out for a walk.

It was lovely in the Park with a melancholy sort of loveliness that suited her mood. There was a hint of grayness in the air, despite the dying sunshine, with violet lights above and orange near the ground.

She gently turned her head so as to reveal one eye. "What, Andy?"

Wrapped in its mystic-colored melancholy, the Park, for the moment, seemed to have been created especially for her to walk in. She moved as some fabled princess might move in a garden of enchantment. She savored the half-conscious feeling of proprietorship; and, as the mystic colors deepened into twilight, her melancholy deepened into brooding.

Of course, she began again, Romance does not endure. But so soon he had lost the fineness of his consideration for her! That was what had first attracted her to him, the delicacy of his consideration; and then, as his feeling had grown until it absorbed him, she, thrilled by that consuming devotion, had responded — and was won.

Dispassionately Corinna reviewed their case. She had learned to love him because of his impassioned and outright adoration. For that, and the look in his eyes — that eager, helpless, bewildered, questioning look. Also, a little, she had loved him for the way he rubbed his hair the wrong way. But most of all, she had loved him because he loved her.

And now! Was this always the way with love? — with lovers? Did the keen, rapturous edge wear off so soon — to be replaced by the commonplace? Already his love was simmering.

Well, he should never have the satisfaction of knowing she cared. Anyway, she didn't seem to care — much; there were no longer any keen stabs of pain, only a feeling of deadness all through her being, body and soul. Evidently she hadn't cared as much for him as she supposed. This fact she would show him! Even now, probably, he was fancying her sitting around home, waiting for him to wedge in a stray, convenient moment to run in and see her. Well, he should see! She'd stay out so late that, when he called up, he'd miss her. Tomorrow, too, she would elude him. And then, when finally she did allow him to see her again . . .

In imagination, as she pictured this scene of refined cruelty, she saw that hurt, bewildered look come into Benson's eyes. And the girl, walking alone in the chilly, darkening Park, did not find the vision displeasing.

It was quite dangerously late when she left the Park and returned home. She assumed an indifferent manner as she inquired whether there had been any telephone calls. Yes, two; but neither, as it turned out, was from Benson. Again her fellow-player had missed his cue.

Even as she asked, the telephone rang. Corinna swiftly meditated: "If that's Andy, I'll have them tell him I'm not at home. I don't want to see him."

But it was not Andy; the fact that she had unnecessarily discomposed herself did not help Corinna back to composure.

At this inauspicious point, the doorbell rang, and, unannounced, was ushered in — Andy. He was ruddy and bright-eyed from the cold, and his manner was impetuously eager.

Corinna thought: "He looks at me like this, now — and he's been neglecting me for days!"

Aloud, speaking with superior, maternal-like compassion, she said: "You poor thing — motoring in all this cold. You must be frozen."

Benson caught her to him. "Oh, but it's good to see you once more. I felt as if I never was going to see you again! Where have you been so long, Corinna?"

Corinna wriggled gently out of his embrace.

"Has it really been long, Andy? I've been so busy—"

"Tell me everything you've been doing!" he demanded. "Everything."

"Oh, I haven't been doing anything important." She favored him with her sweetest smile. "I leave all that to you."

Benson tried to return her smile, but a troubled look crept round his eyes. Mutely beseeching, he followed her across the room, put out his hands.

"Oh! Your hands are cold!" she gasped with a tiny shiver. "Do go and sit down, Andy. You make me nervous."

He did not obey, but held her hands more tightly. "What's the matter, dear?" he asked.

"Matter?" Corinna's inflection ran the octave of surprise. "What makes you think anything's the matter?"

"You act so strangely."

"Strangely — how?" Corinna turned her soft eyes — eyes like a moon-shot pool in a dark forest — widely upon him.

Benson gazed back at her helplessly.

"Come — sit down," said [*Continued on page 62*]

"Best I ever tasted," replied the young man, in the act of choking down another

Maudie Browns the Wheats

by FREEMAN TILDEN

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

"AS I understand it," said Joel Tibb, half-owner of the Outlet Cash Store, of Boxton, "your idea is to put in a window display with a kerosene range and griddle and fixin's, and get some woman to come down and fry buckwheat cakes and give away samples."

"With regular genuine Vermont maple syrup," added Dan'l Webster Turvey, his partner. "Like mother used to make."

"Maple syrup's too hard to handle," objected Joel. "There'd be dishes, and dishwashin' and an awful mess. We can have the woman swab 'em with butter and dust 'em with powdered sugar and serve 'em on pieces of oiled paper. Then we can put a pile of cans of syrup in the window. The scheme is good even if all we do is to work off that sixty-odd gallons of Mears's syrup he unloaded on you last Spring."

"Unloaded on *me!*" retorted Dan'l Webster icily. "Well, there's nothing particular the matter with your nerve, Joel. *You* told Mears ——"

"Oh, well, let it go," interrupted Joel, in that charitably forgiving manner he employed on such occasions — a manner, by the way, which usually caused his partner to rush forth and inform the first passerby that he'd be doggasted if he could stand it any longer; that he'd put up with enough; that he *would*, by glory, he *would*, etc., etc. — sometimes mentioning *what* he *would* and sometimes just being vociferously content with announcing that he *would*. And the passerby would hasten over to Woodward's, the principal competitor of Tibb & Turvey, and say, "They're fighting again. That partnership won't last much longer."

This was something that the competitors would have been pleased to believe. But they had heard it too many times to be impressed. They knew only too well that while it was a firm principle of faith with Messrs. Tibb and Turvey to quarrel at least once every day in the calendar year, it was just as firm a principle never to let anyone outside the Outlet Cash Store profit by their guerrilla warfare. They fought, but they went on doing business at the same time. And Joel, little dried-up, close-fisted and old-fashioned tradesman though he was, with a face in texture and color not unlike the desiccated peaches on the counter near the door, had to admit that his big, blundering broad-shouldered partner somehow managed to land on his feet, even out of the most unbusiness-like proceedings. He explained it by saying, grimly, "Dan'l is in the class with ijits and drunken men — the Lord provides."

On this occasion Mr. Turvey did not hurl himself rudely forth onto the sidewalk in reply to Joel's contumely. He did not even ram his livery-stableman's felt hat down over his ears and tread madly up and down the floor, calling upon the angels to witness how much he was a suffering man. He merely mopped his moist brow and asked, "Well, the window's settled, then. We've got a new lot of buckwheat in. Have we got a stock of griddles? Maybe we can sell an oil range out of it. Anyway, we'll get a crowd that will make Woodward and the Boxton Store blue in the face."

"We won't crow till the egg is laid," said Joel with native caution. "The next question is to get a suitable woman. I think I know the very one."

"Before you mention her name, I'll bet you three good cigars she's over seventy years old," said Dan'l.

Joel replied with dignity. "I had my sister in mind," he said.

"I lose the cigars. But I knew it would be somebody like that. Your sister, Joel, is fifty-odd years of age, and no longer as beautiful as she was, and beauty never ran in your family, anyway. Your sister will make our window look like a home for retired school-teachers. Joel, did it ever occur to you that when John Wanamaker puts a girl in one of his windows he doesn't send out home for one of his unmarried aunts? Have you stopped to think that the cook is going to be part of the window display? There ain't going to be any curtain between her and the public, and ——"

"My sister can cook!" rasped out Joel. "And that's what we're looking for, I should guess. I ain't sure we could get her, anyway. I just hoped I'd be able to influence her, maybe. But if you know anybody that will suit your artistic taste better, let's hear about them."

Dan'l Webster Turvey sat back in a chair, cocked his head on one side, and let his glance caress, upon the ceiling, the image of the ideal window display. "I see her now, Joel," he remarked, in a tone of rapture. "I see her wealth of golden hair, put up coquettishly and draped around her little ears; I see her peachy complexion, peachier than the well-known Elberta peach, which is some peachy, Joel, and I see her dainty white fingers flopping the buckwheats, smowing them with dairy butter, dusting them with powdered sugar and serving them temptingly to the multitude. I see her ——"

"Maybe she can perform on a trapeze, or do a song and dance," growled Joel. "What's the name of this Venus? I might have known you wanted to spend a lot of money. I s'pose you hired her when you was down to New York. Then what did you want to ask me for?"

Dan'l Webster shook his head. "She lives right here in Boxton. She's a natural born window display, Joel, and she's been blushing unseen."

"Blushing unseen is right, for all of my seeing her. What's her name?"

"Her name," replied Dan'l Webster, tasting the syllables with the ecstasy of a connoisseur, "is *Maudie*. Maudie Raymond. Well?"

Joel's jaws shut with a startled snap, and he leaned violently against the corner of the office safe for support.

"Maudie Raymond?" he echoed. "Maudie — What are you talking about, man? That little doll-faced, simperin', pigeon-toed high school girl! What does she know about cooking? Her mother brags she never let her lift a finger to do any housework. All she thinks about is new clothes and the movies."

"She isn't pigeon-toed," combated Dan'l, with some heat.

"She is so," affirmed Joel. "She walks like that," and he tripped across the floor to show how Maudie walked.

"Oh, that," responded Dan'l, with a sigh of relief. "That ain't pigeon-toed, Joel. That's fashionable. At least it was last year, and you can't expect Maudie to be ahead of her skirt pattern. Now look, Joel, don't be a pessimist. I didn't say Maudie was intelligent, did I? Did I say she was the hand that naturally ought to rock the cradle and bake the beans? No. What I said was, Joel, that when we put Maudie in the window, alongside of a griddle covered with buckwheat cakes, it'll pull a crowd — And about cooking — well, that shows how much behind the times you are, Joel. If the girls learned how to cook the way your mother and my mother did, we'd lose our whole canned-goods trade."

"Her mother wouldn't let her," objected Joel, after a moment's consideration.

"That's just what I'm going up to her house to find out," was the response.

"And if she can't cook, she can't make buckwheat batter, and if she can't make the batter she can't make the cakes," continued Joel, in sullen triumph. "And if the cakes don't taste good, the whole town'll give us the hoot."

"I'm surprised at you, honest," said Dan'l Webster, chidingly. "You've got a more fertile mind than that, Joel. Who said anything about Maudie making the batter? *You* can't make corsets, can you? But you can sell 'em over the counter, can't you? Now here's what I had in mind. You get your sister Ella to come down and make the batter, Joel, and we'll give it to Maudie in a nice pitcher. If she hasn't got brains enough to pour it out on the griddle, and turn the cakes when they're done on one side, then there's nothing to a high school education, that's all. What?"

"My sister wouldn't do it. She despises the Raymond girl. The little chit made some remark about Ella at the last fireman's dance, and she'll never forget it."

"Well, you can ask her, anyway. I'm going up to Mrs. Raymond's now. Is that order of Mrs. Perkins ready? I'll take it along with me and save Dick a trip up there."

"My sister won't do it," shouted Joel after his partner, as Dan'l Webster climbed into the delivery wagon and took the reins off the hook.

"Be a booster," shouted Dan'l. "You know how to get around her. Have it all fixed with her by the time I get back."

About an hour afterward Mr. Turvey burst into the store with a face glowing with elation. "Where's Joel?" he cried to one of the clerks.

"In the back of the storehouse, I saw him last."

Mr. Turvey made his way through the litter of crates and boxes and barrels, and found Joel sitting astride a packing-case, manipulating the nail puller. "Well, it's all fixed, Joel!"

"Umph!" was the unenthusiastic reply. "How much?"

"I told her mother I'd give her two dollars for Saturday afternoon and evening. First Mrs. Raymond was very uppish. Said they wanted it understood that Maudie didn't have to work. They can buy her everything she needs, thank you. But I was diplomatic, Joel. I tell you, I everlastingly salved Maudie's mamma. I told her I knew they were above such things ordinarily, and that I never could have such a low and common idea as that Maudie needed a job, or anything like that. I put it on a high plane — something refined and educational, I told her. I said what our store needed was an atmosphere of refinement, and that Maudie was the only one that could lift the thoughts of our patrons to higher things. I said there was a dollar and a half in it, not as payment for Maudie's priceless services, but as an honorarium, we might say."

"I see her now, Joel," he remarked in a tone of rapture. "I see her dainty white fingers flopping the buckwheats ——"

"But you just told me two dollars," said Joel.

"Yes. Maudie's mother said that an atmosphere of refinement would have to bring an honorarium of at least two dollars, to be really refined."

"What did Maudie say? Was she there?"

"Yes. Maudie was tickled to death with the idea. She said, 'Oh, mother, I had better wear my messaline with the green trimmings. Had I not?'

"'Yes, Maudie, you had not,' I told her, 'because you wouldn't want to get your messaline accidentally decorated with an underdone flapjack. We'll furnish you with a nice white apron and cap,' I says, 'and that will set off your simple and natural attractiveness as nothing else could. You will be the cynosure of all eyes,' I says, 'and it will give a big moral and spiritual uplift right where the village needs it.'"

"And they swallowed that guff?" asked Joel, with some incredulity.

"Well, you know Maudie, and when you know her you know her mother — And between you and me they were keen for the honorarium. What about your sister Ella?"

"She says she'll do it, provided she doesn't need to associate with the Raymond girl in way, shape or manner. I didn't think she would, but she did. She said she'd do it for *my* sake."

"I hope she won't bawl Maudie out and make a scene," suggested Mr. Turvey.

"My sister is a respectable woman. She bawls nobody out," Joel resented.

"Well, you know the most respectable of ladies sometimes bawl out each other in a high-toned way, which is just as disastrous to trade as though they were disrespectable. But you manage your sister and I'll guarantee to manage Maudie."

"I got a feeling," said Joel, dully, "that something's wrong about the scheme. There generally is something wrong with your schemes, Dan'l. I don't know how it is, but there's always so many loopholes for accidents."

"No loopholes in this, Joel," shouted Mr. Turvey. "Tight as a drum all over. We'll make Woodward and the Boxton Store crazy with envy."

"Umph," replied Joel and went back to drawing nails.

The advertisement that Tibb & Turvey placed in the "Boxton Banner" on Friday was not to be compared, in pulling power, with the advertising that was furnished free of charge by Mrs Raymond. In spite of the temporizing objections she had offered when the idea was proposed, Maudie's mother clearly regarded the opportunity as a belated tribute to herself and daughter, and she made plans to convert the occasion, so far as possible, into an informal reception and coming-out party for Maudie.

Dan'l Webster had put the truth with entire accuracy when he said that when you knew Maudie you knew

"Don't tell me, Joel," she sobbed. "Don't try to tell me. Didn't I hear those brazen creatures?"

Maudie's mother. Equivalently, when you knew Maudie's mother, you knew Maudie. They were both blonde, both peachy in complexion, and both had baby blue eyes into which you could look indefinitely without finding anything to strain the intellect. The late Mr. Raymond, who had been a traveling salesman, had had the sagacity, or the generosity, to choose a train-wreck as the means of his taking off, which fact doubled the accident insurance and permitted Mrs. Raymond and Maudie to live, during the past three years, in a style to which they were unaccustomed but receptive.

From the standpoint of the Boxton men the Raymond ladies were "swell-lookers." From the viewpoint of the Boxton women they were lazy, simpering dolls. However, the viewpoint of the women was not the chief interest of Maudie or her mother.

Dan'l Webster Turvey dressed the window, and he did well enough to force a grunt of approval from his partner. There was a blue flame oil-stove, over the jets of which was a sheet-iron griddle specially made at the tinsmith's. The background was white oilcloth. Temptingly displayed at the front were all the accessories — maple syrup and sugar, cartons alleging to contain creamery butter, several cloth bags of new buckwheat, griddles, egg-beaters — everything that was needed to prepare the succulent flapjack except the culinary ability to produce the batter. And then there was a neatly painted card:

BROWN THE WHEATS!
Free demonstration. New buckwheat flour just in.
Step in and get a sample.
Saturday from 1–3, 4–6, 7.30–9.30
The kind that Mother used to make!

Having completed the window arrangements, Dan'l Webster pulled down the curtain, leaving the painted sign outside to pique the curiosity and arouse desire. Joel Tibb grudgingly assented that, so far as he could see, it was well enough. Mr. Turvey, surveying his masterpiece, rubbed his hands gleefully and said, "We're going to make a killing, Joel. We'll pack the store."

"By the way, Dan'l," replied Joel, "my sister says it's no more than fair to put a sign in the window saying that she's the one that's making the batter. I don't know but what she's right."

Mr. Turvey shook his head decidedly. "Now don't go bustin' the charm of the whole business, Joel," he said. "You know that wouldn't do. What the public don't know won't hurt 'em. You just tell your sister that the power behind the throne always stays behind the throne. It ought to be a lot of quiet satisfaction to her to know that she's the responsible silent partner. Tell her that, will you?"

"I did tell her something along that line, and she began to cry. You know she's sensitive, Dan'l. We'll have to be careful."

This was what Mr. Turvey knew and feared. Sensitiveness was the manifest prime characteristic of Ella Tibb. She had passed the major part of her life in tearful submission to calumnies that hadn't been uttered, to slights that had never been offered, and to misfortunes that hadn't occurred. She had not, as Dan'l bluntly remarked, the fatal gift of beauty, either in face or figure. She always looked her worst, draped herself miserably upon uncomfortable furniture, and looked, as Dan'l once said, like a wet-picked fowl.

But Joel Tibb's sister had another characteristic, also, the same being a pretty gift of vindictive conversation. There wasn't a soul in Boxton who could throw the harpoon of slander with such an unerring aim, and yet, withal, with such an air of humility. The heavens shuddered when Ella Tibb considered herself scorned. With five soft and lachrymose syllables she could blast the most blooming reputation that ever showed its petals to human gaze.

AT exactly quarter to one on Saturday, Mrs. Raymond and Maudie came down to the Outlet Cash Store. They rode in a carriage provided by the firm of Tibb & Turvey. Mrs. Raymond was arrayed like a lily of the field who toiled not and had long since given up spinning. Her moonstone earrings flashed in the sunshine, and she had spent no little time on the two blonde heads of hair. As for Maudie, she looked like one of the milkmaids you see in a musical comedy — the kind that come out swinging a shining milk pail, with a tra-la-la, a swift kick toward the gallery, and a few well-chosen words in favor of going back to the land.

But make no mistake about it — Maudie filled that window plumb full of advertising value when she climbed up beside the blue-flame stove at one o'clock sharp, and looked out, with no ill-pleased eye, into the crowd of faces outside. Her white starched apron and dainty cap fitted her to perfection and displayed to an interested world those charms of figure which it should be the aim of every good cook to possess. There was the same suggestion of homespun domesticity about Maudie that you observe in the society ladies who dedicate the soup kitchens for the nourishment of the unemployed.

With great acumen, Dan'l Webster had spent the evening before at the Raymond home, initiating Maudie into the quaint ceremony of pouring batter out upon a griddle, and flopping them when they reached the proper stage of doneness; so that, when one o'clock came, she might be considered letter-perfect as a flopper of flapjacks.

"All ready, Maudie," said Dan'l Webster. "Start 'em going!"

Maudie reached for the pitcher of batter, and without doing too much violence to the usual geometrical standards of flapjacks, set a half-dozen of them in motion.

A "Hooray! Hooray!" cheer went up from the open-mouthed hungry populace out on the sidewalk. The show was on.

They were hot cakes, and they went just like that. Swabbed with excellent butter and dusted with powdered sugar, and served upon square pieces of oiled paper, the demand for the delicious indigestible samples exceeded the supply in the proportion of ten to one. At ten minutes past one it was necessary to call in the constable to suppress and demobilize the entire male population under the age of eighteen. The staidest citizens of Boxton considered it no shame to stand in line and receive a smoking hot buckwheat cake from the pink hand of the goddess behind the oil-stove. Judge McGee, dispenser of municipal justice, deserted his office to proffer his assistance in handing them to the ladies. The chairman of selectmen considered it no less than his civic function to officiate in holding back the mighty press of mouths, and prevent them from mounting to the window and committing loot.

"They're great!" cried old Enoch Mulbridge, the richest man in the county, as he finished his fifth. "Maudie, you're a wonder! I didn't think —" and then he was plucked away from the deadline by the sage hand of Mrs. Mulbridge, attached to his coat-tails.

"I congratulate you," said Senator Williams to Mrs. Raymond, who was meanwhile holding a gay little court behind the window. "Maudie is a credit to you. Never in my life have I tasted buckwheat cakes like those."

Mrs. Raymond blushed modestly and courtesied. "Yes," she murmured, "the dear girl is all I have now —" And she dabbed her eyes with a dainty handkerchief and looked upward in the general direction of the place where the late Mr. Raymond might be supposed to reside.

The spontaneity of this display won every male heart instantly, though the ladies nudged each other and dropped the corners of their mouths knowingly.

Meanwhile the gaunt, sad-eyed Ella Tibb was condemned to slave, unhonored and unsung, in the rear of the establishment, in one corner of what was called, in a general way, "the store-house."

The partition was thin, and Ella's sensitive ears were assailed and maddened by the sound of revelry in the front of the store. She placed her ear casually where it could discern the triumphant tones of Maudie's mother. Certain snatches of sentences left no doubt that to the hated Maudie was being attributed the entire glory of those buckwheats. Ella Tibb's soul turned green, and in her veins flowed tincture of ipecac. She endured it during the first session; but when three o'clock came and operations were suspended, to give the oil-stove goddess a needed spell of rest, and Joel Tibb came back into the storehouse to see how the power behind the throne was standing the gaff, Ella's wrath burst out.

"Don't tell me, Joel," she sobbed. "Don't try to tell me. Didn't I hear those brazen creatures? But what could I expect when my own brother — *my own brother* — has no respect for me? And you being led by the nose by that Dan'l Turvey? I don't see how you could do it, Joel; I don't see how you could do it!"

"Now look here, Ella," pleaded Joel, "don't kick up a rumpus now. What do we care what they think? There's nothing to prevent your telling who made 'em, after it's all over with. You know I wasn't crazy about this idea, but the fact is we've sold more goods than we ever sold on a Saturday afternoon before. And the crowd'll be bigger as it gets later. Just you stick to it, Ella, and you can have anything in the store. Ain't there something you'd like in the woman's department?"

Ella Tibb seized the opportunity to mulct the firm, yet without relinquishing her claim to the position of victimized virtue. She sopped away a fresh instalment of tears and panted:

"I want two pairs of silk stockings. *That woman* is wearing silk stockings."

"Bless my soul. *I* didn't give her any silk stockings," replied Joel. "She's a fool. She'll be in the poorhouse in another year. But I'll get them for you, Ella. I'll send to New York special for them. There's a good girl!"

At four o'clock the buckwheat business started again with a rush. As Joel predicted, the crowd was denser than before. One of the clerks was sent down the Main street on a secret mission, to report on the condition of the other stores. He came back and said that they resembled [*Continued on page 46*]

"Well," she said, with that acidity for which her conversation was famous, "I trust you're satisfied with my *buckwheat cakes"*

"General," said the Major, coming closer, "you ask what we 'western men' have been doing. We have opened the Mississippi River!"

The Ragged Twenty-Eighth

by

Eugene Manlove Rhodes

JUST to remind us that now, in Mexico, against a handful of bandits, is not the first time that our brave troops have faced an emergency — *unprepared.* Let us hope it will be the last!

HERE and there you may find old men — pitifully few and far between — whose dimmed eyes will brighten as they tell, with glee, the story of the Inspector-General and the "Ragged 28th," of which they are the last survivors.

Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, Shiloh, and Vicksburg were inscribed on the banners belonging to the 28th. It was on the first day at Shiloh, where they stood stubbornly and for the moment entirely alone, though fragments of several broken regiments had rallied around them, that General McClernand rode through the drifting smoke and shouted: "In God's name, what regiment *is* this?" And, being told, made memorable reply: "Twenty-Eighth! You'll do to buckle to!"

Then, to the Senior Captain, who was the ranking officer (the Colonel lay dead on the field, the Lieutenant-Colonel and Major both wounded) — "Fall back! Fall back in line with 22nd and 41st! You will be surrounded and cut to pieces here!"

Then — and not until then — they fell back, sullenly and slowly, carrying all their wounded with them. But that night they slept in their own tents, being the only regiment in the Army of the Tennessee that did so. They lost four hundred and twenty-four men, killed and wounded, out of a total of eight hundred and twelve — nearly all on the first day.

In the first battle of Jackson, fifteen thousand Federals were arrayed against six thousand Confederates, behind strong entrenchments. An advance all along the line was ordered. Aides were sent later to halt the Union troops a mile from the works. But the 28th, on the extreme right, was cut off from the other troops by a very high railroad embankment; and through the blunder of an aide-de-camp, the order to stop did not reach them.

They had been ordered to advance on the works. They advanced under the concentrated fire of the whole Confederate force. When within four hundred yards of the Confederate line, still going on, they were overtaken by a frantic officer, who shouted:

"The General says, come back, you damned fools — or you'll take the city before he gets started!"

Write it in the Book of our Battles, with grateful remembrance and pride, that the generous foe fired not one shot after they turned back, but leaped upon their ramparts and cheered them as they went! They gathered up both their dead and wounded without molestation. All honor to the Southron for that gallant deed!

The 28th lost over fifty per cent. of its number in *twenty minutes* in this charge — a charge the North never heard of; for, as a mistake, it was carefully hushed up.

In the long and arduous Vicksburg campaign they bore their part well and added to their laurels. The day before the surrender they were in the rifle pits closest to the Confederate works — within a stone's throw.

After the fall of Vicksburg Grant reported that "his forces were so fatigued as to require several weeks' rest." But there was no rest for the 28th. In company with several other regiments, they marched away from Vicksburg the day of the capitulation and took part in a number of skirmishes and in the second battle of Jackson of July 16th.

In August they were stationed at Natchez as Provost Guard, partly to give the veterans some needed rest, and partly to break in the new recruits that were sent to renew their shattered ranks.

No uniforms or shoes had been issued for months, though the recruits were of course newly accoutered. They made the rags and shabbiness of the veterans more conspicuous, and it was at this time that the regiment acquired the title of the "Ragged 28th." It was an epithet of scorn bestowed by the enemy. Before the war was over they made it a title of nobility.

AS it fell upon a day, some two months later, a detail of three hundred men was made from the 28th for a foraging party. The roads were deep with mud and the loads heavy. It was midnight when they got back, utterly exhausted from lifting and straining on the mired wagons. That same night another detail of fifty was made from them for picket duty; and in the morning a third detail was put on fatigue duty, from the remnant who had not been on guard or foraging expedition.

The greater number, utterly worn out, tumbled back again after roll-call, without even the formality of breakfast.

Great was the wrath and indignation of the Major, regimental commander in the absence of his superiors, at the cumulative burdens put upon the 28th through someone's carelessness; for there were several other regiments at Natchez, and work was supposed to be fairly distributed. A fiery man and irascible was he, proud of his soldiers and guarding their interests jealously.

Imagine then the state of his feelings when, after ten o'clock, an aide appeared with instructions to report on parade-ground — a mile distant — at eleven, for review by the Inspector-General!

Promptly at eleven he marched on the parade-ground at the head of his tatterdemalions — gaunt, hungry, sleepy, footsore, mud-bespattered, unshaven and unshorn — dog-tired and bull-cross.

As they formed into companies before Frank Susette's beautiful home, the Major saw that the companies were not equalized on account of the absent detail.

Before this could be remedied, however, an officer was seen coming directly down the shell drive that wound through Susette's rare trees and old-world statuary.

It was the Inspector-General; but he was on foot and unattended — an unusual thing. No one knew that he was the reviewing officer until he marched obliquely to the right of the 28th, which was the head of the column, and proceeded at once to begin inspection.

The Inspector-General's ability is above question — he was the confidential agent of the President, now making out a careful report for his superior on the *morale* of the armies of the west; but he did not then, or afterwards, claim to be a practical soldier or to understand the technicalities of the profession. Now, for instance, during the Manual of Arms, he took a position where he was covered by the guns — contributory negligence in case of any accident.

Naturally he found much to criticize; the awkwardness of the green recruits, the shabbiness of the seasoned men, the mud, the unquestionably bad condition of arms and accouterments of the previous day's foraging party, the uneven size of the companies. These things the unfortunate Major explained as best he could. But the men heard the sharp comment and with each one became more uneasy.

It has been long noticed that large bodies of men are more easily excited than are the individuals composing them. Witness mobs, conventions, congregations — the enthusiasms, excesses, or exaltations to which any crowd may be moved. Moreover, a regiment acquires a composite personality and individuality of its own. And the personality of the 28th, never meek, on this occasion was distinctly morose. Misunderstanding led to reprimand, reprimand to restiveness, restiveness to mistakes. The vicious circle was established, and the regiment that kept cool in the hell of Shiloh lost its head and became more and more demoralized with every moment.

Excitement was in the air. By some subtle communication the smothered irritation of the exhausted detail spread till all were affected, and the 28th resembled nothing so much as a pouting school-boy being lectured.

As the General passed from right to left he found that a large number of the guns were loaded. "How is this, Major?" he inquired tartly. "Here are scores of these guns loaded. I might easily have been shot whilst they were going through the Manual of Arms. Is this the way you come on review?" [*Continued on page 37*]

A Man in Her Life

As Told to

Anna Steese Richardson

ANOTHER of Mrs. Richardson's penetrating studies of the marriage and divorce problem; a vital chapter from a real woman's life.

IT looks as if I had started a scandal about myself!

And starting a scandal in Burlington is no small matter for the party concerned. I imagine that in big cities like New York or Chicago, folks talk about you a few days, till somebody else does something so much worse than you did that your little sin is forgotten. Then, while nobody is looking, you creep back into your old place.

But when Burlington women draw their skirts away from you, it's generally the end. These same skirts never brush you again. Some of our best ladies, like Mrs. James Martin Bacon, have pulled their skirts so tight that they begin to walk hobbled.

Not that they do not speak to you; only, things are never quite the same. And after what I said today. . . .

It was Emily Lowry talking about Jane Hood, that set me off. Jane's forty-five her next birthday, and it has just leaked out that she is to marry John Bemis, the new bookkeeper at the carbon works. They say he is three or four years younger than Jane, though he doesn't look it. Dealing all your life with figures dries you up faster, I guess, than dealing with human beings.

Well, anyhow, Emily sat here a good hour, telling me what she and the rest of the women at the Ladies' Aid meeting yesterday thought about Jane's marrying at her age.

"If he was anybody that counted," said she; "if he had means or if he were real smart! But he's just one of the plodding kind that will never get anywhere."

"He has nice manners," I interrupted.

"Yes; but manners never set the world on fire," retorted Emily. "They say that when he was asked to speak at the banquet they gave for the president of the company, he recited some poetry, like a man who had no ideas of his own. It seems as if a bright girl like Jane Hood would want a man with some brains."

I don't know what she said next, because I was inwardly chuckling, remembering the sort of man David Lowry is. Being in the livery business, he never had an idea in his head beyond the good points of a horse or harness. But whether she is talking about the weather, preparedness or a spring hat Emily starts most of her sentences with, "As David said at breakfast this morning ——"

No doubt it's a good thing some women can dream about the cleverness of their husbands till it seems real, but I know that if David Lowry said half the things at the breakfast table that Emily credits him with, he would never get his hacks out to meet the morning trains.

I came to just as she was saying, "Well, as David said at breakfast this morning, he couldn't see why Jane Hood, with a good job in the high school and that nice house left her by her Aunt Elizabeth, must take on a husband who isn't earning a dollar more than she is."

Right there something inside me snapped.

"It might be, Emily, for the same reason that you stick to David, even though you two don't always agree."

She bridled at that; but, being started, I steamed straight ahead.

"She may want to see a man sitting on the other side of that fine old mahogany table her Aunt Elizabeth left her. She may want to hear a latch-key turning in the front door that today can't mean much more to her than white enameled boards with brass trimmings. She may want a man of her own to take her home from parties, instead of a friend's husband trying to look polite as he reaches for his hat and overcoat. She may be tired of watching the rest of you women leaving Wednesday-night meeting with your husbands, while she trots beside the couple living nearest or makes it alone. She may just want a man in her life — to fill it out and make it worth living. Dear knows, that's natural enough. I know just how Jane feels. I feel the same way. I'd marry tomorrow, if I had a good chance."

If I hadn't been all wrought up, the change that came over Emily Lowry would have seemed funny. It was like looking at the frost gathering on the window when the thermometer drops suddenly. By the time I had finished my fatal remarks, she had on her gloves and was looking at me as if she had caught me running off with a neighbor's husband. When she had her furs on, I felt I was in the same class with Mrs. Stevens, who wears skirts seven inches from the ground and who mixes drinks as neatly as the bar-keeper at the Imperial Hotel. At least, they say so at the Country Club.

"Well, I must be going," said Emily. "David coughed right hard at dinner time. I told him he'd better come home early this evening and let me put cold compresses on his throat."

And there I stood watching her hurry home, knowing perfectly well that she had not understood what I said about wanting a man in my life. I can hear her telling every woman she meets, "Would you believe it, Julia Burt wants to marry again! And at her age! She must be coming to her second childhood — or worse!"

She cannot possibly understand that a man in my life would mean just what pottering David Lowry does in hers — somebody to do for, somebody that needs me, somebody to put cold compresses on when his throat is sore. David will come home early tonight, because he knows she is waiting there to make a fuss over him. And she will be so busy changing rags on his throat that it will be bedtime before she realizes it.

And what will I be doing all that time?

"Nothing to do but light the lamp," I heard a lonely woman say.

Watching for the evening paper to come, making believe that I am interested in the latest war news, eating the supper Mary Ann cooks for me, putting a picture puzzle together, and asking Mary Ann if the woodshed door is locked and the cat in. She never forgets anything — but I ask her such questions every night, just to hear a human voice the last thing before I go to bed.

I don't know why it is, but a man in the house furnishes the only really satisfying occupation for a woman. And, because I have admitted the fact, I suppose all Burlington will think there is something wrong with my mind — or my morals.

PERHAPS I wouldn't have said what I did to Emily, if Mr. Perry, the minister, hadn't been here just ahead of her. He was in one of his mellow, let-us-all-be-happy-together moods. He started by telling me how much I had to be thankful for. I have been a brave, self-sacrificing mother. I had given four fine children to my country. I had never failed in my duty to my neighbors or my church. And now that I am well fixed, I can sit down and review a well-spent life. His words may have been honey on his own tongue, but they were gall and wormwood to me.

I don't want to review life. I want to keep on living. I don't want to think everything is over with me at forty-nine. I don't want to think that the only reward for having done my duty is an empty, easy life. Neither do I want to fill that empty life with social or religious uplift. In a way, I have been unselfish all my life. Now I want to be selfish. I want a man in my life, a man of my very own who will find me as necessary to him as he will be to me. I am afraid to grow old alone. And any woman who has no husband is alone — I don't care how much she loves her children, or how much they love her.

Marriage is a habit that blooms most beautifully and satisfyingly in the last years of your life. A loving husband is the reward of bearing children for your country. But you don't realize this until you find that the reward is denied you.

I sacrificed my right to a man in my life on the altar of what I thought was my duty to my children. No, I really did not think it was my duty, but other people called it that, and I was afraid to stand out against them. Folks said to me, "You brought your children into the world without consulting them. You have endowed them with your weaknesses and your husband's. You owe them the best there is in you,— the rest of your life. When we elect motherhood as a profession, we accept a grave responsibility. In your case it is even heavier, because your children have no father."

And I came to believe them. I saw the situation from this viewpoint — and forgot that I had any rights as a woman. Now I realize that in this so-called age of the child, we mothers often go to extremes. Mother and children have individual rights, which should be equally respected. Both should find life worth living. There is no reason why a mother's life should end where a child's begins. Maternal sacrifice can be carried to such extremes that it is detrimental to society itself. I know, because I have made the sacrifice, and, in my single state, I am of less value to society than if I had married a second time.

What is more, I believe that in other cities like Burlington there are thousands of lonely women like myself, unnecessarily, cruelly lonely, because they sacrificed the men that might have been in their lives, not to duty, but to temporary pressure from unthinking or selfish relatives or to public opinion which sees only the superficial conditions.

There has been no man in my life for twenty-one years — the best years of my life — the years during which I could have been most useful, most companionable to a husband. Because I was vigorous, good looking and possessed of two qualities that appeal to men — sympathy and personal magnetism, they came to woo. I sent them away. This is the story of why I did it. I am baring my heart so that any woman who is facing the same situation may read and, perhaps, escape the loneliness of my life.

I had been married less than two years when I realized that it was only a matter of time till I must leave my husband. I had married at nineteen, dazzled by good looks and ardent courtship. John was my first suitor. I saw him as a composite of Sir Galahad, Launcelot and my own good father. Marriage disillusioned me and brought to the surface the yellow streak in his character. Not that I called it a yellow streak then. I had never heard the phrase. It was something in his nature that made me at once fearful and sick all through my moral being. It killed my dreams and my love for him.

A woman will stick to a man who embezzles or who commits murder through certain provocation, because he is the sort of human being that only a woman understands when you describe him as a devoted husband and father. The best of him shines out in his own family. Then there is the husband who drinks, abominable in the eyes of his neighbors, but dear to his wife who overlooks the infrequent hours of intoxication because she knows his satisfying comradeship in the days, weeks, even months when he is himself.

Some women even forgive infidelity in their husbands, knowing that it's just the weakness of a boy for forbidden fruit, from which he turns ashamed, penitent. But a yellow streak — there is no forgiving or forgetting that.

The wife who lives with such a man, sees him deserting her for another woman, leaving her and the children penniless. She pictures him embezzling and fleeing in the night without telling her. She believes nothing he says. She shrinks from his petty trickery. And she watches with keenest anxiety for the outcropping of that yellow streak in his children.

After my second boy was born, I determined to leave John. I was strong, well-equipped, and could support my two children by teaching. My decision created a panic among my relatives. My husband was away from home at the time, and my family descended on me in a body. They argued that if I left John, my children would be pointed out as the sons of a divorcée. Boys idealize their mother. They would never respect any woman if their own mother was a coward.

They said it would not be easy for a divorcée to secure a position in our local schools. Burlington has its traditions. One of these is to question the morals of the divorced woman.

And I ought to think of my family! A young cousin had just announced her engagement to the rector of the Episcopal Church. [*Continued on page 52*]

The girl watched her lover a little anxiously because he was moody. The visitor ate with his eyes down

ALFALFA

by Lyman Bryson — Another New McClure Writer

Illustration by N. C. Wyeth

JUST after sundown an old man walked up the road, his feet wearily stirring the dust, his head uplifted to catch the strong, sweet wind across the alfalfa fields. His face was beardless, thin and pallid, and under his loose black hat his hair showed by its sparse shortness that his head had been recently shaved. His step was slow, not from dejection but from weariness, and there was a determined hopefulness in his pale eyes.

He had walked through a day of brightness, dust and sweaty heat, tramping along doggedly with only an occasional lift in a farmer's wagon to ease him. He thought, now that night was coming, to ask a farmer for lodging. He could pay a little in money or by working a few hours with the harvesters. His course was straight toward the west, always along the alfalfa fields. Their dark green level was becoming almost black, and the faint purple mist of blossoms which hung delicately above could scarcely be seen.

A rumbling empty wagon with high board sides, drawn by fat horses, came up behind, and the stoop-shouldered figure on the seat looked him over curiously as he stepped out of the way. When the wagon had gone by the driver pulled up with a slow-spoken "Whoa!" and turned around on his seat.

"Goin' far?" he asked.

"Uh-thank you," answered the man in the road. "I don't know exactly. Where's the next town?"

"It's a good ten mile. Too far to walk tonight."

The wayfarer looked up at him silently and he added, "Better climb up and ride a ways."

"Thanks," said the man in the road. "I'm pretty tired, I guess. A little ride would help a lot."

"Been walkin' far?"

"Started from Danville."

"Why, that's clear on the other side of Iowa, ain't it?"

"Yeh, it's a pretty long ways."

"Friends there?" The farmer was curious in a kindly, innocent fashion.

"My folks all used to live there," answered the man, sitting bent forward on the seat. "I hadn't been back for fifteen years and nobody knew me. All my relations are dead."

"That's lonesome, ain't it?"

"Lonesome? Why, being lonesome is the worst of the whole business. It's the most God-forsaken thing in the whole world to be lonesome. I know, because I've tried everything that's hard to bear and that's the worst of them all. If I didn't have my partner I wouldn't want to be alive at all."

"Partner, eh? Danville?"

"No. Waiting for me in Denver. He's a good partner. He's been waiting for two years."

The farmer was struck by this circumstance and he wanted to ask questions, but the traveler had been launched into his brief confidences and needed no urging. He continued in a voice apathetic, yet sensitive, as if he had steeled himself to tell the story to whatever man might listen.

"He got out two years ahead of me. I had five more to do when he came in for three."

"Where was this?"

"In Lincoln — in the pen."

The farmer did not turn to look at his companion, but as he clucked to his team he was remembering the man's pallor, his nervous weariness and his shaven head.

"I don't care anything about being a jail-bird, or an ex-con, or anything else they want to call me," said the traveler, with a sudden suggestion of bitterness. "I can stand that. But I can't stand this lonesomeness. I've got to find Pete and then we two can get away together. I'd like to go some place 'way out west — 'way out there," he nodded his head across the alfalfa fields, "and grow stuff like this."

"Why don't you settle down around here?" asked the farmer. "This is good country. There ain't any better in Nebraska — and you could get a job some place as hired help. Of course, people would be sort o' prejudiced but they'd get used to it after a while if you was quiet and didn't try to be any more than you naturally ought to."

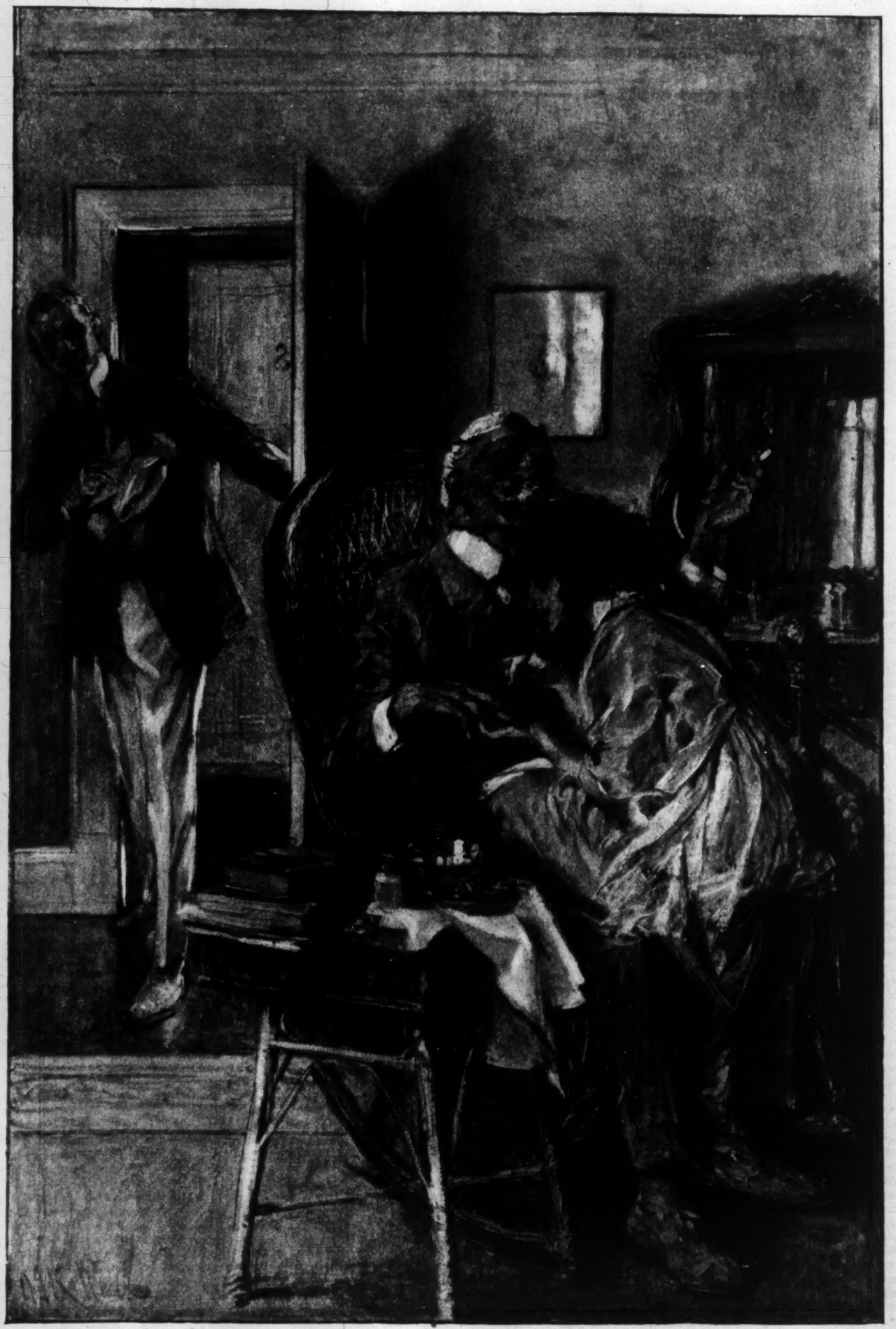
"No. I couldn't settle down here, not without going to Pete. I need a friend more than I need a job. He'd stick by me because he's been through himself. It wasn't quite the same with him because he was sent up for something he never did, but he'd stick by me. I couldn't get along alone."

"Well, of course," the farmer was sympathetic, but he knew the ways of his neighbors, "after all, I suppose you'd better not stay any place where they know you've been locked up. Farmers is sort o' suspicious sometimes and it mightn't be very happy for you."

"I don't expect any friends anywhere. Just Pete. He was 1969, and I was 1950. We had the same cell for three years. Most cell-mates hate each other, living that close every day and every night, but we didn't. We got along fine. When he left, he said, 'Now, Dad,'— that's what he called me, being so much younger —'I'll be in Denver in two years. You can find me when you get there.' So just as soon as I had been back to Danville I came on to find him."

"Uh-huh." The farmer was not unacquainted with tragedy. He had lived through his own spells of blackness to an age of kindliness and understanding. He did not know loneliness but he knew grief, and after a moment of silence he offered the only remedy he could give; he began to talk of commonplaces.

"Yes, this is a fine country," [*Continued on page 50*]



Curled up on his lap like a kitten, with her feet drawn up beneath her skirts and her mass of blue-black hair pillowed on his breast, was Coralie, manicuring his nails

Citizens of the World

Jacob Hartnagel Wagner Breaks Away from His Old Family Traditions

by

Elmore Elliott Peake

Painting by Arthur I. Keller

HE was christened Jacob Hartnagel Wagner. In his school days he was known as Jake Wagner. At college he enrolled as J. H. Wagner. As cashier of his father's bank his official signature was J. Hartley Wagner, evidencing a desire to suppress his Teutonic origin. His father, it is true, still called him Chakey, and his grandfather Gottlieb occasionally made him writhe in public by addressing him as Yahkop. Nevertheless, he had outgrown his name.

In like manner he had outgrown his town. Tecumseh refused to serve afternoon tea. She clung to a noonday dinner, topped off all too often with pie. She called her maids "hired girls." Her daughters regarded matrimony and maternity as the chief end of life, after the accomplishment of which they grew fat and frowsy and went to bed at nine o'clock.

Naturally these things were offensive to an alumnus of Harvard who had spent a year abroad, who never failed to make an annual pilgrimage East to attend his Class dinner, and who found it necessary to run into Cincinnati at least twice a month to rub off the mildew of provincialism. Naturally, also, social life in Tecumseh was of Saharan aridity to him.

In this desert there was, however, for a part of the year, an oasis of the lushest green. This was the Yellow Springs house, five miles away — a huge summer caravansary which was very popular with refugees from the tropical heat of the lower Mississippi valley. It was modeled after Jefferson Davis's "Belvoir," and each story was encircled by a deep "gallery" that retained a certain cool duskiness throughout the longest and hottest day.

Here Hartley spent every Sunday and several evenings each week, driving over, preferably, in his trap, which he considered more elegant than a motor, but using his motor when time pressed. And here, one memorable evening, he met Colonel Aguilar Beauchamp of New Orleans and his beautiful Creole wife.

She could not have been a day over twenty-five, he not a day under fifty-five. His port was superb; and his olive skin, white hair, cotton suit, Panama hat and white canvas shoes would have passed him anywhere as a South American ambassador. Though evidently a man of affairs, at home in the four quarters of the globe, and interested on a large scale in sugar, cotton and bananas, his affability was extreme; and his preference for whiskey straight endeared him at once to a circle who regarded a taste for cocktails as one of the gravest signs of national deterioration.

The conjugal relations of the Beauchamps might have touched the bride of a fortnight with envy. Yet in this as in all their conduct they completely filled Hartley's ideal of Citizens of the World — few of whom he had met in the flesh, it is true, but who were common enough in novels, dramas and even moving pictures. They were, for instance, above any petty jealousy. When the Colonel was busy, as he usually was, he frankly asked Hartley to amuse his wife; and whether they motored one hour or four, or danced once or a dozen times in the hotel ballroom, he was never piqued.

Coralie parted her bosky, black hair off center, like a boy's. Her poise was as perfect as a dowager's. The ocular broadside of the dining-room, which she usually entered a bit late, never ruffled a feather. Her agate eyes blunted the tentative shafts of the flanneled Lotharios about the hotel. She was no flirt. Yet before a week was out Hartley, who had dared worship only from afar, received several tokens of her favor. She opened a checking account in her husband's name at his bank — in four figures. She gave a little dinner dance in his honor, and, in spite of his superfluity of conveyances, despatched her pea-green landaulet and liveried chauffeur after him.

After the guests had dispersed and the Colonel had returned to his interminable letter-writing, she sat with Hartley at one of the little tables on the veranda, screened by palms and bay-trees.

"I want to thank you for your presence tonight," said she, in her rich contralto. "My little party would have fallen quite flat without you."

He murmured a modest disclaimer, with the assurance that the pleasure had been his.

"Mr. Wagner," said she, rather abruptly, "I have been wondering why you should bury your talents in a village like Tecumseh."

His cheek reddened, as if under a blow from her jeweled hand. Poor as was his own opinion of Tecumseh, he was startled that anyone should dub it a village.

"Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home," he answered, with feeble jocularity, twisting his little corn-colored mustache in his embarrassment and then polishing his shell-rimmed pince-nez with the sheerest of handkerchiefs. "Seriously, I have followed the road of my forebears." "Forebears" was a word he liked.

Coralie plucked a leaf from the frosted silver cup containing her mint julep and heckled it between her strong white teeth. Her wonderful eyes seemed illuminated by a swirling cloud of phosphorescent motes.

"The way to the promised land is through a wilderness," she reminded him, with a smile. "Between us, as right good friends, how much does that bank pay you?"

"Three thousand a year," he answered, stretching the truth a trifle to make the number round.

"You are worth ten thousand — not to that little bank, of course, but to the world. Do not smile, Mr. Wagner!" Between her ripe lips, whence English words sometimes emerged slightly askew, his name had a sweet, liquid sound. "Believe me, the world is crying out for such men as you to lead it on to great emprize."

There was a curious, childlike wistfulness in her voice which touched him.

"But the cry is as hard to locate as a will-o'-the-wisp," he protested.

"No, no! You shrink, perhaps, from casting your die in a great city. But to harvest money you must plant where money grows. The strongest swimmer can only flounder in a puddle. Is it not so?" She laughed piquantly and applied her lips to a straw, but still held him with a bewitching glance from under the sooty fringe of her lashes.

"Yes," he admitted. "I'm not contented here. But it's hard to break with the traditions of your family."

"Traditions" was another word he liked, and he spoke it like a scion of nobility, though his grandfather Gottlieb had been a cobbler in Bavaria and his father a farmer until ten years before, when he had moved to town and bought a controlling interest in the Farmers' National Bank.

"Then why not extend your activities here until you catch the swing of a big man's job? A man in your position commands some capital, I know."

He brushed his flaxen hair straight back from his sloping forehead — a forehead which a woman once told him reminded her of Lord Byron's.

"I could lay my hands on a hundred thousand tomorrow — if I secured it with United States bonds. That's the trouble here. Our moneyed men pinch a dollar till they give the eagle ingrowing nails, and my own father is no better," he added with Napoleonic gloom. "You can't start anything in this town."

SHE leaned nearer, significantly. "Yet, Mr. Wagner," said she softly, "something is going to be started in this town. I can't tell you any more, but I wish you'd broach the matter to the Colonel — the sooner the better. You'll find it worth while. I also wish you'd cultivate him a little. He's lonesome here."

"He's always so busy that I haven't had the nerve to attempt much sociability. If he were nearer my age I'd feel freer."

"You'll find his age no barrier," she declared. After a pause she added, with a delicate flush, "I haven't. Sometimes, it is true, I feel my unworthiness for one of his high ideals. Yet he, I know, has his own misgivings — his fear of irking me. I suspect it from the extreme freedom he allows me. Perhaps he would do that in any event, though," she continued. "He is a Creole, like myself. His ideas of marriage are not those of puritanical America. In his code, a man loves only one woman but admires many. And a woman loves but one man, but whatever charms she may possess are for the man who chances to be at her side."

Hartley could almost hear the detonation which would follow the enunciation of such a sentiment in a Tecumseh drawing-room. He was proud that the beautiful woman across the table should feel free to express it to him. It marked him as a Citizen of the World himself, in spite of his parochial environment. Then, as he looked at her, something suddenly stirred within his breast. It might have been love, it might have been only a lawless desire to test the elasticity of this code she had defined.

"Let's walk down to the spring," he suggested, in a voice nearly tremulous. "I like a nightcap of Nature's own brew."

She assented and they made their way down into the sunken garden which contained the great circular spring with its concrete coping. The ornamental lamps were neither numerous enough nor bright enough to spoil the charm of the lovers' lanes which wound among the trees and shrubbery. White-gowned women and their escorts were glimpsed here and there, like great, slow-moving moths, or passed close at hand with the soft rustle of summer draperies and the faint breath of perfumes.

After drinking, the pair sat down on a rustic bench in a cloistered nook. Hartley's pulse was sharp and quick — the combined result of his potations, the romantic situation, and the possibilities of the financial venture which she had hinted at. She talked of India — for she and the Colonel were globe-trotters — and of the big-game hunting in the hills behind Kotah.

"It would be a great experience for you, if you could accompany us next year," she added.

"I love hunting," said he, basing the remark on the cotton-tails he had slaughtered as a boy on the farm. "Should you — should you very much like to have me along?" he ventured.

"Very much," she answered quietly.

Just how it happened he could not have told, but he found his hand lying upon hers. She seemed unconscious of the fact. He leaned nearer, the scent of her hair, the warmth of her body, fuel for his throbbing heart.

"Please don't, Mr. Wagner!" she murmured. "You must not. It — it isn't right."

Suddenly covering her face with her hands she arose, and they walked back to the hotel. Hartley's conscience pricked him, but at the door she gave him her hand and vouchsafed him a shy, shamefaced little glance.

He drove home at a furious speed, the blood of conquest pounding at his temples, and lay awake for hours.

THE next afternoon, after banking hours, he and Colonel Beauchamp sat on the veranda of the Yellow Springs house drinking highballs. Hartley did not really like liquor and his carrying capacity was small; but he had discovered that liquor armed him with a "punch" which he otherwise lacked.

"Colonel," said he familiarly, when the punch had arrived, "I've seen old Belden of the First National talking to you several times. If there is anything doing, I hope you won't overlook your friends."

The Colonel drew from the pocket of his Palm Beach coat a curious, short, thick cigarette, twisted at both ends, which burnt like tinder.

"I have been feeling him out," admitted Beauchamp, encircling his head with an aureole of smoke. He laughed. "I find that five per cent. and safety is his idea of high finance."

"It's not mine," declared Hartley, with the smile which is packed in every Scotch highball.

"I have begun to suspect as much," observed the Colonel flatteringly. "Had I listened to my wife, I would have learned it sooner." Gazing out over the golf links, he twisted his long gray mustache a moment. "Mr. Wagner, can I absolutely trust you with a secret of the greatest gravity to me?"

"A good many people do trust me with secrets of gravity in the course of my day's work," answered Hartley with dignity, though his heart quickened.

"Then come to my room . . . Boy!" snapping his fingers at a waiter. "A bottle of Scotch and a siphon for Suite 6."

When they entered the apartments Coralie, swathed in a pale blue robe-de-chambre, with red Turkish slippers on her feet, was coiled on a davenport in the front room, reading. She extended her hand to Hartley with a trace of timidity, he fancied. He bent with the grace of an equerry to a queen, touched his lips to her fingers — after the manner of gentlemen in French motion pictures — and followed the Colonel to a room in the rear.

The Colonel was spreading a blue-print on a table, weighting its curling corners with a tobacco-jar, a couple of books, and an empty cognac bottle.

"Now glance at this print," he said, "remembering that I wouldn't drop it on your main street for fifty thousand dollars in gold."

Hartley looked and recognized Crooked Creek, the St. Clair road, Grinnel's Pond, and Hugo Ballschmeider's farm — all just outside Tecumseh's city limits. Across the top of the chart were the words: "Proposed Western Plant of the Louisiana Pressed Paper Car Wheel Company."

"These," explained the Colonel, pointing to a group of parallelograms, "are the main buildings. Here's the power plant. Here's the administration building, for the superintendent, paymaster, draughtsmen, shipping clerks, etc. The executive offices will be uptown, if I can rent the three upper floors of your bank building. Here is the railroad track. When the last brick is in place, a million dollars will have been invested."

"You wish me to buy some stock?" asked Hartley guardedly.

"My dear boy," answered the Colonel paternally, "not a share of Louisiana Paper Car Wheel is for sale. Our people don't ask a dollar of Tecumseh, not even a site. Now listen! This plant will employ two thousand men, three-fourths of whom, according to statistics, will be married. That means fifteen hundred families, or, counting five to a family, seventy-five hundred people — a little city of itself.

"But where will they live? There aren't fifty vacant houses in your town. Besides, it's too far away. Homes will have to be built for these people. But who will build them? Many of our artisans will build their own. But where will they get the land? On Ballschmeider's farm, of course. But at what price? Ballschmeider's farm is worth, say, a hundred dollars an acre. But post this blue print on the corner of Main and Chestnut streets tonight and before noon tomorrow Ballschmeider's farm would be worth a thousand dollars an acre, and the man who corraled it could charge our employees any price he chose for lots, and discontent would begin. I have protected our company, of course, by buying an option on forty acres; but we are blocked until a body of reputable local men control the balance of the farm and guarantee its equitable distribution in the shape of lots or houses to rent."

A red spot was beginning to burn in Hartley's cheeks, and the hand which lifted his glass shook slightly. "It means a fortune for somebody, I see. But why doesn't the company get under it? It looks like giving the money away to outsiders."

"There you betray your inexperience, if you will allow me to say it," answered the Colonel blandly. "A landlord corporation is always an object of hatred to its employees. But the main, the insuperable objection is this: if we gobble everything in sight, we shall be at swords' points with your community from the jump. We shouldn't have a friend, and we shall need lots of them. We don't want to be taxed to death. We don't want your common council, your county board of supervisors, your state legislature, to walk over us with hobnailed boots. We shall want your city limits extended so as to take us in and give us fire protection, water, light, sewers, free entrance to your schools, and the thousand and one conveniences and necessities incidental to citizenship."

The Colonel lit another cigarette. Hartley tugged nervously at his little mustache.

"But, Colonel, it will take a fortune to swing it."

"It will take just twenty-five dollars."

Hartley stared.

"I mean it. The first thing to learn in the fascinating game of high finance is that you work with other people's money. Twenty-five dollars will buy an option on the remaining eighty acres of Ballschmeider's farm. Wait till our company makes good my promises before you take up the option, then pay for the farm with a note. Pledge the farm for the amount — by that time it will be gilt-edge security for a hundred times as much — and pay the note. Then proceed according to your fancy."

"But won't the outlay begin then?"

"No. Don't develop till there's a demand. Then sell half or a fourth or an eighth of the tract to provide funds for the improvement of the rest. Or sell it all and clean up. But the more you hang on to the more money you will make."

"It seems terribly simple," remarked Hartley, with rapt blue eyes.

"It is simple. All big things are simple — books, men, landscapes. I would stipulate only this — that you take your father into your confidence. While I don't doubt your ability, our people would probably insist on an older man, with a financial standing in the community, to head the enterprise — publicly, at least."

"FATHER," said Hartley that night, lighting a fifteen-cent cigar in honor of his subject, "what would you say if I told you how to double your fortune without risking a cent."

The scene was the bleak, ward-like living-room of the Wagner mansion — a building which visitors to Tecumseh were apt to mistake for a public library. Conrad sat with his crocheted wool slippers on a chair, pipe in mouth and the *Lokalanzeiger* across his lap.

"I would ask you to talk not so much like a fool — eh, mamma!" he answered.

"Well, listen before you call any names," retorted Hartley confidently.

Conrad refilled his richly stained meerschaum, the bowl of which was adorned with a young woman in very light attire. Then closing his little eyes he said: "Go aheadt; I'm listenin'."

When Hartley was through, he announced his decision abruptly. "It sounds wery fishy to me. Never yet, in all my life, have I seen somebody git anything for nothing. For myself, I would not touch it."

Hartley leaped to his feet, white with rage. "Mamma, decide for yourself who is the fool," he cried. "But don't think, father, you can stop me. I will buy the option myself, and maybe next spring you will be glad to touch it — when it's too late." With which he flung himself from the room.

"He can't lose much, Coony — only twenty-five dollars," said Mrs. Wagner.

"It is true. I did not git to finish, he went off so quick, like a vire-cracker. I am sorry I spoke so sharp. And I shall be glad to see old Hoogo for him. Hoogo iss an old fox and might suspect Chakey has something up his sleeve if he tries to buy the varm himself. But Hoogo knows I am always buyin' and sellin' varms, and would think nutting of it."

At breakfast he made peace with his son, and a couple of days later, when Hugo appeared at the bank to deposit his butter and egg money, Conrad cautiously broached the subject. To his astonishment Hugo bluntly refused to sell an option on his farm for twenty-five dollars, and Conrad so reported to his son, with some chagrin.

"I have known him to haggle halluf an hour over five cents a bushel on the price of spuds, and here today, without even askin' how much more I would pay for the option, he walks avay like a Chohn D. Rockefeller. He must smell a rat — eh!"

"If he does he will die a richer man than either you or I," answered Hartley gloomily.

One of the best ways, it is said, to drive a pig forward is to pull backward on his tail. Conrad shared this porcine trait. Because Hugo was determined not to sell, Conrad was determined to buy. Hence, after a prudent interval, he summoned Hugo into the directors' room, and despatched the office boy out the back way for a couple of bottles of beer.

"I was thinkin', Hoogo," he finally got around to, "that if you do not care to tie up your varm with an option mebbe you would sell it outright. It is no inwestment, of course, so much of the land is low and swampy and the rest broken and stony. But I have been thinkin' a long time now I would like a place where I could play at varmin', now I have retired, and yet so near to town I could drive out after supper with Freda or mebbe before church on a Zunday morning. I would be willin' to pay you eighty dollars an acre."

Hugo, with his battered wool hat still covering his shock of gray hair, crossed one booted leg over the other. "I do not care to zell," he announced, with Teutonic phlegm.

"Why, you old noodlehead!" exclaimed Conrad wrathfully. "You been crazy for two years already to zell out and go to Alperta, where your boy is."

"Yah, I know. That was when nobody vanted to buy. I figger that what everybody vants it iss best to keep."

"Everybody! What you mean by everybody?"

"I do not care to say, Coony. Pizness iss pizness."

"Of course. Would you consider a hunnerd an acre?"

"I would not."

"Then you are a vool, is all I have to say."

"Maybe so," answered Hugo, draining his bottle and tramping stolidly out the door.

Conrad again reported to his son, with a crestfallen air.

"I expected as much," answered Hartley, with a face which would have served as a model for Napoleon landing at St. Helena. "Opportunity is not a beggar to knock twice at a closed door. Hugo has heard something, and he will make a fortune without lifting his hand." [*Continued on page 60*]

The Straight Road

California Baird Learns More About the World of Men and Women

Chapter V — Harvey Watkins

Illustrations by C. E. Chambers

See page 65 for what happened in foregoing chapters

IT seems strange that after such a visitation as that I went sound asleep, and never knew anything more till I was wakened, late next morning, by a thumping noise. There was Boyce, in pajamas, sitting on the floor leading his faithful bud'n around him in circles. I leaped up and ran across before I fairly knew where I was, calling softly:

"Boy — you mustn't hammer like that!"

"My bud'n taking a walk," he explained. I only got him diverted by talk of breakfast.

I hurried with my dressing, then began to hustle Boy into his clothes — to go somewhere, to do something, I didn't know where or what. He flinched from my chilly fingers.

"Stand over here, dear," I said, lifting the child into the strip of sunshine that began to come through the half-obscured window. Dressing Boy always heartened me up. It's the luxury of motherhood to revel in the beauty of a child, as a little girl with her doll — and Boy was such a lovely doll!

"Leave bud'n here, an' bring him some breakfast," he offered generously as I gave his curls a final tossing up, and I realized that he had been watching my face for some time, "being good" while I dressed him.

In the hall outside we came on Orma. She glanced up and down, then said, significantly:

"Have any visitors last night?"

I hesitated and floundered for the right reply. She began to laugh silently, whispering:

"Sssshh! Needn't say a word. I know all about it. Served Miss Ad right — if you ask me. What'd I done that she wouldn't speak to me all day? If she hadn't been in one of her grand sulks and treated me so mean, I'd have warned her that Joe didn't come home — that there was somebody else in the room. Huh! Let her find out by her own smartness!"

I was still trying to think what I ought to say when she asked, "Are you going to complain to the Mrs.?"

"Oh, certainly not," I cried, then added hastily, "I don't know what you're talking about."

She laughed out, flapped her hand at me, and scuttled toward the back stairs. Boy and I went down the front ones, to find the big hall empty, everybody at breakfast in the dining-room.

We had our meal at a quiet little bakery. I ate slowly, I took my coffee in tiny sips, wincing from the plunge before me. Last night's experience had weakened my nerve — I wasn't so ready for a few thousand strangers as I had been. Delia Rogers out of town, there was not a soul in the place that I knew, yet something must be done today. When I opened my purse to pay for our lunch, the first thing I pulled out was the card on which I had written the number of Harvey Watkins's telephone and his business address. He would be back in San Vicente today. I didn't like going to his office, yet he might be able to suggest something helpful, quite as well as Delia. It couldn't do any great harm just to speak to him, and see. This was Market Street; I remembered the sign on the electric-light post at the corner. I looked up and down a bit, then saw the name "Cronin Building" on the big

The Great Anonymous Serial that Everybody Is Talking About

white glazed-brick structure on the opposite corner. I hurried across the street and was in the tiled hall, waiting for the elevator to take me to the sixth floor, before there was time to doubt or repent.

Word had come back to us that Harvey was prosperous, and I always understood that while Delia Rogers herself had no money, her family was wealthy and influential; but the suite of offices occupied by McBride, McBride & Watkins, with people at work in the outer room, was much finer than I had expected. The walls were covered with a heavily embossed imitation-leather paper. Huge bookcases, spaced at regular intervals, reached up to the frieze and held row after row of large, leather-bound volumes. The stiff chairs about the room, of Mission oak, matched the tables, at one of which, near the door, a tired-looking, middle-aged man in seedy clothes clacked away at a typewriter. When he paused and looked up at me, I asked if I could see Mr. Watkins. He seemed doubtful. Mr. Watkins had just returned to town; was my business anything that could wait?

It was disconcerting; and it shifted my ideas bewilderingly. Back home in Stanleyton, a light-hearted girl in love with her Philip, I had known that you had to be careful or you'd get a little more than you wanted of Harvey Watkins. I had never thought of his values. Now I persisted.

"I want to see him this morning, if possible."

"We-ell," the seedy-looking old man hesitated, "I can ask."

I scribbled my name, the word Stanleyton and the date six years ago, on the blank card he offered; he took it and returned promptly with a much enlivened air, saying:

"You can go right in. Do you want to leave the little boy with me?"

"Thank you," I hesitated; but Boyce seemed willing enough, so I made my way alone to the door with Harvey's name on it.

The man who rose and stood beside the desk in that inner room to receive me might well have been a stranger. Harvey Watkins, in the six years since I had last seen him, had made the step from young man to middle-aged man — and there was nothing in him now for me to remember. His straight, stiff black hair, sprinkled with gray, lay close to a hard head; the lines of face and figure had set into the lawyer mould; and the excellent suit that any business man might have worn, seemed lawyer-like to me, too. He looked prosperous.

I shoved at him desperately with my doubled fist, and with the other hand reached blindly out and turned the knob

"So this is California Ann!" he said, shaking hands. "Well — it *is* six years since we saw each other in Stanleyton, isn't it?"

"Oh, I'm so glad you've got back to town," I cried impulsively, holding to his hand till I got the familiar squeeze that reminded me again of Harvey Watkins who was a little too old for our set, about whom we school girls used to exchange whispered confidences.

"Same here," returned Harvey, sprucing up — I can use no other phrase — and beginning to take stock of me. "I'm just back from the South. I went to take Delia to the Jefferson Sanitarium at Santa Anita."

"Oh, that's too bad!" I murmured. "Is it serious?"

"No." Harvey spoke with dry finality. "There's nothing particular the matter with Dele. But the Lord only knows when she'll be back — if ever. She enjoys lazing around in those places. They wait on her and fuss her up, and 'my dear' her. It's a change from card parties and clubs. Are you in town for long, Calla?"

"I've come to stay," I put forward with what courage I could.

"That so?" Harvey's side glance at the piled work on his desk was natural enough; if I were coming to San Vicente to live, there seemed no reason that I should take up his whole morning telling him of it.

"Yes. I'm looking for work," I blurted. "I went out to your house yesterday — I thought Delia might tell me of something I could earn a living at."

"What's the matter with Baird?"

"I'm leaving Oliver."

The words came with difficulty. It was the first time I had said them to anyone who knew me well, who might question or oppose.

"You're leaving —" His tone was startled. "Take a seat, Calla." He pushed a chair toward me and sat down facing it. I stood a moment, one hand on its back.

"Don't ask me anything, please, Harvey," I began. "There's no hope of my changing my mind."

"That's what they all say — at first," he commented.

"I've been nearly four years coming to it — and I'll never go back."

"Nearly four years!" Harvey repeated. "Then the match was no good from the first — eh? Hasn't he supported you?"

"Yes, yes — that's not it."

"Thought you said you were looking for work?"

"I am — I've got just nine dollars and fifteen cents in the world — borrowed money, at that. I got it of the grocer we sold cream to — borrowed it to run away on."

"Well," Harvey half smiled, "I guess you can borrow some more from me to stay away on."

My face flamed, and I cried out:

"Oh, I didn't come here for that."

"No? Then what can I do for you? You see, with Dele away from home — Are you fixed for a place to stay?"

"Why, I'm at the Poinsettia ——"

"The Poinsettia!" Harvey laughed so widely that the gold gleamed from his teeth. "By George! You're the same little scatter-brained California Ann — the same girl, if your hair *is* done up different! It took her to come into a town with less than ten dollars in her pocket — and go to the Poinsettia!"

"Wait," I said. "You don't know how it is. I'm not a regular boarder there. It's just a temporary arrangement. A young man — on the train from Meagher — lets me have his room there — for nothing — while he's away in Santa Cruz for his vacation."

I spoke rapidly. Harvey watched me with the puzzled gaze of those dense people whose minds cannot follow quick speech. I felt that I had lost him about half way through my statement.

"Go back to the beginning and say that all over," he demanded. "Who is this man you're telling me about? One of the Stanleyton fellows? It's not Phil Stanley with you still, is it?"

"Oh, Harvey!" I protested, almost in tears. "What an idea!"

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Calla. But — you know you were a flighty piece. I never could get a line on you. What about this fellow?"

"He was just the brakeman on the train. He — he was very good to me, and said I could have the room till ——"

"Where is he now?"

"He went on with the train. He won't be back for two weeks."

"Oh — he's coming back, then?"

"Why, his mother keeps the house! Mrs. Tipton — he sent me to her."

"His mother. Um, I see. So you're settled for two weeks?"

"No, I'm not settled at all. They don't allow children at the Poinsettia."

"Children?" Harvey echoed the word. "You haven't any ——"

I had noted, right through the stress of our later talk, a soft fumbling and bumping at the door. Now

it swung in. Boy stood a moment on the threshold, his feet planted wide, his eyes surveying the room; then marched to the center of the floor, and announced:

"I'm John Boyce Baird. I'm come to live in San Vicente, now. I used to live on a ranch."

Harvey stared, mouth open. That wooden face of his began to change. It was a new voice in which he said, never taking his gaze from the child:

"Is this your boy, Calla? How time does fly! And you've named him for your father. Come here and shake hands, young man."

"Now you see why I've got to hunt work, and lodging both, today," I said. "I don't suppose you could put me in the way of any kind of work?"

"I should think the mother of a son like this would have her hands full." Harvey took my man-child by the shoulders, gloating over him. John Boyce Baird looked up in his face and opened a friendly conversation.

"Are you got any little boys?"

Harvey lifted him to his knee. Across the turbulent bronze curls he shook his head significantly.

"Delia won't stand for it," he said. "She can talk your arm off about reasons why; but when it comes down to brass tacks Dele is just a plain shirk. Good Lord — think of having a boy like this!"

"I do think of it," I cried. "I think of it all day and all night — and put it in my prayers. It's what gave me strength and courage to run away."

A slow grin spread over Harvey's unimaginative countenance.

"I guess California Ann ran away on her own strength and courage. This young man didn't borrow the money for you, did he?— or get you the room?"

Boyce's small chest puffed instantly. He felt himself criticized.

"Well, I'm going to work and earn money and take care of my muvver," he spoke up bravely.

"Of course you are," agreed Harvey. "It's something fierce the way we men have to work for the women, isn't it, J. B.?"

"Do you work?"

"I should say so."

"Where's your overalls?"

"Well," Harvey looked rather put to it, "I guess these pants are overalls for my kind of work."

"Huh!" said Boy, and he pinched disparagingly at the tweed knee on which he sat. "They ain't the kind I wear. Mine are 'Can't Bust 'Ems.'"

"That's the right sort," agreed Harvey. He swung Boyce down and stood him at arm's length on the floor, keeping a tallying hand against his shoulders and arms, hefting him, studying him, as he added, softly, "If I had you out at my house, we'd get into our 'Can't Bust 'Ems' and do some work — wouldn't we?"

"I don't know if I could go to your house." Boy scuffed one foot doubtfully against the other. "These shoes I've got on are 'Steel Clads.' When I get bigger I can wear 'Boy Scouts.' What does your little boy wear?"

"I haven't any little boy."

"Not any — at all? Haven't you even got any little girl?"

"No, not any little girl, even."

"But you've got a wife, and a house to put childrens in?"

"Oh, yes — the house is there all right — a great big house — empty."

Harvey appealed to me.

"Calla, J. B.'s the right stuff for a lawyer. Better let me make one of him. That's the most luminous cross-examination I was ever put through. I guess it gets the case of me vs. Dele before you in a nutshell."

"It seems as though everybody's having trouble with their marriage," I said, embarrassed.

The telephone rang. Harvey answered it impatiently, and put somebody off till tomorrow.

"Marriage *is* trouble," he grumbled as he hung up. "You may thank your lucky stars you're getting out of it."

"And thank you for saying that — for not trying to stop me," I added.

"Huh, you've got nothing to thank me for, yet. But there's one thing I can do. I can get your divorce."

"It's good of you to offer," I said. "But the first thing I must do is to look for a job."

"That's right where you're mistaken." He leaned forward and shook his finger at me. "You little gump! Till that divorce is got, you have no legal status. Baird could come in and take this child from you any day."

"Could he?" I questioned, startled. "But, Harvey, he never loved the child."

I lowered my voice; yet Boy had heard. The round pink chin was thrust forward.

"I don't like *him*," said Oliver's son. "He whips me hard."

"There you've got it," Harvey looked from one of us to the other. "Even if Baird didn't care for the boy — and I don't believe that — he'll use him as a weapon to enforce you."

I reached for the small hand that fumbled at my dress.

"He can take his son away, and exercise the parental right of castigation unmolested, if you, without divorce and a legal status, refuse to go back and live with him — and you say you never will go back."

I stood silent. Since I made the first plunge and got away, I had worried very little over Oliver. I thought I knew about what could be expected of him.

"I don't know what to do," I whispered. "I haven't any money to get a divorce."

"I'll get it for you. I don't want a cent — nor a dollar of your money," Harvey was explicit. "And I'll get you full control of your son, Calla."

Relief and gratitude boiled up in me. "Oh, Harvey," I put both hands out. "How kind you are! If you really can do that ——"

"Do it?" He had the hands in his. I realized I had been over-impulsive. "Of course I can do it. It doesn't make any difference what kind of a case you've got, the right lawyer can always get your decree; and I'll go my length for you, Calla."

The telephone rang again, loud and long. I caught up Boy's hat, and we started for the door. Harvey halted me with a gesture, then spoke into the receiver.

"Well?" And after listening a moment, "Tell you what — I'll call you up in half an hour. Will that do? All right." He turned to me. "Calla, I am confoundedly busy now, but I'd like to come around and have a good old-fashioned talk this evening. That's all right, isn't it? Make it before J. B.'s bedtime, if you like."

"But I don't know where I'll be, Harvey," I said. "I've got to go now and get a boarding place where I can have Boy with me."

"Oh — I forgot that point. Say — Calla —" He got up and moved toward me, his face brightening. "Why not let the kid come out and visit me for a while?"

"Why," I hesitated, "he isn't old enough to stay in that big empty house by himself."

"Huh, I ain't scared," Boyce remarked, and Harvey argued:

"The house doesn't have to be empty. I'll get the cook in to start things up, if you'll let me have J. B."

It was rather pathetic — a borrowed child.

"I guess we can't, Harvey," I said. "He's never been separated from me overnight in his life."

"Now don't make a sissy of him. He's a sure-enough boy. I tell you, Calla, it's the very thing. Listen here while I fix it."

He strode back to the desk, seated himself, took up the telephone and called a number.

"No, don't do that, Harvey," I objected. "I'll see to it myself. I'll make some arrangement. We must go now. Come on, Boy."

He shook a hand at me.

"Wait. I'm calling Mrs. Eccles at my house out at Las Reudas — the woman we leave the place with ——"

"Yes, and your dog," I laughed. "We saw her yesterday. But this is different."

"Sit down — Calla." He had got his connection, and began to speak into the telephone. I stood there and heard him trying to arrange for the woman at the other end of the line to keep his house for a while, and take care of a four-year-old boy there. "No?" he said, finally. "Can't do it? Well, then, would you board the boy at your own house — just for the present? It would be a great accommodation. . . . Oh, certainly — that's not too much. I'll settle these points when I see you."

He hunched a protesting shoulder at me, putting his hand over the instrument and turning to say, "Be still a minute, Calla. I'm tending to this," and concluded his negotiations with, "All right, then. We'll be there some time late this evening and leave the boy with you."

"Oh, Harvey, why didn't you let me stop you?" I broke out the moment he hung up the telephone. "I know you mean to be kind, but — I don't see how I can let Boy go."

"Calla, that's no way to talk. You're not letting him go."

Yet I wouldn't give up. We wrangled; the telephone shrilled again and again; the clerk came to the door and was put off, with an irritable, "Get out, Bates! Don't interrupt me now." And all the while Boy, stirred up to it by Harvey, was clamoring that he wanted to go live at the house where the doggie was. [*Continued on page 66*]

She began to get out her own jewelry to show me. Soon the top of the bureau was covered with rings and pins and chains

The Ragged Twenty-Eighth

[*Continued from page 29*]

The Major made patient answer, respectfully, as prescribed by the Regulations.

"General, those men were on picket duty all night. They have just been relieved — at ten o'clock — and marched directly to the parade-ground. There is a standing order for all pickets to fire off their guns at eleven o'clock. If they discharged them at any time they pleased, the camp would be in a constant state of alarm for a few days — and after that an alarm couldn't be given if you wanted one."

"Thank you," said the General. "I did not understand. I was undoubtedly wrong in this, and I ask your pardon."

But if the 28th was the apple of the Major's eyes, the Major was the idol of the 28th. So the men were worried to see him so badgered and baited, and by way of making it easier for him, continued to commit unheard-of blunders. By the time the Inspector-General had reached Company H, the center company and color-guard, he was quite out of patience; the men were exasperated and sullen, and the Major was speechless.

It was at Company H and under the immediate eye of Ralston, the fiery Adjutant, that the crowning blunder befell. The four men forming the color-guard were supposed to stand between center Companies H and C, with bayonet in scabbard, insert ramrod in gun, and hand the same to inspecting officer for examination. In lieu thereof, the thoroughly "rattled" color-guard stacked their arms.

The General looked severely at the Adjutant.

"What is this, Adjutant? This is contrary to all traditions! Are they practising a surrender of the flag? I never saw such a performance before!"

"Nor I, sir," responded the deeply mortified Ralston. "The men are very weary. These four put in eighteen hours' hard work yesterday, and I suppose they are confused. I have never seen them make such a poor showing before."

"I hope not; I hope not," was the General's dry rejoinder. "The officers of this regiment are apt at making excuses. I find your Major most fertile in them. It bespeaks long practice." And he glanced at that much harassed officer, whose face fairly quivered with emotion.

The Adjutant choked, and every minute the men grew more resentful and more muddled. The regiment was noted in the Army of the Tennessee for its fine drill and discipline, but it was fast growing hysterical, and all its movements lacked vim, snap and precision.

After inspection by companies was finished, the 28th wheeled into column of companies and marched first to the right of the General, then to the left, and halted in front of him. The General made a few remarks — "damning with faint praise." The regiment, he said, had probably done as well as it could — under the circumstances. The bosom of the 28th swelled — not with pride. He added that he would like them to make a few more moves for him, requesting that the Major have them wheel in column of companies.

Now that was precisely what they had just finished doing. Moreover, they had halted facing the parked artillery, and the Major pointed out that there was not room enough to execute this maneuver.

"Sir," was the severe response, "you are much better at making excuses than at obeying orders!"

The Major's voice was strong and clear as he gave the order in trumpet tones:

"By Companies! On The Right!! Into Line!!!"

The 28th wheeled swiftly — and at the psychological moment, just as the right of each company was on the double, someone shouted.

So did they all of them — officers and men. With defiant cheer after cheer, the Regiment charged down at full speed on those unfortunate batteries, ran under wheels, over limbers and caissons, and overthrew cannon and artillerymen in a cloud of dust.

When the dust cleared away, every company was in proper position, in good order, four deep, the Regiment marching by the flank. Behind them the cannon sprawled ungracefully, like so many captured turtles.

"Halt!" The Major's command rang out sharply.

They halted, each face staid, innocent and expressionless. Not an eyelash quivered to show that they had just been guilty of an unparalleled breach of discipline.

"Sir," thundered the angry General, coming up, "what is the meaning of this gross disrespect? Why, this is rank insubordination; this approaches open mutiny! I never saw anything like this in the whole Army of the Potomac! What have you western men been doing?"

The Major's furrowed brow relaxed; the Major's clouded face cleared to heavenly tranquillity. The General's last phrases had saved the situation for the 28th. By forgetting for a moment that they were soldiers, automatons, machines — and remembering only that they were men and Americans — they had placed themselves in a bad position, and the General had just ground for complaint. But by his attack upon the West as a whole, the Inspector-General's position became equally false. The Major's moment had arrived. He had been barred from rejoinder to any comment, however harsh, from his superior officer. But the venue was changed now, and he spoke as man to man. For the moment the mighty West spoke through him, and all its marshaled millions were behind him.

His eye kindled, and he glanced proudly along the ranks of the 28th, which stood breathless to hear his answer. Their faith was justified.

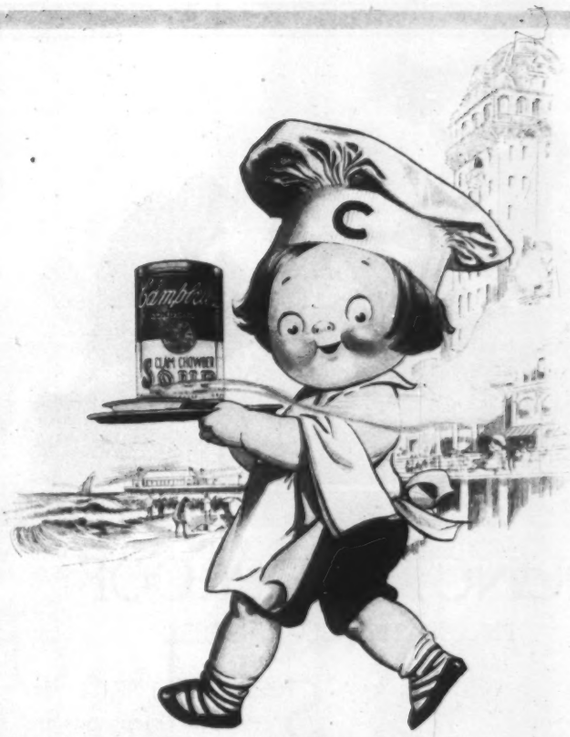
"General," said the Major, coming closer, with the air of one who imparts a valuable confidence, "you ask me what we 'western men' have been doing. I will give you the information you require. While you of the East have been doing dress parade, *we* have opened the Mississippi River!"

The 28th sighed with relief. And then the silence became tumultuous.

The General recognized his error and his defeat and acknowledged it gallantly. Gravely saluting, he said slowly and thoughtfully:

"Twenty-Eighth! Ragged 28th! Your record as a fighting regiment is second to none. To such service much may be pardoned. Your discipline is — remarkable. Nevertheless, if our country had more such soldiers, it would be better for it!"

And they cheered him to the echo.



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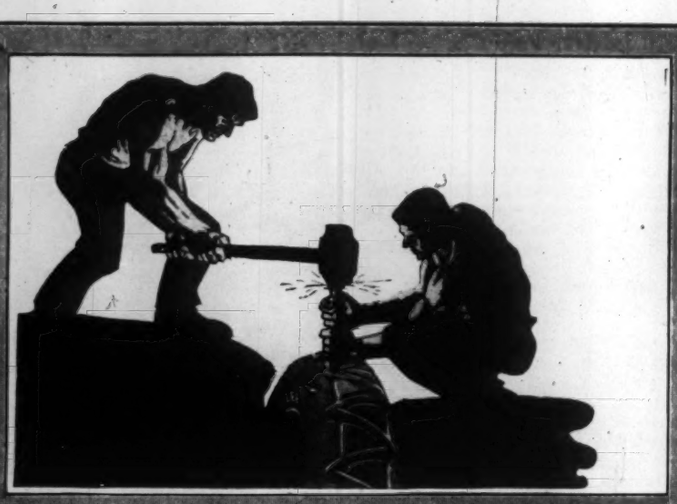

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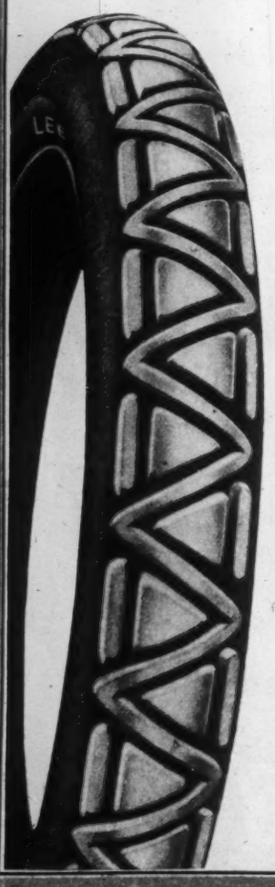

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Piry of the Philippines

[*Continued from page 22*]

from the nipa garrison at the far end of town and approached in the moonlight. A moment later a second platoon appeared and halted fifty paces behind the first, which had formed in front of the café. . . . Twice Piry had been sent for, and had not reported to garrison.

Bright entered the café, followed by three men. The noise of Piry and his companions was suddenly hushed. There was the kick-back of a chair.

"Take him," said Pansy.

The laugh was raised by Piry. It seemed to come from some giant whose body filled the room. Leisurely and very large it sounded; from someone who could take the wasp waist of Captain Bright in his one hand and toss him forth. Conrad Piry had never seemed so formidable as when he arose and laughed. Peters liked him, but liked Pansy, too, from the close association of the years. He was almost tempted to go himself. . . . Of course Pansy would not soil his hands. His man grappled the outlaw. . . . Hoarse undertone of growling, as from a dog-pack, screams of natives, early moon and starry sea blown briskly southeastward.

It was curious and gripping. One figure was hurled forth, another — Piry laughed again. But he was maddened, full-tested now. His hour had come. This was his fight with the whole army. The savage in him had dreamed of this. All his hatred was in action. He knew no pain.

The moon was on the sea. Tide and the wind were running southeastward like an inland sea. Peters went down. Hell was at its height when he stepped into the turfy street. The second detachment had come to the door; the first was engaged. Men parted for the Governor to pass. They talked of killing. A strange magnetism fastened the groups together — the same that a horse in stable feels, when another is whipped in the street. The turf was soft to the old man's feet; the boys brave; the wind was like a wine. . . .

Pansy had stood off so far. His men were not exactly making good. Old Peters regarded his face as Bright stood there — looked at him like a father. He liked Piry, too — his shirt torn off — a gash of blood down his shoulder — an infantry-man tackling by the waist; another beating at Piry's smiling and bloody face. Center of the carnival, he was, and planting his fists with a force that counted. Every blow of Piry's weakened something somewhere. He reached the one who had been leaning over to mark him. It was clean and an uppercut — the figure wilted and another sprang to the bloody breast. . . .

Pansy appeared to be sick of this, his face still a study to the old man at the door. He crept in closely — Piry intent on the others — crept in from the side. The worrying, the wounding was done. Here was science and a high-priced man coming in to finish the bull.

It was not accomplished with the sword — nor with the hand. The weapon was not drawn until it was needed. Indeed, the arm that was lifted to strike, drew the weapon. And Piry seemed to see it as it fell — for he sobbed wearily — before the strike. The butt-end of the small automatic pistol cracked upon the top of his skull — and Pansy said, as quietly as before:

"Take him out."

PIRY sat upon a strange beach. He didn't know the shore, nor how he had got there, but presumed this to be another Island, since continents were distant. One thing was sure: He was still in the tropics, for the sun was coming up like a world-slayer. He felt his thirst. . . . He recalled the fight. There had been fights before, but he had not hitherto aroused with an island to himself. . . . He recalled brooding yesterday upon a certain grievance. He had looked toward Home hungrily and drank much rum and wine. The taste was yet in his mouth, so it must have been yesterday. He could not recall the grievance exactly.

There wasn't a sail, nor an island in sight from the beach where he sat. The wash of the waves had carried away every trace of his landing. It was as if a bird had dropped him. . . . His head was "bloody but unbowed;" his shirt was gone, save a tatter or two to show its quality. The white trousers indicated by condition that they had been put on fresh yesterday. They had been roughly used, but the soiling was local rather than general. He found a bit of money, his watch, a leather purse with some papers. An ugly heat went over him. He shook his fist across the water, and saw that his knuckles were bruised. Peters had no intention of making good in the discharge. Peters was afraid of him and had taken the excuse to put him out of the way. Bright was a yellow lap-dog. . . . Piry's thoughts were very fitful. . . . He drew forth a handkerchief to wipe his face. It was clean and only half unfolded. The smell of wine, that faintly reached him from it, was sickening. The whole idea of food was nauseating.

FOR the first time Piry smiled. He need not worry about food being forced upon him. And this again brought him to the first conception — the thought that ran over and around every other, since his eyes opened, and which had bubbled through the vague dreams of his awakening — Drink.

From rueful acceptance of the idea of water, he rapidly passed now to a passion for just that. Fear fanned the thirst. At first he had imagined the trickle of a spring playing its undertone to the wash of the sea, but feared now that it was born of the dryness of dream. The stony cliffs rose steep behind him.

Piry arose and went up the hot sand to the rise of the rock. The climb looked hard from the shore, but was both longer and easier when actually tackled. Sweat came and his limbs moved to order. Apart from the constant thought of water, he accepted the facts one by one: That he was reasonably alive in all members; that the island wasn't a desert, since bamboo and other palms were above; that no one was worrying about him. That thought always came to Piry in his sorrowful adventures. There had been a satisfaction at first in the pinches, because what happened was nobody's business save his own — but lately he had wished it were. Emancipation-passion wasn't getting him anywhere. Water was very dear by the time he found it. He drank until it tasted flat, and went to sleep again. In the afternoon he was in shore a half mile and had topped the headland to look over his island. . . .

He thought it was a parade of kangaroos at first. Brown, small headed, heavy bodied, in slow-moving procession, a line of figures crossing the sand. They were paunched like marsupials — that gave him the idea — and his eyes were not true for an instant, from the yellow dazzle below, and the blue dazzle of the sky. . . . Piry laughed.

"Tomorrow will be Friday,
So we'll fish the stream today,"

he hummed, forgetting the rest.

Through the greens of the jungle toward which the procession was tending, he saw the white of the stone wall. . . . This was El Tortu — the littlest and least heard-of of the world's insular monasteries. Centuries of lost men, and there had been one saint, the compassionate Alonso, who had almost made the world hear of El Tortu. Asia had heard of him. The Church remembered his work. Alonso had forgotten the self, given his life to the world's service. . . . Piry had merely heard talk of El Tortu, a night's fast sailing from Pemarong, when the tide and the wind were running southeast. He was sure now it was only a night, for his watch was running. He wondered how the boat had made such a getaway after depositing him on the sand.

Large satisfaction came to the watcher from those vast paunches under the brown robes. Certainly this was no isle devoid of nourishment. He tried to recall the song of the monks who went at sundown to fish the stream. Only that bit of chorus would come in rhythm, but he recalled how that certain Thursday evening was not good for fishing, and that the monks retired from banks of the stream to cellars of refreshment under the monastery. . . . Moreover, squinting his eyes in the distance there was something dearly like a vineyard in fringes of the open. Piry reflected that he might show them a new drink or two, if they were good fellows. . . . In the joy of this, he rolled a cigarette and looked immediately about, for the monks had curved into the green.

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"They march in rotten order," he thought. "They may need a drill-sergeant."

The cigarette made him shaky, and with that, the hates came back. He thought of getting to the soft white throat of Pansy Bright; and what was worse still, he thought of old Peters as a whited sepulchre. . . .

The day was ending. It was time to make himself known. He climbed up the rim of the cliff and moved toward the pastoral and the evening calm. . . . They were gardeners. Coffee, oranges, bananas, mangoes, sweet potatoes, he saw in passing; and fields of grass — *tortu grass*, it was known in Manila, pony fodder par excellence, used with *mulao*. . . . So this was the home of the celebrated *tortu-grass*, he reflected. Of course . . . Just now a youth approached. He did not see Piry. A fine looking boy, even barefoot — slender in spite of the robe.

"Hello!" Piry called.

The other dropped to his knees and kissed the sand with a swift sweep of the head. It appeared the thing to do in such an extremity. Piry's first guess — that the other, in sudden horror of fear, craved for life — would not hold, for the young brother looked up, and came forward smiling. They stood facing each other.

"And why do you do that?" Piry inquired.

The other raised his hands in the openness of incomprehension.

Piry translated to Spanish, and all was well.

"Oh, the kissing of the ground?"

"Exactly."

"Because I don't like to."

Piry stared.

"Is it a sort of law of the — ?" he pointed to the low white monastic walls.

"There is much of prayer, but we are not compelled to kiss the sand," the boy answered.

"And why do you do it?"

"Because I hate to."

Piry scratched his head.

"It humbles my brother, the body — "

"What's the idea?"

"When you force the body of flesh to do the things it despises, you strengthen the body of the spirit. Also the will is developed," the other added.

"And what do you do with all this will?" Piry questioned.

"The will in turn controls the body of flesh — and without control of that — one cannot actively engage his spiritual body in prayer and service —— "

"Which is duly filed for reference," said Piry. "And now what shall I do to keep my brother, the body, from collapse?"

"You are hungry?"

"You have nailed it."

Piry was fed. In the presence of the abbot, Father *Summum Bonum* afterward, he was helped variously to wines that carried him back to a Californian idyl of long ago. Piry's mind would accept no title for this monastic commander, other than the Round Father, who had not been a big man to begin with, but had left nothing undone. The breath of the cellar was upon him, and the shadows of the cellar in his eyes. There were certain openings in that darkness, twinklings, and when he laughed it was a huge emprise, there was so much of him and jelly-like. He was interested in Manila politics and island warfare. He wanted to know first and immediately and always — why Piry had come. Piry repeated that he had nothing to do with it; that he was drugged, and delivered. Yes, the Round Father had heard of Peters. . . . Of the Order itself, Piry learned that its crown, its glory in the highest, was the perfection of its celibacy; that there was not even a native colony on the Island; that the great Church was anchored by the prayers from this Isle of the sea; and that many copies were made here of her ancient and holy records. . . . Amicably and at peace in mid evening, Piry was turned over to his discoverer, the novice, who was shortly to become a Brother, indeed. . . . The boy received him sadly and led the way to a breezy stone cell.

"I have been at prayer for you. I thought you had come — not to eat and drink like the others," he said. Piry felt a strange, uncertain compunction.

He saw there was no fun in this lad — that he was one of the sort he had heard of, but never met — a child for the world, very pure, and as yet apart. He sank down with a welcome ease, and the boy stood beside his cot.

"How did you get here, Bud?" Piry asked.

"My mother gave me to the church. . . . We lived in Seville — very poor — my mother prayed, all the time, through the nights. It is the strongest memory. It was Alonso who was nearest to us — and whose fire burned in our house. It was He who directed that I be sent to this monastery — but the spirit of Alonso is not here, alas! My brothers have fallen to eating and drinking —— "

"Who takes care of your mother?" Piry asked.

"No one."

"Is she old?"

"Yes."

"And alone?"

"Yes —— "

Piry had little to say, because so many of his own slates were among the great unwashed. He merely offered:

"There's a pole-cat in the hedge somewhere."

"It would be well, all would be happy — Poverty is nothing to us, the physical body is nothing — but I am not in the great service for the world. Why, training here is not for that. We have forgotten here, *the spirit of Alonso* — grant me forgiveness for saying it."

"I don't think the old Saint's feelings are hurt by anything you said," Piry encouraged.

The boy looked down at the stones.

THE Round Father sent for Piry the next morning and asked what he could do best. Piry replied that, among other things, he could drive a team, sail a ship, build a wall and drill a troop. He was given the ancient and respectable mule-team. They were fat and short-breathed, looked queerly incomplete to Piry without the brown robes of the brothers. He could have carried the bread from the bakery to the dining-room, and the oranges from the hill-slopes, in his arms with less cost of time and work, but the team needed the struggle, and there was prestige in the larger exertion of force. . . .

He thought much of Bright and old Peters; even wondering if the old man and the Round Father had an understanding in his case. The pang about it all was that his nerve had broken within sixty days of the promised discharge. Invariably from this, his hatred turned from self to Bright for insulting him, and to the Governor who appeared to have jumped at the chance of getting him out of the way.

He was walking with the boy that afternoon; and something he said about the mule-pair or the archipelago caused the young brother to look up at the sky and make the sign of the Cross. Piry followed the other's gesture, and his eyes were held to the Northwest by the compactness, the integration and the approach of a wedge of gray granite cloud.

"That's a new one, Bud," he said.

They were near the headland. The wedge flattened out, and pointed downward toward the sea, as yet unbroken in a single lace of spray. It heaved slowly, however, in long gleaming lines. The sun was westward but high, and played magically in the lines of lighter blue. The sound on the beach was soft as a steady waterfall. Their height thickened the low pouring of the seas. The battle ax was nearer, lower. It seemed tearing out the entrails of the night behind it, and dragging them along.

"It's a hurricane. God pity them at sea!" said the boy. He knelt and prayed on the headland, turning about on his knees to cover and include the entire northern hemisphere in his passionate petition. Piry stood beside him, embarrassed.

Behind them, the lost men of Tortu were animate for once. They were putting things to order for the storm. To Piry they were like brown boulders rolling about the sand at the jungle-edge. He hurried back to extend the proper ministrations to his mule-pair, Gout and Dropsy. By the time they were stabled under the straw thatch, gray muslin seemed to curtain the openings; the drying cane fodder rubbed their blades together in the strange gusts of wind; dust came up from the bedding; the jungle was creaking and giving, as if a giant had sunk down upon the springs of bamboo.

Piry went forth to the cliff. Afar off he heard the sea through the rush and blur of the storm. The whole Northwest was the black of wreckage, save for the little scudders of white spume that flashed across where the sun had been.

It was all good to Piry. He watched, wondering what he would do in a small boat. His eye found the heart of the black, the very vanguard of the tempest, and he imagined himself there giving the thing a fight from a small boat — alone, his sail reefed to a wisp, and rudder in hand. He was talking to himself; the love of the fight awake in his heart. The frail hand of the boy closed over his clenched fist.

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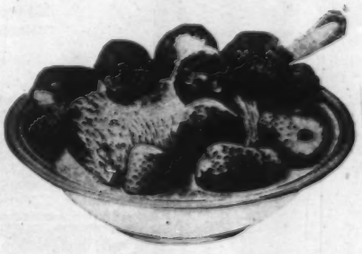

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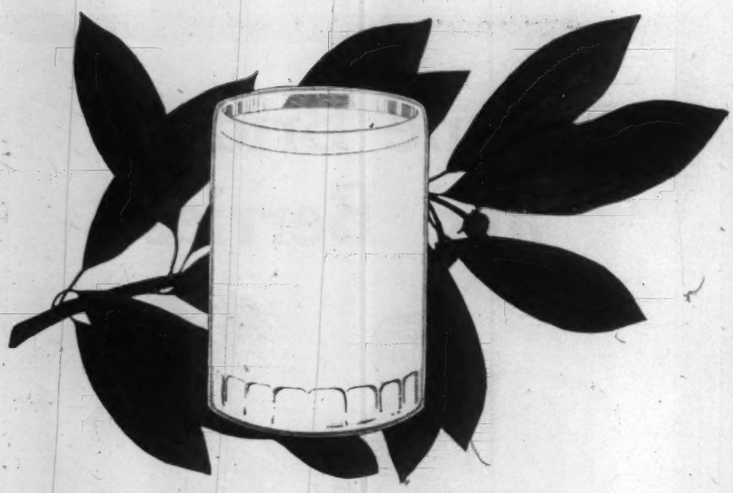

Like a glass of rich, clean cream

(Sapota Tree Sap)

PEPPERMINT
(Mentha Piperita)

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(Saccharum Officinarum)

CINNAMON
(Cinnamomum Cassia)

CORN
(Zea Mays)

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Ans. The base is the natural sap of the tropical Sapota Tree.

Ques. What is Sapota Sap like?

Ans. It is creamy in body and color. It has a sweetish taste. It is boiled, much the same as maple syrup, into buff-colored cakes and shipped to us.

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Point 7 What?

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MOTHERS
Sterling Gum is the sweet which children never over-eat.

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In his fright he almost struck the novice, who stepped back in sorrow, seeing what he had done. . . . He had not winced under the blow that impended.

"I should have known better. You were away. You were not here. You were out there. I saw it — but my hand had touched you. I was never so clumsy — "

Piry was panting. "What do you mean — 'I was out there'?"

"Don't you know how one's self follows the thought? My hand pulled you back — so that you were crushed with the suddenness of it. That's what makes the fright and the hurt. I am very sorry."

The boy melted the man. He was ashamed for being shaken. Could he — or some part of him — have been out there? Could the sudden recall be the source of the quivering weakness of the moment?

Rain came. They went back to the monastery — unable almost to catch their breath in the wild deluge. Three hours later, the day ended, a low yellow flame in the midst of the wintry reds of the west; and the monks came forth as if clinging to the earth with their bare feet, their brown robes flapping — came forth to look at the sea. It was literally beating the foundations of Tortu, as Tortu was seldom in her history beaten before.

Piry slept ill. Mostly it was the ways and words of the novice that kept him awake. The sea, from the height and distance was like the steady sputtering of hot grease. The way the boy seemed to have himself in hand impressed Piry.

"He's always thinking of the other fellow — the queer kid. And his mother starving in Seville, and he only suffering because there isn't a stake to burn at, or somebody to die for."

Presently Piry thought of himself — the wrongs *he* had suffered, the fear of not being considered, the hell of not making himself felt, the things he wanted for himself. Sleep was farther off than ever when the dawn stole in.

He fed and watered the mules, then strolled down to the beach. Passing the sleeping cells of the monks, it was like a Pullman carrying brewers to convention. A thousand miles of the North had come in to judge by the cool of the air. The sea dinned, as he neared; gusts washed him and his health responded.

"*They* gave him a soul," he muttered, "and *they* gave me a body."

He felt the tingle of this body now, and the grandeur of the gloom of the morning. At the edge of the cliff he looked down at the breakers and saw a boat that had been washed in. Near by were three people — two Islanders, at first glance; the third wrapped in a greatcoat, the tails of which were spread over the knees of the others. Piry hastened down.

THE figure under the greatcoat turned to him first. Piry saw with emotion that it was a white woman. Lightness of heart was his at once, and strange stimulation. Her face was such as he had looked for in woman. Her eyes were deeply lined — the cheeks pinched, lips whitened and shadowy — but Piry saw it as if at its best. It clutched and thrilled him. He had seen something like it, somewhere related to it, somewhere before.

"We are cold and spent — where can we go?" she asked in English.

"You can go with me, of course."

"These men, too?" she said. "They have fought for my life."

She turned from the Filipino on one side to the Chinese on the other — two little men, in drenched white clothing, shivering under corners of her greatcoat.

"Of course, I'll take them ——"

"What's the matter with the boy?" she asked, rising wearily.

Piry turned. The novice was on his knees — his face averted.

"Take her to the empty root-cellar," he said fearfully. "We are not allowed to look upon woman!"

Piry laughed.

"This is a monastery island," he explained, holding out his hand to lead her up the cliff. "He's a good boy. It appears that the rule of the order is against looking upon its betters. . . . I don't belong ——"

He whispered the last so that the boy should not hear.

"I wouldn't hurt his feelings," he added. "He's — he's a sure novelty to me. . . . I was delivered here three days ago — not by storm — but somehow — woke up just a little to the East from where you sat ——"

The climb was steep. He sustained her by the waist. She was soaked to the skin and on the verge of fainting. . . . He talked to her cheeringly, laughed and lifted — when suddenly, a man's height from the top, she collapsed.

Piry carried her with gladness and a singing heart. He was on better terms with himself than for months. . . . The monks were rolling down. The nearest looked and turned with a strange cry. It was so with them all, as he carried her forward. They looked — and one saw but the backs of them afterward.

Piry chuckled to his toes. The boy was behind bringing up his own — the Filipino and Chinese. He was mother and father to them. They felt it. Piry didn't like the sound of the empty root house, and he bore his burden to his own cell. There he laid her down and called for wine. A cup was passed in — just the hand. The hurried plop of bare feet on the stones followed and receded. He raised the woman and bade her drink. After a moment she opened her eyes — then sank back.

"It's so good to lie down — and the wine is warm ——"

"But you mustn't quite yet. . . . Listen — you mustn't — don't sleep in those wet things — listen to me — please ——"

"Yes," she trailed the word drowsily.

"You've got to get out of those clothes. I'll vanish — or help you part of the road if you like — but you've got to get out of them. I'll see that they dry in short order."

"Just a moment — yes — oh, yes — vanish ——"

"That's the idea. Now don't fall to sleep if I go. Just toss 'em out through the door and climb under the blankets. If they don't come out pretty quick, I'll come back — because you really mustn't fall asleep in 'em ——"

"They'll — they'll be tossed out ——"

Piry, standing afar off, watched them appear in the corridor, slowly with labor and weariness. He waited a considerable interval after the last, to be sure; then approached. . . . The thing knitted itself to him forever.

"She's a gamester — and square as a ——"

There wasn't anything that would do to reckon her squareness.

"And not a shriek in her," he added.

Piry went about his work, rinsing the salt and sand off the garments one by one — soft, delicate things that he liked strangely — and hung them with delicacy and delight, not to be expected from the man who had fought a room-full and challenged the American army. It was the best morning he ever had, by a whole lot, and he said so to himself.

Gradually it dawned upon him that *El Tortu* was shaken to its laval foundations. . . . He was sent for. The monk who brought the message came up to the clothes-line with face averted.

Abbot Round Father was sitting at his table thumping his fat, short fingers upon the black native wood.

"This is a terrible thing that has happened," he said. "We cannot refuse our ministrations to this unfortunate woman, but my brothers are greatly disturbed. Such a thing does not belong to their lives. They had all but forgotten."

A queer ray of light among forgotten things of his mind made Piry observe: "Maybe it's a trial necessary for the good of the brothers?"

It was the atmosphere that put it into his head, and walks with the boy. Piry wanted to go further and remark that all true followers are sorely tried, but he was afraid the irony would get away from him.

"We are tried in other ways. We put away these certain trials of the flesh. The hand trembles that guides the destiny of Tortu. . . . It is you who must save us — you sent of great good fortune."

"Already I felt something of that," said Piry.

"There is a place over the brow of the hill — a place called the root-cellar. It isn't a cellar."

"I will go to see it at once ——"

"It is a good and isolated place. We shall be able to go about our ways in greater peace, if she is there. . . . There are trees for the clothes-line there ——"

Piry swallowed hard and swiftly.

"Already it is being made ready," the Abbot added.

"Just as soon as she wakes up," said Piry, wondering at his own submissiveness. He assured the Round Father that he and his brothers of the monastery would be spared; that he would do all that a giant could, to hold together the shattered fragments of the monastic peace until such time as the evil days passed. He went forth, took clothes-line and all across the ridge. . . . The root-cellar was not according to name, but a stone cottage with splendid sparkling distances of sea, a segregated bamboo-clump whispering

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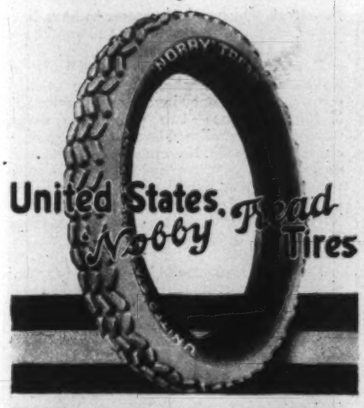

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spicily at the door. The monks had swept and cleansed it.

Piry returned to the cook-house to supervise certain foods on the fire; then passed with reasonable noise through the corridor of the sleeping-cells, in order to be called in the case of wakefulness or any pressing need from his own cell.

No sound. He halted and listened. . . . It was only as he was giving up hope that a stirring, nestling sigh made him glad. He felt the smile on his face many moments afterward, when he was adding tropical seasoning to the lady's soup. . . . At intervals he walked through. She was having real rest. All was ready — the clothes brought back, the food hot, the root-cellar yawning emptily toward the sea.

"Oh, what kind of a prison is this?" he heard at last.

"It was just the emergency," he answered.

"Oh —" It was as if she were remembering now. "And where is the China boy and the other?"

Piry liked that.

"The novice is taking care of them. No one takes such care." . . . He added lightly, "Your clothes are dry. Shall I put them in?"

"Ye — es."

". . . This is the monastery, you 'member. As soon as you are ready, I'll take you to a better place than this and serve your dinner for you. I've got a glass of wine here. Could you take it, if I held it inside?"

"Yes — just a minute."

". . . And then, if you'll join me here in the hall, I'll get you settled a lot better, and then we can talk over things ——"

"You're very good. Yes, we must talk."

[*To be continued*]

NEXT MONTH: A fine long interesting instalment of "Piry of the Philippines;" also another Mexican border story by B. M. Bower and Buck Connor, authors of "The Lone Rider." You are missing a great story if you are not reading "The Straight Road." Begin it now. A full synopsis is on page 65, the story itself on page 34.

Showing the Other Fellow

[*Continued from page 19*]

then he will be able to make the human phases plain to others.

There was an accident to the water supply of a large city which closed factories and brought a grave fire risk. The usual investigation followed, and experts suggested several ways of guarding against that danger in the future. Their reports were highly technical, however, and the public was left in doubt about what to do. Politics further beclouded the issue.

A new expert was engaged to tackle the problem. He went much deeper into the situation. Others had had in mind only fire protection, and the plan most favored involved laying a dozen miles of large water main through a lonely section where it would serve no other purpose than fire protection.

The new expert studied the city's water service in connection with growth of population as well as fire protection, and found that a new main twice as large, but only one-quarter as long, laid in the heart of town, would give just as much security against fire and also provide water supply for years to come — indeed, the city would have to build such a main for water service alone within five years. The completeness of his facts, brought out in a clear report, enabled voters to solve the whole problem quickly.

Some fellow is told to investigate a certain situation and make a report. He gathers his facts and studies them. Maybe the facts themselves show that one course should be followed in dealing with the situation, and in his report he wants to make that plain. Or there may be several different things that might be done, and he wants to show them all, letting others make the decision. Again, it may be that no definite course is suggested by the facts, so all he can hope for in his report is to show vividly what has been happening, and let others bring their brains to bear on the problem.

Very well — now he needs "graphics."

Graphics are symbols for making technical facts clear to non-technical people. If you mark the roads, streets and transportation lines on a map in different colors you are using graphics. If you take a statistical table to pieces, and translate its quantities and kinds into pictures, you are using graphics. If you take this year's sales month by month, and show them in a jagged line, and compare them with the jagged line of last year's sales, side by side, so that the two years' results run a sort of horse race, that is graphics again. There was never a report so complicated and dry but this scientific picture language would make it more comprehensible and interesting, and nobody need fear making facts too plain by graphics, because they were invented in self-defense by scientific men to summarize and fix facts that were becoming too complicated even for the mind of many convolutions.

A trolley company found itself between the devil and the deep sea — and that, too, before the jitney was added to trolley troubles! On one hand was the inflexible nickel fare from passengers, and on the other the rising cost of supplies. The superintendent wanted to report this difficulty to employees, to rouse their interest in little economies. He handed the job over to the auditor.

The auditor was a man of figures, but in studying the situation he rose to a splendid height of imagination. His report was a graphic one, in which all the little every-day wastes of employees were translated into passenger-miles. Starting with trifles, he showed that when a conductor missed a fare, broke an incandescent lamp or took home a dozen run-sheets for shaving-paper, or a motorman threw a spare fuse at the frogs in the pond back of the car-house, the company had to carry a passenger anywhere from one to fifteen miles to earn money for replacement. From items like these, the list ran up into danger claims and accidents, the smallest of which might compel the company to carry two or three thousand passengers a mile to make good the loss, and that the company had no other way on earth to get the money. That sort of comparison is a graphic in itself, when stated in words, and it can be made more plain when reduced to diagrams or pictures.

The manager of a certain corporation wanted some signs to hang outside his sales agencies. He asked the board of directors for them. They told him to submit figures showing what the signs would cost, so he got estimates from several manufacturers on signs of different styles and laid them before the board. The directors were inclined to judge everything by the price mark. There were such variations in prices that they did not arrive at any decision, and the matter was laid over till the next meeting.

Thereupon, the manager reduced the whole proposition to graphics. First, he drew a chart showing how much each style of sign would cost. This was no sooner laid before the directors than their ideas began to take shape. The chairman of the board put his finger on the cheapest sign at once.

"This seems to be what we want — something inexpensive," he said.

"Yes, it's inexpensive," said the manager, "but not very durable, because it's made out of nothing more than tin and paint. Here's another chart showing how long each kind of sign lasts, and on this third chart I've worked out the cost per year of service for each kind."

With this way of comparing values before them the economical board of directors immediately ordered the highest-priced sign in the lot, one of durable enameled iron, for the charts showed that that was by far the cheapest from the standpoint of service. Incidentally, they got the best-looking sign of the lot.

The foreman of a contractor gang asked the boss to buy rubber boots for all his men. The boss had never heard of any such generosity, and replied that men were well enough paid to buy their own clothes. But the foreman had been thinking this over quite a while. He had an idea that he

The Drink for Little Folks

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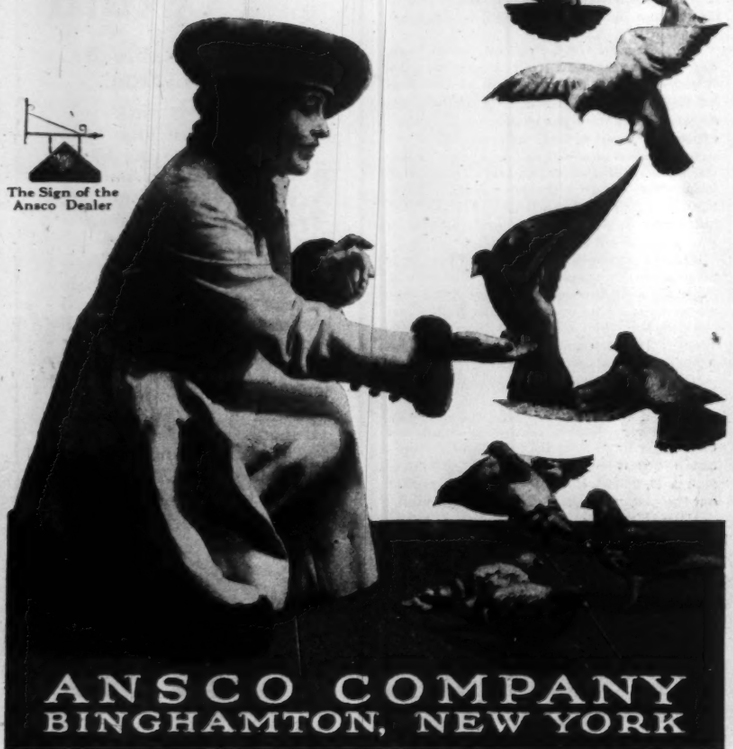

ANSCO COMPANY
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thought was good, if he could only make it as plain to the boss as it was to himself. So he made a careful study of the time reports on a big job that had involved much digging. Work in the mud and water had often been delayed because there were not enough men with rubber boots. Again, the fellows who had rubber boots were not always the best ones for digging. Put in terms of hours and costs, he managed to show that a few pairs of four-dollar rubber boots often paid ten times their cost by saving time and making the work-force more flexible. The boss bought the boots.

All through the business world there is need for the fellow who knows how to get results with a good report. The demand runs from little, concrete cases, such as getting rubber boots by making the facts clear, up to matters that affect business nationally.

For instance, during the past few years everybody has freely hammered the railroads. Agitators have criticised and legislators restricted railroads, hurting them in many ways — earnings have been cut down, the market for securities depressed, growth checked, and railroading made unattractive to able men. All the time the public has been under the impression that our railroads belong to a lot of capitalists, who can well afford to take hard knocks and losses. And all the time there have been facts showing just the opposite — tremendous facts, stunning facts comprehended by every man in the street, which nobody seems to have had the perception to investigate and report on in a way that would reach the public.

Every man in the street is a shareholder in railroads. The number of people in this country with a money investment in railroads is forty millions — two persons in every family, because railroad bonds and stocks are owned by the life-insurance companies and savings-banks. Three big life-insurance companies alone hold eight hundred million dollars in railroad bonds, and every person who carries life insurance or deposits money in a savings bank is hurt in his pocketbook every time a railroad is hurt.

Facts like these are hidden away in every situation upon which a report is needed, and when they are brought to light clearly, by an investigator whose heart is in the job, can be made to work magical changes in the attitude and actions of the boss, the directors, the taxpayer and the public.

The sum and substance of a good report is, that people act on facts, that everybody acts on the best facts he can get, but that few people have enough facts to act upon in the broadest way. The fellow who draws up a report that starts things is usually one who understands that facts are dynamic, and that they will accomplish wonders if uncovered, and brought in a strong contact with the people who ought to be interested in them, and allowed to do their work.

NEXT MONTH: "Divorcing your Uncle," a loan shark story by Mr. Collins; another authoritative automobile article by Waldemar Kaempffert; and "The Amazing Fraud," or how three young Americans robbed the Bank of England of five million dollars.

Maudie Browns the Wheats

[*Continued from page 28*]

just so many cemeteries, and Joel Tibb found himself rubbing his hands and actually congratulating Dan'l Webster Turvey on the stroke of genius.

Suddenly Dan'l Webster seized Joel by the sleeve, in a lull of trade, and said, "Joel, have you noticed 'Bubby' Stevens?"

"I saw him out by the window a few minutes ago," was the reply.

"A few minutes ago!" whispered Dan'l, shaking with mirth. "Why that boy has been padlocked to his post ever since the sampling started. He's eaten twenty-five buckwheats already, and when he isn't eating, he just stands there and oozes admiration out of both eyes, and waits for Maudie to give him another one."

"I didn't know he was sweet on her."

"You snoop around by the window and watch him," advised Dan'l. "He's far gone."

Truly, it was a sight for the maudlin gods. Young Mr Walter J. Stevens, otherwise known as "Bubby," a nickname that had malevolently followed him up from a Lord-fauntleroyan childhood, and cursed him even now that he had inherited a flourishing feed and grain store from his father, was braced against the door at the corner of Maudie's window, feasting his limpid eyes upon the goddess of the griddle. His raven black hair was battened down over his right brow, glued by aromatic pomade into a sheet of armor that only trepanning could penetrate. For three solid hours he had been there, hurling unspeakable admiration at Maudie, and it looked as though he would stay till the curtain fell.

"Ain't it sickening!" said someone.

"Why don't Joel throw him out?" remarked another hungry client, bitterly. "If he eats three more he's a dead boy. He's a human buckwheat cake now."

If the taunts were meant for Bubby's ears, they miscued, for he heard them not. He brushed some powdered sugar from his coat lapel, and reached for another one. . . .

Up to this moment things had gone well. The moment being almost precisely six o'clock, Maudie climbed down from the window and made ready to go home to supper. Her mother was putting the finishing touches on her afternoon's levee. Young Mr. Stevens had reluctantly quitted his post and escaped without falling over his nervous feet.

And then the thing happened that shouldn't have happened. By no means should Ella Tibb have been allowed to make her exit by the front door, when there was a nice large entrance where the delivery wagons backed in.

She swept down upon the gathering at the doorway, her head thrown back with conscious dignity, paused for a moment, and fired one salute. "Well," she said, with that acidity for which her conversation was famous, "I trust you're satisfied with *my* buckwheat cakes." And she went on.

Swiftly Maudie looked at her mother, and her mother looked at Maudie, and the bystanders looked curiously at both of them, awaiting an explanation.

Mrs. Raymond replied to the salute. "Oh, yes," she said, breezily, "Joel's sister came down to help us out. You know there's a good deal of cleaning up connected with this work."

Perhaps she meant Ella Tibb to hear the remark. Or perhaps she thought that Ella was out of earshot. Ella heard. She stopped short on the sidewalk. Her little, dry yellow face was suffused with a brick-dust coloring. She riveted her black Mohawk eyes upon the two fair-haired beauties, and opened her mouth. Then, as though her emotions were, for once, too strong for her vocabulary, she threw back her shoulders, tossed her head, and passed on. She did not even turn when a silvery laugh, recognizable as that of Mrs. Raymond, floated after her.

Joel Tibb went home at half-past six. His sister was not there. There was no supper ready, but Joel was not in the mood to quarrel with Ella just then. He ate some cheese and crackers and washed them down with milk, and then finished on half an excellent apple pie he found in the pantry. Fifteen minutes passed and Ella had not arrived. Joel began to grow nervous. He was just about to telephone down to the store, when his sister came in.

If she had been weeping Joel would have taken it as a matter of course. If she had assailed him with vehement language, and proceeded to assassinate the Raymond family rhetorically, Joel would have felt quite at home. She did nothing of the sort, and it made her brother feel creepy when she almost smiled at him and said, gently, "I'm so sorry, Joel. Did you have anything to eat? I would have been home long ago, but I stayed and made a big mess of batter to last the evening. So I won't have to go down to the store again. Shall I get you something warm?"

"Oh, no," replied Joel, vainly trying to justify this sudden change. "Er — you're feeling all right, Ella?"

"A little headache, but nothing much," replied his sister. "I'm going to bed after I drink a cup of tea."

Joel hustled back to the store with a distinct sense of foreboding. It occurred to him, on the way, that perhaps Ella had simply gone on a strike; that she hadn't

Too Late!

THE world runs on inexorable time schedule. Yet who can say what Time really is? We get it from the stars, but where do the stars get it?

When you come to think of it, there's something awe-inspiring in having in your vest pocket a mechanism so delicate, so fine, so perfect, that it actually knows and measures Time—the power above the stars!

Do you own such a watch?

There are certain types of men who haven't much respect for time. Time is nothing in the life of a tramp. Men of little character, wasters and dreamers, rather pride themselves on their contempt for Time. Sooner or later, that ghostly, implacable hand reaches out and turns them back. You can form a fairly accurate estimate of a man's character by the quality of the watch he carries and by his pride in its accuracy.

Any watch will do for the man who is content to drift in a few minutes late, but what a gap there is between him and the man who has disciplined himself to keep track of the seconds!

A boy is satisfied with a pocket clock. As he develops in character, he demands a watch. When he finally grows to man's understanding of things he wants a *super watch*.

Which leads naturally and easily to a discussion of Hamilton Watches.

The Hamilton Watch is known as the Railroad Timekeeper of America. That title was honestly earned. Time is everything to a railroad man. To him, the words, "Too Late!" are ominous. They mean to him failure, danger, death.

A railroad man is required to own an accurate watch. If his watch varies a certain number of seconds a month, it means buy a new watch or get a new job. A large proportion of railroad men own Hamilton Watches. That is because railroad men have learned, by comparing notes for twenty years or more, that the Hamilton of all watches comes closest to absolute accuracy—to *Star Time*. A carpenter is the best judge of a saw. The judgment of railroad men as a class is final when it comes to watches.

Does this reference to railroad watches make you think of Hamilton Watches as being thick, clumsy, serviceable affairs? Learn, then, that Hamilton accuracy is not attained through bulk. Hamilton Watches are as thin and beautiful as you could possibly desire.

But after all, a watch is not a trinket to be selected for its looks. A fine watch is a wonderful instrument and must be judged solely by its performance in the accurate measuring of Time.

Buy a Hamilton, not merely because it is beautiful, but for the deeper reason that you can depend on it for the rest of your life to tell you accurate time—*Star Time*.

Send for the Hamilton Watch Book—"The Timekeeper"

It tells a lot of interesting facts about watches and illustrates the different Hamilton models for men and women. Hamilton Watches sell for $25.00, $28.00, $40.00, $50.00, $60.00, $80.00 and so on up to $150.00 for the Hamilton Masterpiece in 18k gold case. Or you can buy a Hamilton movement to fit your present watch case for $12.25 ($13.00 in Canada) and upward. Read "The Timekeeper"; then give your jeweler an opportunity to tell you why a really good watch is the only kind to buy. The more your jeweler knows about watches the more enthusiastic he will be on the Hamilton.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY Dept. F LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"

Who's Your Tailor?

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What you *want* in Mid-Summer clothes is distinctive character, service and comfort. What you *get* depends upon *where* you order them.

There's a particular dealer in your own city who will show you our exclusive Hot-Weather fabrics and send us your individual measure - Today!

You can duplicate a suit-price any place but a PRICE SUIT only one place

F. V. Price & Co.

Price Building Chicago, U.S.A.

Ask for a copy of our Book of Correct Styles and the name of our exclusive local dealer.

You are cordially invited to inspect our mammoth tailor shops whenever you visit Chicago. A guide will show you through

made up the necessary batter, and wasn't coming back to do it. When he arrived at the store he went directly to the corner of the storehouse. Immediately he breathed easy again. Sure enough there was a butter firkin about three-quarters full of the dark, speckled batter from which was produced the magic "wheats."

"Good old girl!" muttered Joel. "We haven't treated her half right, either."

Mrs. Raymond did not come down to the evening session. She was too greatly fatigued from her social duties of the afternoon. So Maudie went down in the buggy, in the care of Dan'l Webster Turvey.

"You're doing fine, Maudie," cried Dan'l on the way. "I guess there's a young man down there that thinks so, too."

"Now you just stop," replied Maudie, with maidenly embarrassment.

"That's all right. Don't let the boy starve," chuckled Dan'l. "He'll be right there, I'll bet, when we go in."

It was so. Young Mr. Stevens was right on the spot when Maudie entered the door, and he cast upon her those two limpid, bovine eyes, and trembled visibly. Maudie smiled at him graciously, and permitted Dan'l to assist her to her perch.

"I need some more batter," said Maudie, looking into her pitcher.

"I'll get you some," said Dan'l. He came back with it in a few minutes, and said, "All right, Maudie; the crowd's getting hungry. Start 'em going."

The crowd, which was even larger and more appreciative, now consisted mostly of males. The fame of Maudie's buckwheats had gone into whatever quarters knew it not before. They jostled each other to get up within grabbing distance, and it required all Joel's tact to prevent a riot when Maudie deftly scooped up the first one, dabbed it in the butter, sugared it and placed it on a square of paper.

Maudie held it tantalizingly for a moment, and then passed it to Mr. Walter J. Stevens. He seized it ravenously and put it away in two bites. A peculiar expression passed over his face immediately afterward, but he beamed upon the goddess no less joyously.

One — two — three — four, as fast as she could scoop them up, they were popped over to waiting hands. Mr. Squires, the station agent, took a bite of his, began to chew it, and a certain look of surprise was expressed in his countenance. He immediately pushed his way through the crowd, gained the door, and disappeared. Mr. Stebbins, the plumber, bit into his pancake, and might have been seen to surreptitiously drop the remainder into his pocket and walk thoughtfully away.

"Here's one for you, Judge," said Maudie to Mr. McGee. The Judge took the pancake gratefully, removed half of it with one bite, cast a pained and suspicious look upon Maudie and remarked that he would be going.

"Stay and have another one, Mr. Mulbridge," urged Joel, as he saw the richest man in the county departing after getting one pancake.

"Thanks, Joe," replied Enoch, thickly, as though he had not quite swallowed something. "I got — errands — to do."

The crowd around the window began to thin, even though it was augmented now and again by men from the outer fringe. The appetites, which were unappeasable in the afternoon, strangely waned, and the waning of them somehow seemed coincident with the acquisition of one of Maudie's pancakes. Every now and then Joel came from behind his counter to see how things were going, and on several occasions he fancied he saw curious expressions on the faces of the recipients. He saw Maudie pass one of them to "Bubby" Stevens, and he saw the young man consume it with what looked like an effort. That was enough. Joel came over to Maudie's side, swiftly, and whispered, "Give me the next one, please."

Maudie had one all ready. She passed it to Joel. He bit into it and a queer look came into his eyes. He munched upon it a moment and his face grew white. Laying the unfinished portion upon a shelf, Joel whispered, jerkily, "Don't make any more, Maudie. What's — what's in them?"

"I don't know," replied Maudie. "How do I know? Aren't they good?"

"Don't make any more," Joel ordered hoarsely. "Wait a minute."

He ran back to the counter where Dan'l Webster Turvey was waiting upon a customer. "Quick, Dan'l," he whispered, "go up and taste one of those pancakes. Something's the matter."

In a few moments Dan'l was back. "Where's the batter?" he cried in Joel's frightened ear. They stumbled into the storehouse and peered into the firkin of batter that Ella had left. It looked innocent enough.

"What do you think?" asked Joel.

"Would she — do you suppose your sister would poison 'em?" groaned Dan'l. "You don't think ——"

He stopped suddenly. Joel was looking into his face with an agonizing expression of terror. Suddenly Joel ran over to a hook where his coat and hat hung, scrambled into the coat, and leaped from the delivery door, into the night. Dan'l heard his hastening feet pound up the alleyway, and then all was quiet again.

Mr. Turvey pulled out his handkerchief and mopped his face. "Maybe I'd better get a doctor on the 'phone," he muttered. "In case —" He shuddered and made his way out into the store.

Mr. Turvey expected to see nothing less than the floor covered with corpses. What he saw was a laughing, joking crowd around Maudie's window. And he saw Maudie Raymond lean over and pass a buckwheat cake to young Mr. Stevens, and saw "Bubby" consume it ravenously.

"Don't do that!" shouted Dan'l, leaping forward. "Don't eat those, young man. They're no good. There's something — something the matter with them."

Maudie fixed a deprecatory look upon the frantic Mr. Turvey. "They are good, aren't they?" she said, referring to "Bubby."

"Best I ever tasted," replied the young man in the act of choking down another one.

Dan'l Webster was swooping down upon Mr. Stevens, with the idea of wresting the fatal buckwheat from his infatuated grasp, when the telephone bell jangled violently. Dan'l changed his course and seized the receiver from the hook.

"*Joel?*" he shouted. "*Yes. Yes, yes? What's that? What the — you don't say so? She did, did she?* Well come right back as soon as you can. We can talk it over later."

With an audible sigh of relief that was echoed in his big face, Dan'l hung up the receiver and turned to Maudie. "Give him all he wants, Maudie," he said. "They won't hurt him. Fact, they ought to be mighty hearty eating. They're made of the very best linseed meal."

"And *that* is what you call true love," said Dan'l Webster to his partner, after the store had been closed to the public that night. "Why, Joel, that boy was standing there and gormandizing those awful things, and looking right into Maudie's eyes and telling her they were ambrosy. Joel, you and me have never been in love like that."

"Love!" snorted Joel. "He's a jackass! And I don't want any more to do with human window displays and buckwheat tournaments, Dan'l. I've lost twenty-five pounds, and I'm trembling like a leaf now. Women, Dan'l, will be our downfall, if we have anything to do with 'em. Who'd ever have thought my sister would fill that batter full of *linseed meal? Linseed meal pancakes!* We'll be the laughing stock of the town, Dan'l."

"Let 'em laugh," said Dan'l, with a chuckle. "Love is the greatest thing in the world, Joel. Wait till you hear the rest of the story. Pretty soon after you telephoned, Maudie climbed down out of the window, and 'Bubby' Stevens brought her over to where I was waiting on a customer.

"'I've got to tell you, Mr. Turvey,' says Bubby, 'that Maudie can't do any more of this kind of work for you. We're engaged, and it wouldn't be proper.'

"'Engaged?' I says. 'Is it recent, Walter?'

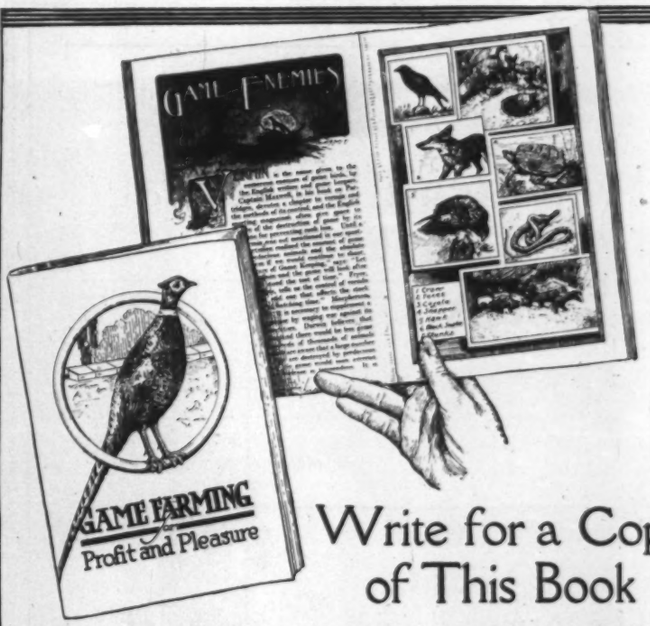
"'Tonight,' he says.

"'You were won by her cooking ability?' I says.

"Bubby looks at me half a minute, and says, in that serious way of his, 'Well, yes.'

"And here's Bubby's check for a hundred dollars for a starter. The firm of Tibb and Turvey is going to furnish Mr. Stevens's home from cellar to garret. I figure he'll spend about twelve hundred dollars with us. Pretty good window display, eh, Joel? What's the matter with Maudie?"

In JULY: "Filming the Snoopers," a moving picture story about regular people — in which the camera plays the part of Cupid for a poor little new-rich girl and the entire company registers Love. The author is Louise Closser Hale.



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EVERYONE interested in the breeding of game birds should write for a copy of the book, "Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure." It is sent free to those who ask for it.

"Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure" is a carefully edited and profusely illustrated manual on the breeding of game birds. It describes in detail the habits, foods and enemies of wild turkeys, pheasants, grouse, quail, wild ducks and related species. It tells of the best methods for rearing. It discusses the questions of marketing and hunting.

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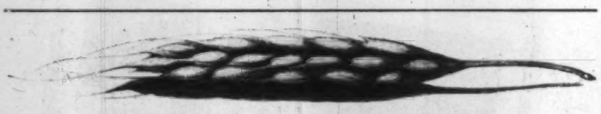
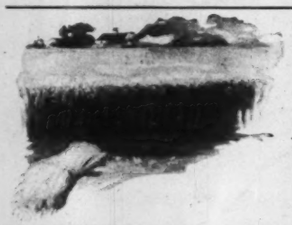


A Head of Wheat
Its History



It grew on a western prairie. Nature stored its every layer with the elements we need. Each grain, at the harvest, had 125 million food cells. It was a fine example of a major food.

The farmer found the grains hard, extra large and plump. He said, "That wheat is too good to grind. It is a wheat to serve whole." So he sent it to our buyer, who shipped it to our mill.

Huge guns awaited it. The kernels were sealed up in one of them. Then the gun was revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

The moisture in each food cell was converted into steam. Then the gun was shot; the cells exploded. And the whole grains came out, airy, crisp and porous, puffed to eight times normal size.

Then those grains came to a table. They came as thin, fragile bubbles, with a taste like toasted nuts. They were served with cream, or in bowls of milk. And someone tasted in them the most fascinating wheat food known.

Puffed Wheat Except in Far West **12c**
Puffed Rice **15c**
Corn Puffs—Bubbles of Corn Hearts—15c

That is how Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are created, under Prof. Anderson's process. The finest whole grains are made wholly digestible. Every food cell is blasted.

There are, of course, other whole-grain foods. But not with each food cell exploded. Not with every atom fitted to digest.

In Puffed Wheat you are serving an unrobbed wheat. Puffed Rice is unrobbed rice. In both of them every element feeds. And both are food confections.

Do you think you are serving such foods as these as often as you should?

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
SOLE MAKERS

(1270)

Alfalfa

[*Continued from page 31*]

he said. He always began a conversation with some sentiment of that sort, no matter what the general topic. It seemed to him that generous alfalfa fields and the prosperity of his farm were the basic facts of all thinking. "I've lived here for forty years and I'm good for twenty more. I've had troubles, too, but I've never really been lonesome. I suppose, as you say, that's the worst of all." He was conscious that he had returned to a disagreeable subject. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward the back of the wagon where stood a shiny new dressing-table, swathed in paper wrappings, a cheap but very feminine thing. It rattled about as they drove.

"That's for Annie. She's my daughter. I bought that for her today. Does seem funny how I enjoy spending money for her."

The wayfarer looked over his shoulder at the table. It was strange to him because feminine suggestion was a forgotten thing. He had almost forgotten that there were women in the world.

"She's about the happiest little woman in Nebraska right now," chuckled the farmer. "But she'll be happier when she sees that fancy table."

"Pretty, ain't it?" said the wayfarer.

"She's got a lot of nice things now," continued the father proudly.

AS they turned from the main road into the farmer's drive the wayfarer saw a sprawling white farm-house and enormous red barns. The door-yard was not fenced but it was green and well kept, and a grove of planted maple trees loomed up behind. There was a light in the kitchen and a man moving about the barns was whistling energetically. More than ever the convict was oppressed with loneliness. This pleasant farm was the generous embodiment of his unattained thought of home.

"This is a grand place," he said as he climbed lamely down from the wagon. "If Pete and me could have half as nice a farm as this we'd be more'n happy."

"Alfalfa will do it for you, my friend," answered the farmer. "Alfalfa's the crop that made this place for me. Corn and wheat are all right part of the time, but alfalfa will come sure and come often."

"We'll plant alfalfa then," declared his guest with conviction.

They walked into the kitchen. A slender girl clad in stiffly starched blue gingham met them at the door. She kissed her father with exuberant affection. The stranger, as he looked at her, was conscious of wholesome purity, of rural hospitality and welcome, yet — there was a suggestion of narrow ignorance in her eyes. He shrank back, wondering how she would look when she knew him for a creature from the penitentiary.

When her father said, "Here's a visitor for supper," she smiled and bowed slightly. The name of the visitor was neither asked nor given. She turned away from them. Her dress stood away from her neat ankles as she bent over the hot kitchen range. The two men went out to look around the place before it was too dark to see.

The pride and satisfaction which led the host to tell the long tale of his prosperity and contentment to this stranger were wholesome, kindly feelings and he took to himself no credit for success. He spoke of the benignant climate of the Nebraska prairies, which had exposed him to bitter cold and windy heat but still had borne him plentiful crops year after year as if his farm had been a garden spot, as if failure had been impossible. He did not notice as he talked how raptly his visitor listened. He did not know how his description of a real idyl was encouraging with hope of realization the long-fostered dream of the man who had spent years toiling in a jute mill, thinking of just such quiet happiness.

"We'll have a place, all right," mused the wayfarer. "Pete and me will soon get together enough money to buy a farm. It's fine to be so sure of your partner. I couldn't stand it to be — free, at all, if I wasn't sure Pete was in Denver."

The girl's voice from the kitchen door, where she stood in the frame of light, called them in. The wayfarer went first.

Seated at a table near the stove was a young farmer in blue shirt and overalls. His head was bent over a piece of harness which he was repairing. The wayfarer noticed how brown and healthy his skin was and how strong the line of his neck and jaw. His thick black hair was wet and brushed down smoothly. He looked up with a quick strong jerk of his head and the old man saw that his face was clean and confident. There was no trace of evil or trouble. He had been out for two years.

Convict Number 1950 was looking straight into the eyes of Convict Number 1969. The man at the table started to his feet. In his face was a rush of color. He smiled a quick, affectionate smile.

The wayfarer started toward him, his pale old face alight.

"Excuse me," said the girl in a conscious voice that startled both, "this is my friend, Mr. Anderson."

Sudden doubt obscured the light in the visitor's face. He had not seen nor thought of women for fifteen years but he knew when he turned and looked at the young girl the reason for her embarrassed self-consciousness.

So when he turned again Pete was abashed by his unresponsive face. A mask of dull apathy had veiled it — had dropped between them. The older man had thought instantly. He remembered the look of ignorance, which had been in the girl's eyes before it had been supplanted by shamed bashfulness, a confession of love for the young farmer at the table.

So, with a lifeless gaze he stared back into the face of the younger man, his partner, and mumbled something.

Anderson sat back again, silent. Slowly he began to comprehend the wayfarer's renunciation. They were all invited to sit at the supper table and the two partners faced each other, still silent. The old farmer talked on interminably in his slow, low-pitched voice, not seeing how little attention was paid to his words. The girl watched her lover a little anxiously because he was moody. The visitor ate with his eyes down.

When the meal was finished he rose. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I think I'd better be going on this evening."

"No, no, don't do that, man," urged his host. "It's a long walk and you're tired. You're welcome to stay here, you know, whether you can pay or not."

"That isn't it. I'm sure you're very kind and I appreciate it, but I must be going."

The young man stood up suddenly. "I'll take you a ways toward town."

"Don't bother to do anything like that." The old man's voice was listless but he seemed anxious to get away as quickly as possible. "I'll thank you now for taking me in — and I'll try to repay you some time. I must go on."

Pete would have interposed another offer of help, but the wayfarer walked quickly to the door.

"You stay here," he said, gruffly. "The little girl needs your company more than I do. I must be going on — alone."

He turned to his host again. "Thanks for your advice about planting alfalfa. I'm sure Pete will make a success of that." He walked away with as much speed as he could gather.

Pete stood in the kitchen door looking after him, but the girl came and laid her hand on his shoulder, and he went back into the house.

NEXT MONTH: The strongest thing Porter Emerson Browne has yet done: "Somewhere in ——;" another Mexican border story by the authors of "The Lone Rider," and a war satire by Robert Hichens, author of "The Garden of Allah" and "Bella Donna."

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EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

A Man in Her Life

[*Continued from page 30*]

Another cousin had recently married into a social circle slightly higher than the one in which we moved. Her husband was a "coming man." My actions would certainly reflect upon these two young relatives, and jeopardize their peace of mind. There was little that I could gain through divorce, and much to be lost by others.

Oh, I can hear them argue to this day! Nobody thought of my situation, living with a man whose mind and soul, though hidden from my physical vision, thrilled me with an indefinable horror. My Uncle Charles said that I could put my finger on nothing wrong that he had done. And I could not answer. It was not what he had done — but what he was! And they bound me to him, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

After the fourth child was born — it happened!

Funds for which he could not account! A woman dragged into public view by detectives in the employ of his firm. I had sensed dishonesty in his methods. I had felt the presence of that other woman in his life.

I am not claiming that I was a perfect wife, nor that John was the vile creature my family pronounced him *after* his weaknesses and follies were bared to the world. He was as much in love with me as he could be with *any one woman*. He was as loyal to me as he could be to anyone. No other woman could have made any more of his life than I did. Time has proved all these statements.

When the public exposure came, he and the other woman were on their way to Australia. My family demanded that I secure a divorce immediately. This was necessary to vindicate the family honor. They had utterly forgotten my earlier demands for freedom, my premonition of trouble when my children numbered two instead of four. The general feeling seemed to be that while I was to be pitied, I was also to be censured vaguely for having married a man who brought disgrace on the family!

I shall always feel that if I had divorced my husband when I first discovered his unworthiness, I might have prevented the graver scandal. He might have married the other woman, and, with fewer financial demands to meet, he might never have touched the firm's money. I made my first mistake when I decided that duty to my children and my family demanded that I live with John, even though our relations meant spiritual and physical degradation for me. No woman should pay that price for her children or relatives.

Of course, the crash left me penniless. Uncle Charles, the family bachelor, opened his home to the children and me. At twenty-eight, with four little children and a host of hideous memories, I started life afresh.

First, I must make up to my children the wrong I had done them in choosing a weakling for their father, and to help them live down, through my own high standards, the shame he had brought upon them.

Next, in return for the generosity of Uncle Charles, I must be his efficient housekeeper. I must make him comfortable and shield him as far as I could from the presence of four active youngsters in his erstwhile silent and well-ordered house. I was given to understand — and in this I fully concurred — that at twenty-eight, certain phases of my life — romance, love, wifehood — were closed chapters. Motherhood represented a duty undivided, unqualified, unrelieved. Innocently or in the heat of youthful passion, I had married the wrong man, and I owed it to my children, my family and society to do penance by single-minded attention to my duties as the mother of children to whom I must make all possible reprisal for the sins of their father! It was not worded so in those days. I look back now and see it thus, — as a gross injustice to a woman who had already borne much.

But at twenty-eight, one is elastic and reacts quickly, even from such a shock and such bitter experiences as had been mine. My children were healthy, good, happy. We were surrounded by all the comforts of life. I felt no anxiety about our future — Uncle Charles had given me to understand that so long as I did my duty by the children and him, I would be well-provided for. My divorce reflected no discredit on me because I had been deeply injured, and my wounds had gaped that all might see.

The result of all this was, in a way, unfortunate. I grew young again, in looks, in carriage, in voice, in all my instincts. The further the shadow of John's misdeeds retreated, the more buoyant I became, the higher the joy of living welled up within me. I recall romping like a girl with my children, racing with them when we were in the fields far from the gaze of curious neighbors. And in the nursery at bedtime, I told them stories — not simple fairy-tales, but high adventure and romance. I did not understand then, but now I know, there stirred in me once more the vein of romance, the demand for love which had died at touch of the yellow streak.

And for all that four children clung to my skirts and hands, I was wonderfully hopeful. The blood bounding in my veins, the thrill in my heart when I heard of a new betrothal or of wedding preparations, told me that youth and the capacity for loving were still mine. I was very frank with myself. I had made one mistake. This time I would be over-careful. I had learned much. I had been cheated out of the supreme joy of loving, which is faith, but that would be made up to me.

TWO years after the law set me free, Elmer Hunt asked me to marry him. He owned the largest, finest farm around Burlington. On its broad, rolling acres, in its low, spreading house and in Elmer's heart there was room for my children. He said that he had loved me when we went to school together, and, all unconsciously, he must have been waiting for me.

While John had courted me, I had thought only of him. My vision had never strayed far beyond his compelling eyes, his finely moulded features. But beyond Elmer, I saw a home — our home. I pictured hollyhocks and dahlias against the south side of the house, and Elmer coming there to find me. I would banish the base-burner from the parlor and open the long-closed fireplace. There, after the children had gone to bed, Elmer and I would sit reading books that we would both enjoy. And even as he read, his hand would steal out to find mine. It might storm, but he would toss on another log, and stop to smooth my hair or kiss me as he passed my chair.

An inexperienced girl dreams of marriage as perpetual lovemaking. The woman who has been married once, knows that she will find her perfect contentment in comradeship, in stretches of understanding silence, in the caress that is habitual, not the expression of evanescent passion, in the sense of belonging to a man who has found her essential to his happiness, the exquisite intimacy possible only between a man and a woman well-mated.

Weeks passed before I told my family. Uncle Charles always gave a large family dinner in honor of Grandmother's birthday. I planned to announce our engagement on that occasion. I would serve a dinner of unusual excellence. Afterward, Elmer would drive over and very simply and quietly we would tell the great news.

All lovers have their heads buried in the sand of romance. My family did not have to be told. They never gave me the chance to speak. Directly after dinner, Uncle Charles asked us all into the library and there like a criminal, I heard sentence pronounced. My relatives had observed with regret the increasing attentiveness of Elmer. They thought it time I discouraged him. My duty to my children was clear. They would certainly resent a step-father. It would be unjust of me to divide my interest with children that might be born to Elmer and me. I owed it to John's children to remain single and fill their father's place in their lives.

I recall wondering why Elmer's children would come between John's children and me, any more than other children that I might have borne to John. A mother's love is elastic. And if I was happy, I could love them all the more.

But there in Uncle Charles's library, my family stamped out the last vestige of youth and joy in my heart. I never thought of rebelling against their unexpected decision, the more so when I found that they had taken up the matter with my children and

actually arraigned them against Elmer. I was a woman who had reached out for forbidden fruit—just that—not a human being demanding love and companionship.

To this day, I cannot recall my last interview with Elmer Hunt, without throbbing in pain. He was so understanding, so patient, so willing to wait. But long before I saw the light, he died — a sudden attack of pneumonia. I was denied even the comfort of mourning for him. It would make me conspicuous. Uncle Charles and Aunt Ellen represented the family at his funeral.

From that day I never romped with my children. I was the quiet, dignified, maternal figure my family hoped I might become. I won their complete approval. But my children never quite forgot the fear implanted in their souls by my family, the fear that their mother might marry again and force a step-father upon them.

My life was maddening in its tranquillity. Uncle Charles was appreciative. A fault-finding husband could have made me happier. He gave me checks when I longed for the clasp of a strong man's hand. He clothed me in silk and lace, when my whole being cried out for the caresses and kisses of a husband. I loved my children and they loved me, but they looked up to me, depended upon me. I needed someone to whom I could look, on whom I could lean. A husband's love raises no barrier between the mother and her children. The love of a woman for her husband and her love for her children are so different that they complement each other.

There was never a day when I faltered in my duty to my children, never a day when I did not lavish on them all the mother-love I possessed. Toward them I felt no bitterness. They were not the barriers to my happiness. It was the world's conception of my duty, public opinion voiced by my relatives and friends, that stood between me and the man I might have married.

And then came the day when the futility of the sacrifice was burned into my soul. My children answered the call of youth, of other interests, of love. They went away to school, to business, and to homes of their own. I watched them love and marry. I listened to congratulations of friends, and my heart burned within me, yes, hot with resentment and envy of their happiness in love and marriage, while I stood alone.

As my family duties lightened, I took on more outside interests, in clubs, in church and charities. I tried to fill my hours with good works. But my heart was hungry. Uncle Charles talked only of his increasing infirmities and my children talked of their husbands and wives. A trained nurse took over the care of Uncle Charles — and I stood in the dreaded position of the fifth wheel in everybody's life — utterly detached among my many relatives and friends, possessing all the attributes of a good wife — and alone.

The world is full of women like me, old in years, young in body, spirit, mind, heart and instincts. You meet us at dinners, bridge parties, charity meetings, one night in four; but what of the other three nights — the lean, gray hours with books, picture-puzzles and solitaire, when what we want is a man to love and wait on? You look at us in our soft, lustrous silks, our family laces and our family jewels, and you think of us as having done our life's work. You say, with Mr. Perry, that we are entitled to review a well-spent life — and then, like Mr. Perry, you hurry away to a home that may not be as well ordered as ours, but where love stands in the door waiting. You know nothing of the loneliness you leave behind.

There are fine men in Burlington, men of my own age, who are alone, too. Some of them are looking for young wives. Some are afraid of the money Uncle Charles left me with a "well done, good and faithful servant" clause in his will. Several have shown me little attentions, whereupon my children have descended upon me in alarm.

"Now, mother dear, at your age and with your fortune, you must be discreet. I wouldn't go out with Mr. Blank again. It will make talk."

Two generations have stood valiantly between me and talk. Today I have undone their work of years. By this time, everybody who knows us, probably has heard that my dignity is but a whited sepulchre. They are saying that my beautiful maternal attitude was all a pose. Perhaps they are right. But at least, tonight I have been honest with myself. I have admitted that all these years I have missed what every woman needs in her life — a man. I have sacrificed

57 HEINZ 57

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Malt vinegar is coming more and more into favor for table use. Heinz Malt Vinegar is malt vinegar at its best.

HEINZ Cider Vinegar
We do not sell cider, hence the entire juice of selected apples is used in making Heinz Cider Vinegar.

HEINZ Peanut Butter

Use it in place of dairy butter, on bread. It is more wholesome and possesses greater food value. It adds a taste that dairy butter cannot give, a sweet, nutty flavor. As Heinz makes it, only selected, cleaned, fresh-roasted, delicately salted peanuts are used.

Children always like it, and it is good for them to eat it, as a spread at meals, for school luncheons, or as a "piece" to eat between meals.

HEINZ Olive Oil
The pure virgin oil of selected Spanish olives. The perfection of olive oil flavor.

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HARVESTING PICKLES ON ONE OF THE HEINZ FARMS

Why Worm-Drive Leads

It Lengthens the Truck's Life—It Reduces Upkeep
It Cuts Repair Bills

THERE must be some good reason for the tremendous change in power transmission for commercial cars shown by the comparison at the right of this page.

Reputable truck builders do not change their form of final drive until they have carefully weighed all the pros and cons. As a matter of fact, an immense amount of study and investigation has been given to the subject in the last ten years, in order to apply that form of power transmission which would be silent, simple and effective—which would be so strong and have so few parts that the commercial car owner could escape the breakdowns, delays and repair expense which too often in the past have offset any saving effected by motor haulage.

When the searchlight was turned on, it was not long before worm-drive came into its own.

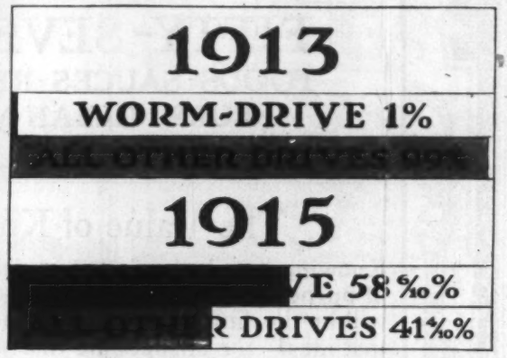
Actual experience over all kinds of roads, on thousands of trucks during a period of over two years, has absolutely demonstrated the reliability, noiseless operation and superior efficiency of the worm-drive type of power transmission.

It represents the simplest rear axle in use on commercial cars. Instead of a complicated system of chains, sprockets, jackshaft, joints and radius rods—or an equally complicated system of spur and bevel gears—you have two strong and simple units. The worm takes the power directly from the propeller shaft and the worm wheel and differential transmit it directly to the rear wheels.

Ninety-one recognized truck builders use worm-drive. The accompanying list of fifty-six car builders who use Timken-Detroit Worm-Drive Axles, either exclusively or in part, represent 61¼% of the total.

We can't, in one advertisement, give all of the reasons why these builders have selected worm-drive in the first place and Timken-Detroit worm-drive in the second.

We will be satisfied if you will just think for a moment or two, of the unquestionable fact, that they must have mighty good reasons—reasons affecting the success or failure of commercial haulage by their customers—or they wouldn't evidence this tremendous tendency to make worm-drive dominant in motor truck building.



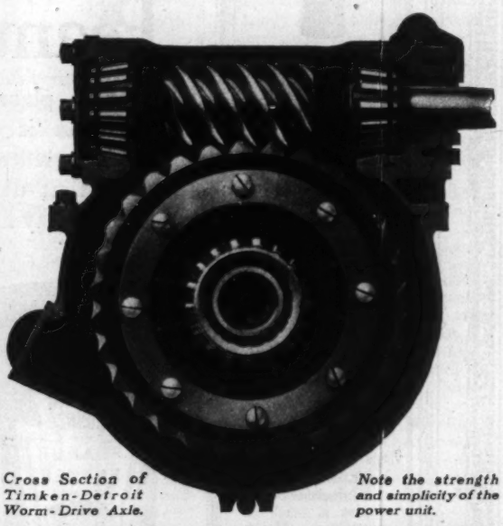
The percentages given above are based on the total number of trucks produced in each year by recognized truck builders with an established production. Light delivery cars on pleasure car chassis and models of less than one-ton capacity are not included.

Fifty-three of these fifty-six truck builders use Timken-Detroit Worm-Drive Axles with Timken-David Brown Worm Gears, mounted on Timken Roller Bearings. Three build their own axles but use Timken-David Brown Worm Gears.

Acason Motor Truck Co.	Garford Motor Truck Co.	*Packard Motor Car Co.
Armleder Co., O.	General Motors Truck Co.	*Peerless Motor Car Co.
Atlantic Refining Co.	Hahn Motor Truck & Wagon Co.	*Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co.
Atterbury Motor Car Co.	Henderson Bros.	Poyer Co., D. F.
Available Truck Co.	Hendrickson Motor Truck Co.	Sandow Motor Truck Co.
Bessemer Motor Truck Co.	International Motor Co.	Schacht Motor Truck Co., G. A.
Bowling Green Motor Truck Co.	Kissel Motor Car Co.	Selden Motor Vehicle Co.
Brockway Motor Truck Co.	Kleiber Co., Inc.	Service Motor Truck Co.
Cadillac Auto Truck Co.	Krebs Commercial Car Co.	Signal Motor Truck Co.
Chester County Motor Co.	Lewis-Hall Iron Works	Standard Motor Truck Co.
Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co.	Lippard-Stewart Motor Car Co.	Stegeman Motor Car Co.
Dart Motor Truck Co.	Maccar Co.	Tait Bros.
DeKalb Wagon Works	Mogul Motor Truck Co.	Tiffin Wagon Co.
Detroit-Wyandotte Motor Co.	Moreland Motor Truck Co.	Velie Engineering Co.
Diamond T Motor Car Co.	National Steel Car Co.	Wilson Co., J. C.
Dorris Motor Car Co.	Nelson & LeMoon	Witt-Will Co.
Drednot Motor Truck Co.	New England Truck Co.	Way-Cleanse Co.
Federal Motor Truck Co.	Niles Car Mfg. Co.	Ward Motor Vehicle Co.
Gabriel Carriage & Wagon Co.		Zeitler & Lamson

**These firms build their own axles but use Timken-David Brown Worm Gears.*

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan
THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio



Cross Section of Timken-Detroit Worm-Drive Axle.

Note the strength and simplicity of the power unit.

TIMKEN-DETROIT WORM-DRIVE AXLES

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the finest, biggest instinct of a woman to a false sense of duty. My children had no more right to deny me love and the companionship of a good man than I had to deny them love and marriage. And if I had been brave enough to defy narrow-minded relatives and narrower traditions, I could have explained to them the beautiful meaning of the Divine phrase, "male and female created He them." Their youth would have been no less happy because I had happiness instead of loneliness. They would worry less about me today, married instead of single. They are beginning to understand my position, to suspect what I know — that, like every normal woman, I have needed and still need a man in my life.

COMING: More articles by Mrs. Richardson, notably "The Business of Being a Lady." Next month McClure's publishes the most remarkable fact story of recent years, the true story of how three Americans robbed the Bank of England of five million dollars. Watch for "The Amazing Fraud," by C. P. Connolly in July McClure's.

The Eldest

[*Continued from page 18*]

uncanny precision and fidelity to detail. He caught the broken time, and tossed it lightly up again, and dropped it, and caught it deftly like a juggler playing with frail crystal globes that seem forever on the point of crashing to the ground.

Pa stood up, yawning. "Well," he said, his manner very casual, "guess I'll just drop around to the movie."

From the kitchen, "Don't you want to sit with ma a minute, first?"

"I will when I come back. They're showing the third instalment of 'The Adventures of Aline,' and I don't want to come in in the middle of it."

He knew the selfishness of it, this furtive and sprightly old man. And because he knew it he attempted to hide his guilt under a burst of temper.

"I've been slaving all day. I guess I've got the right to a little amusement. A man works his fingers to the bone for his family, and then his own daughter nags him."

He stamped down the hall, righteously, and slammed the front door.

Rose came from the kitchen, the pink blouse, warm from the iron, in one hand. She prinked out its ruffles and pleatings as she went. Floss, burnishing her nails somewhat frantically with a dilapidated and greasy buffer, snatched the garment from her and slipped bare arms into it. The front door bell rang, three big, determined rings. Panic fell upon the household.

"It's him!" whispered Floss, as if she could be heard in the entrance three floors below. "You'll have to go."

"I can't!" Every inch of her seemed to shrink and cower away from the thought. "I can't!" Her eyes darted to and fro like a hunted thing seeking to escape. She ran to the hall. "Al! Al, go to the door, will you?"

"Can't," came back in a thick mumble. "Shaving."

The front door-bell rang again, three big, determined rings. "Rose!" hissed Floss, her tone venomous. "I can't go with my waist open. For heaven's sake! Go to the door!"

"I can't," repeated Rose, in a kind of wail. "I — can't." And went. As she went she passed one futile, work-worn hand over her hair, plucked off her apron and tossed it into a corner, first wiping her flushed face with it.

Henry Selz came up the shabby stairs springily as a man of forty should. Rose stood at the door and waited for him. He stood in the doorway a moment, uncertainly.

"How-do, Henry."

His uncertainty became incredulity. Then, "Why, how-do, Rose! Didn't know you — for a minute. Well, well! It's been a long time. Let's see — ten — fourteen — about fifteen years, isn't it?"

His tone was cheerfully conversational. He really was interested, mathematically. He was as sentimental in his reminiscence as if he had been calculating the lapse of time between the Chicago fire and the World's Fair.

"Fifteen," said Rose, "in May. Won't you come in? Floss'll be here in a minute."

Henry Selz came in and sat down on the davenport couch and dabbed at his forehead. The years had been very kind to him — those same years that had treated Rose so

ruthlessly. He had the look of an outdoor man; a man who has met prosperity and walked with her, and followed her pleasant ways; a man who has learned late in life of golf and caviar and tailors, but who has adapted himself to these accessories of wealth with a minimum of friction.

"It certainly is warm, for this time of year." He leaned back and regarded Rose tolerantly. "Well, and how've you been? Did little sister tell you how flabbergasted I was when I saw her this morning? I'm darned if it didn't take fifteen years off my age, just like that! I got kind of balled up for one minute and thought it was you. She tell you?"

"Yes, she told me," said Rose.

"I hear your ma's still sick. That certainly is tough. And you've never married, eh?"

"Never married," echoed Rose.

And so they made conversation, a little uncomfortably, until there came quick, light young steps down the hallway, and Floss appeared in the door, a radiant, glowing, girlish vision. Youth was in her eyes, her cheeks, on her lips. She radiated it. She was miraculously well dressed, in her knowingly simple blue serge suit, and her tiny hat, and her neat shoes and gloves.

"Ah! And how's the little girl tonight?" said Henry Selz.

Floss dimpled, blushed, smiled, swayed. "Did I keep you waiting a terribly long time?"

"No, not a bit. Rose and I were chinning over old times, weren't we Rose?" A kindly, clumsy thought struck him. "Say, look here, Rose. We're going to a show. Why don't you run and put on your hat and come along. H'm? Come on!"

Rose smiled as a mother smiles at a child that has unknowingly hurt her. "No, thanks, Henry. Not tonight. You and Floss run along. Yes, I'll remember you to ma. I'm sorry you can't see her. But she don't see anybody, poor ma."

Then they were off, in a little flurry of words and laughter. From force of habit Rose's near-sighted eyes peered critically at the hang of Floss's blue skirt and the angle of the pert new hat. She stood a moment, uncertainly, after they had left. On her face was the queerest look, as of one thinking, re-adjusting, struggling to arrive at a conclusion in the midst of sudden bewilderment. She turned mechanically and went into her mother's room. She picked up the tray on the table by the bed.

"Who was that?" asked the sick woman, in her ghostly, devitalized voice.

"That was Henry Selz," said Rose.

The sick woman grappled a moment with memory. "Henry Selz! Henry — oh, yes. Did he go out with Rose?"

"Yes," said Rose.

"It's cold in here," whined the sick woman.

"I'll get you a hot bag in a minute, ma." Rose carried the tray down the hall to the kitchen. At that Al emerged from his bedroom, shrugging himself into his coat. He followed Rose down the hall and watched her as she filled the bag and screwed it and wiped it dry.

"I'll take that in to ma," he volunteered. He was up the hall and back in a flash. Rose had slumped into a chair at the dining-room table, and was pouring herself a cup of cold and bitter tea. Al came over to her and laid one white hand on her shoulder.

"Ro, lend me a couple of dollars till Saturday, will you?"

"I should say not!"

Al doused his cigarette in the dregs of a convenient teacup. He bent down and laid his powdered and pale cheek against Rose's sallow one. One arm was about her, and his hand patted her shoulder.

"Oh, come on, kid," he coaxed. "Don't I always pay you back? Come on! Be a sweet ol' sis. I wouldn't ask you only I've got a date to go to the White City tonight, and dance, and I couldn't get out of it. I tried." He kissed her, and his lips were moist, and he reeked of tobacco, and though Rose shrugged impatiently away from him he knew that he had won. Rose was not an eloquent woman; she was not even an articulate one, at times. If she had been, she would have lifted up her voice to say now:

"Oh, God! I am a woman! Why have you given me all the sorrows, and the drudgery, and the bitterness and the thanklessness of motherhood, with none of its joys! Give me back my youth! I'll drink the dregs at the bottom of the cup, but first let me taste the sweet!"

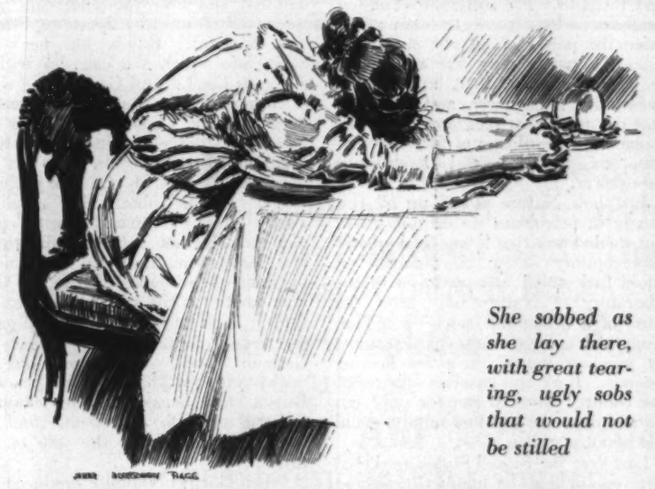
But Rose did not talk or think in such terms. She could not have put into words the thing she was feeling even if she had been able to diagnose it. So what she said was, "Don't you think I ever get sick and tired of slaving for a thankless bunch like you? Well, I do! Sick and tired of it. That's what! You make me tired, coming around asking for money, as if I was a bank."

But Al waited. And presently she said, grudgingly, wearily, "There's a dollar bill and some small change in the can on the second shelf in the china closet."

Al was off like a terrier. From the pantry came the clink of metal against metal. He was up the hall in a flash, without a look at Rose. The front door slammed a third time.

Rose stirred her cold tea slowly, leaning on the table's edge and gazing down into the amber liquid that she did not mean to drink. For suddenly and comically her face puckered up like a child's. Her head came down among the supper things with a little crash that set the teacups, and the greasy plates to jingling, and she sobbed as she lay there, with great tearing, ugly sobs that would not be stilled, though she tried to stifle them as does one who lives in a paper-thin Chicago flat. She was not weeping for the Henry Selz whom she had just seen. She was not weeping for envy of her selfish little sister, or for loneliness, or weariness. She was weeping at the loss of a ghost who had become her familiar. She was weeping because a packet of soiled and yellow old letters on the top shelf in the hall closet was now only a packet of soiled and yellow old letters, food for the ash can. She was weeping because the urge of spring, that had expressed itself in her only this morning pitifully enough in terms of rhubarb, and housecleaning and a bundle of thumbed old love letters, had stirred in her for the last time.

But presently she did stop her sobbing and got up, and cleared the table, and washed the dishes and even glanced at the crumpled sheets of the morning paper that she never found time to read until evening. By eight o'clock the little flat was very still.



She sobbed as she lay there, with great tearing, ugly sobs that would not be stilled

Every month McClure's publishes one fiction feature that is above all things strong. This month it is "The Eldest;" next month "The Cage Door," by Mary Heaton Vorse.

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1916 Seneca Catalogue Free On Request

It illustrates the different size pictures each model will take. Shows the enlarging value of the vestpocket, tells the capabilities of each instrument, and describes fully each Seneca, from the Scout at $2.00 to the Superb Roll Film Senecas. It's a book that will be a great value to every camera lover. Send a postal for your free copy to-day, or ask your dealer.

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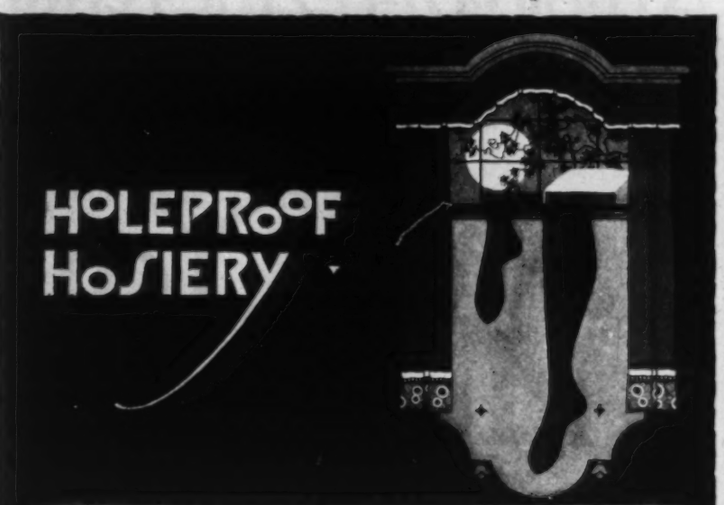

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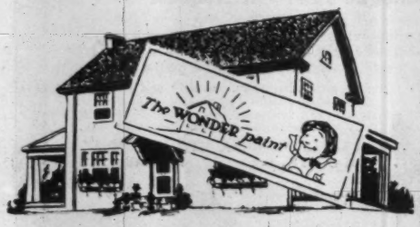

Zinc is admitted the most durable and whitest of all paint ingredients. Zinc, without lead, as used only in Zinolin, under the Arnold Secret Process, is therefore the whitest and most lasting paint known. Zinolin saves money because painting is required less often. Because fewer gallons are required for each coat. Because often only one coat is required instead of the customary two. Because Zinolin is much easier and quicker for the painter to apply. Because the Zinolin coat is tougher and completely waterproof, absolutely protecting your property against decay and deterioration. But what is equally amazing is that it will not wash away when used on cement surfaces. Furthermore

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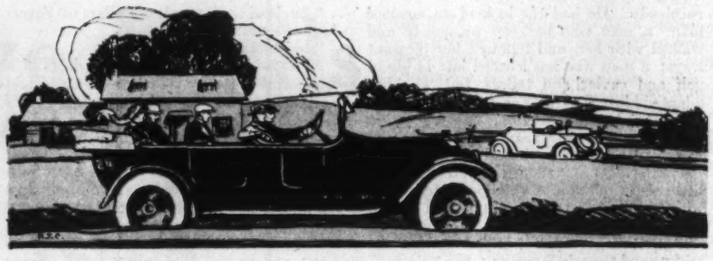


After Gasoline—What?

The Second of the Important New Series of Authoritative Automobile Articles

By Waldemar Kaempffert

ONE in forty-five of us owns an automobile, which means that in the whole United States two million, two hundred and twenty-five thousand motor cars are now in use. Everyone of these vehicles consumes gasoline. Add to their number three hundred thousand gasoline motorboats, forty-five thousand gasoline motor trucks, thirty thousand gasoline farm tractors (mechanical horses which pull plows), and tens of thousands of gasoline stationary engines, used for washing, wood-chopping, corn-husking, pea-shelling and similar farm work, and you can imagine what a wonderful country ours must be if it can pump out of its own bowels the liquid fuel required by all these motors and how enormous must be the industry that undertakes to distil and market petroleum. When we think of power, we are apt to think of steam engines and of coal, shoveled by grimy stokers into fiery furnaces. The truth is that all our gasoline motors generate more than twice the power of all our steam engines. Consider only the automobile engine and concede to it but a paltry twenty-five horsepower, and it follows that our motor car pleasures entail the staggering expenditure of fifty-five million, six hundred and twenty-five horsepower.

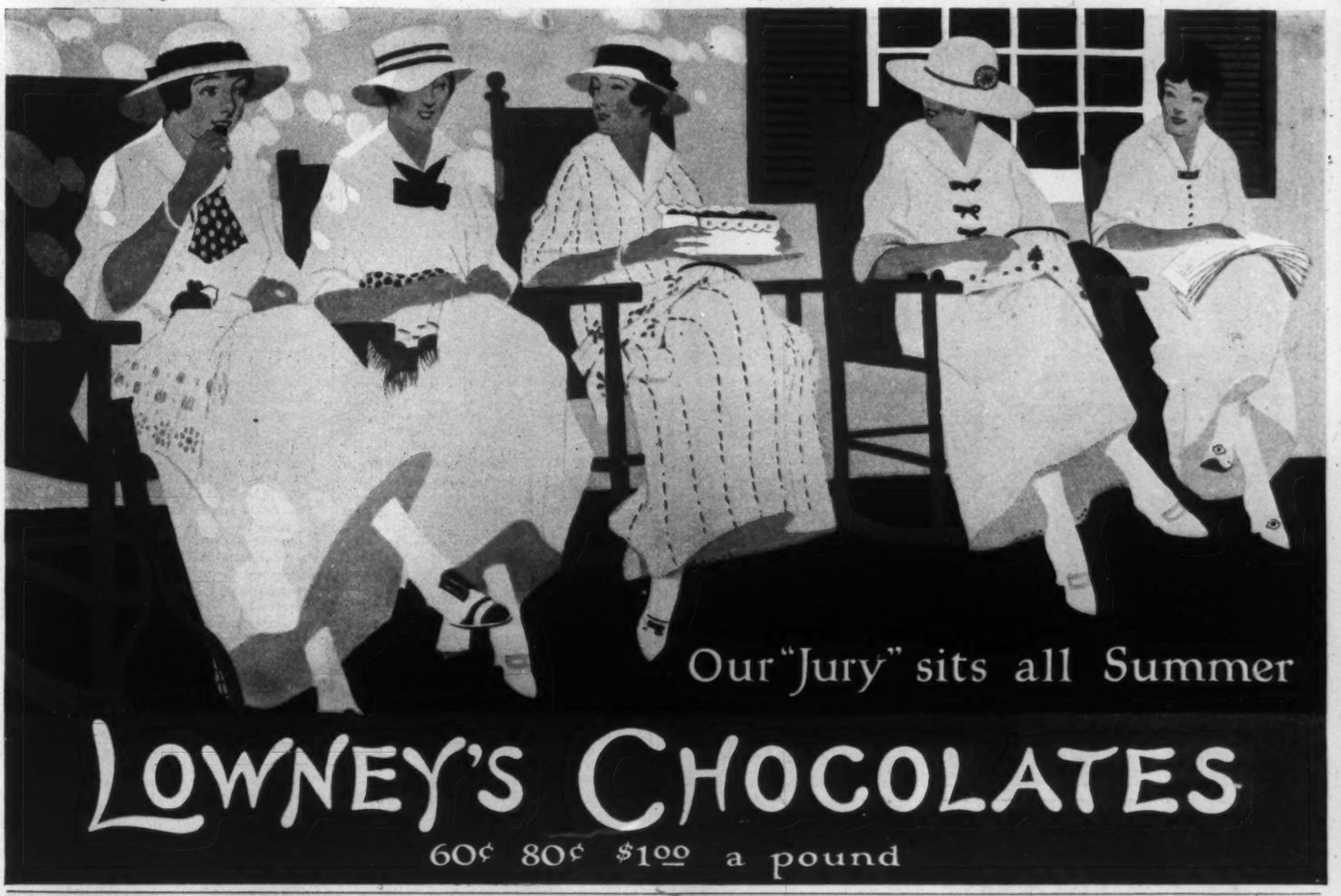
Just how Nature stored up all this energy in petroleum we do not know. But we do know that it was by a process imperceptibly slow. A quantity of liquid fuel which was produced in the laboratory of Nature only after the lapse of a geological epoch—a million years and more perhaps—is consumed by gasoline engines in a few fleeting seconds. If all the gasoline engines in the country were to run for only ten hours a day, the gasoline supply would last about a month.

Last year the United States marketed forty-one million, six hundred thousand barrels of gasoline of which six million, five hundred thousand were exported. That leaves thirty-five million, one hundred thousand for home consumption. The average motor car consumes about twelve barrels of fuel a year. Hence our nation-wide joy-riding is accomplished with an annual consumption of twenty-seven million barrels. Little more than eight million barrels are left for the farmers' engines, the business man's motor trucks and the water lover's motorboats. Less than six hundred gallons of gasoline are available for each car—not enough for ten thousand miles. The over-production of previous years, judiciously stored for a lean period, is all but exhausted. At the present rate of consumption the market demand for gasoline can hardly be supplied for another twenty years. We are literally facing an automobile fuel famine. Is it any wonder that gasoline costs more than thirty-five cents in Canada? That we in the United States are paying nearly as much? That gasoline may soon be worth forty cents a gallon?

At once you ask: Why not lift more oil from the earth and distil off the gasoline? Oil refiners would if they could. The truth is that our oil fields are rapidly nearing exhaustion. New fields may be discovered, it is true, but the United States Geological Survey regards the most likely regions with no very optimistic eye. It may be that oil may be found in pockets still to be tapped in undeveloped parts of the globe — in Africa and the Far East, for example. But who would build industrial hopes on a mere chance? Besides, Europe looks to us for much of its oil, especially in this war of automobiles, aeroplanes and Zeppelins. Before the war we produced over sixty-five per cent. of the world's output. We must be delivering more than our normal share to Europe now. In 1915 we sent enough gasoline abroad to supply three hundred and fifty thousand cars, and nearly all of it was shipped to France and England. Russia has her own pools into which she can dip with a generous hand. And Germany — what of Germany? We read of von Hindenburg shifting whole army corps by means of automobiles in a bleak Russian country threaded by railroads too few in number for his strategic purpose. Where did he obtain his gasoline? Partly from Roumania (with pronounced Russian political affiliations) and partly from Galicia. Who knows but tens of thousands died in the German ranks for the sake of Galician oil fields? Who knows but barrels of gasoline were purchased with barrels of German blood? Who knows but we might now see the dawn of peace if Russia had succeeded in retaining Galicia and its petroleum and in forcing Roumania to the side of the Allies?

When Gottlieb Daimler produced the first commercially successful automobile, he dreamed no doubt of relegating the horse to the zoological garden for preservation as an animated historical curiosity; but he never imagined for a moment that his invention would exhaust the world's supply of gasoline. In his day gasoline was not only cheap but well-nigh useless. To understand why, you must know something of oil refining in a general way.

In distilling petroleum, lighter vapors are first given off, collected and condensed into liquid; then follow the heavier vapors. The lighter vapors are switched into one tank, the heavier into other tanks. Liquids of different gravities are cut off from one another. The first "cut," in oil parlance, is crude benzine. From it gasoline and the various naphthas are in turn distilled off — first the gasoline, then various naphthas, and finally lamp oil. No sharp line separates gasoline from the naphthas. The longer the process of distill-



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ing continues the heavier the gasoline becomes. When does the refiner stop? Not until he has obtained a product which passes for commercial gasoline.

Before the automobile appeared, kerosene (distilled from lamp oil) was the oil refiner's money-making product; the gasoline was a nuisance — a troublesome, unsalable by-product. It was to the refiner's interest to make as little gasoline as possible. And so he yielded to temptation and switched all the gasoline vapors that he dared into the naphthas, from which he in turn distilled kerosene. As a result his kerosene was so volatile that it easily exploded. Laws had to be passed to curb the refiner. They served the purpose of protecting the public and also of defining kerosene. We might as well repeal them all now. Gas and electricity have supplanted lamp oil, and gasoline cannot be produced in large enough quantities. Oil refiners are actually sending commercial missionaries to Persia, Africa and China in order to preach the virtues of kerosene to the yet untutored.

Gasoline has never been a scientific designation for a particular liquid. It is merely a general term like "sand," "paper," or "stone." The gasoline of a decade ago was not the gasoline of today. With each year its gravity increased. Vapors which were once diverted into the naphtha tank now find their way into gasoline. That is not dishonest and reprehensible, but a matter of dire necessity. Were it not for this practice gasoline would be scarcer and costlier than it is.

?How Shall We Meet the Situation?

OIL chemists foresaw this threatened shortage of gasoline years ago. They devised what are known as "cracking" processes, the purpose of which is to change the character of kerosene so that it can be converted into gasoline. Imagine a huge heap of cobblestones and a small heap of pebbles side by side. The cobblestones represent the heavy, unsalable kerosene, the pebbles the desirable but less abundant gasoline. If you want to convert the cobblestones into pebbles, you crack them into smaller pieces with a hammer. If you want to obtain more gasoline, you must "crack" the kerosene chemically.

Many such processes have been patented. One of them, invented by Dr. Burton, has increased the supply of gasoline by millions of gallons and has done much to postpone the present famine. The latest is that developed by Dr. Rittmann of the Bureau of Mines. But all these processes are but chemical makeshifts. Automobiles are increasing in number so rapidly that even the resourceful chemist must ultimately be defeated.

Some gasoline is at present obtained from natural gas by the simple process of subjecting the gas to pressure. In other words fuel, which can be used in automobile motors, is actually being squeezed out of the gas as if it were a sponge. In 1914 no less than 853,053 barrels of gasoline were thus obtained, and in 1915 about one million, five hundred thousand barrels. Formidable as the quantity may seem it is almost negligible in the face of the huge demand.

A latent petroleum reserve is to be found in the shale areas of Colorado and Utah. Shale is a rock, which, when treated, is made to yield on distillation as much as twenty-five gallons of crude oil per ton. Sooner or later we shall find oil-refineries springing up in the West for the sole purpose of extracting gasoline from this undeveloped source. Shale has not hitherto been used for distilling oil because of the expense involved. Sooner or later this great source of supply must be utilized to supplement the decreasing production from the regular oil fields.

It has been suggested that benzol, a by-product obtained in the manufacture of coke, be utilized as a substitute for gasoline. Unfortunately there is not enough benzol to meet the situation, and what is more, benzol is far too necessary in the manufacture of explosives, dyes and chemicals, such as carbolic acid, to justify its use as a mere fuel.

Must we give up automobiles altogether? Must we take back the horse? No mechanical engineer will assent to that. Automobiles we shall always have, but automobiles which will be driven by some new fuel. What fuel? Perhaps alcohol; perhaps kerosene. Both have been the subject of experiment. If either is employed a new type of engine must be created.

Alcohol is a product of organic nature. Every blade of grass, every plant, every tree, whether dead or alive, is a source of alcohol. Not until the world has been stripped of vegetation — and that can never happen so long as there is water, sunshine and soil — will the supply of alcohol be exhausted. And when that day dawns man himself will perish.

Of alcohol we have made but little use as a source of power. Coal, oil and waterfalls have been too abundant; they need not be manufactured. But alcohol is not stored up in pockets out of which it gushes at the tap of a hammer. A mass of sawdust, a heap of potatoes — in a word, some form of vegetation — must be chemically converted into a water-clear liquid in which is stored all the energy that the sun has poured upon the foliage of the earth. Alcohol is distilled sunshine. As the oil supply of the world nears depletion, as the price of oil fuels and distillates increases, alcohol will drive more and more of our machinery. The logs that we now permit to rot in our forests, the stumpage that reckless lumbermen leave in their tracks, the dry husks of corn that farmers now burn in the fields — all these will propel the automobile of the future, in the form of alcohol.

If we can find some way of utilizing kerosene for generating power the advent of the alcohol automobile will be postponed. Postponement is desirable, simply because as a petroleum distillate kerosene is one of the most widely and systematically distributed products in the world. It can be bought anywhere — in Japan and Java as readily as in Iowa or California. Alcohol is not so well distributed. Years must elapse before some great company will be formed which will establish stations in all parts of the world. What is more, a dollar's worth of kerosene fed to a properly designed engine will drive a car farther than a dollar's worth of gasoline.

But why was this not thought of before? It was. The United States Patent Office contains hundreds of documents in which methods of utilizing kerosene in motor cars are described. It may be that one of them will meet the needs of the automobile manufacturer; it may be that all are commercially impracticable. Enough has been done in England and France and Germany with kerosene to justify the prophecy that kerosene will be a future motor fuel. A marvelous opportunity is presented to some unknown Westinghouse. New feeding devices must be invented; a new simple type of carbureter must be devised, something to convert the kerosene into a vapor which, when mixed with air, can be made to explode in an engine cylinder; and a new type of engine must be designed.

Who knows but electricity may find a wider field of application in driving automobiles? Who knows but the energy of waterfalls may turn dynamos which will charge the storage batteries of millions of cars? Who knows but the power of Niagara may be locked in cells of metal in the cars of the future? We have electric automobiles now, skilfully designed, luxurious, silent — vehicles so simple that the most unmechanical of women can drive them. But what may not be expected when the ideal storage battery is invented — an accumulator of electric power far lighter, far simpler, far more economical in its output of energy than anything we have now?

And so it may happen that the shortage of gasoline may signalize possibilities for the automobile that eclipse anything we have yet witnessed. The motor car industry is facing not a crisis but an opportunity.

A Book of Interest to Car Owners

NOTE: McClure readers who own a car, or who expect to own a car, will be interested in the McClure Automobile Year Book just published by McClure's Magazine. The price of the book is fifty cents. Quite a complete description of it appeared on page six of the May issue of McClure's Magazine. The book will be sent prepaid to anyone sending fifty cents in stamps to McClure's Magazine. Address all communications to the McClure Automobile Department, McClure Building, New York.

In Mr. Kaempffert's next article, "The Business Side of Oil," he gives some very interesting facts about the fatal results of not keeping the automobile well oiled. This article will appear in the July issue.

Note that the second hand, as in every Gruen Verithin, is at the bottom of the dial, indicating a full size movement. When the second hand appears up towards the centre of the dial, it means that thinness has been obtained by patching a small lady's size movement in a man's size case.

Presenting—
The new Octathin Model
an exceptional value at $40.00

The man who is refreshed by a departure from the conventional—and who of us is not?—will take especial delight in this new model.

Here is a watch of real distinction. To that beautiful thinness for which the Gruen Verithin is famous, has been added a new charm in the shape of the case. Though somewhat daring in this deviation from usual standards, the Octathin is the embodiment of dignified design, striking in its beauty without being bizarre.

No. 04—Ultra (better than 25 year) 14k gold filled, **$40.**
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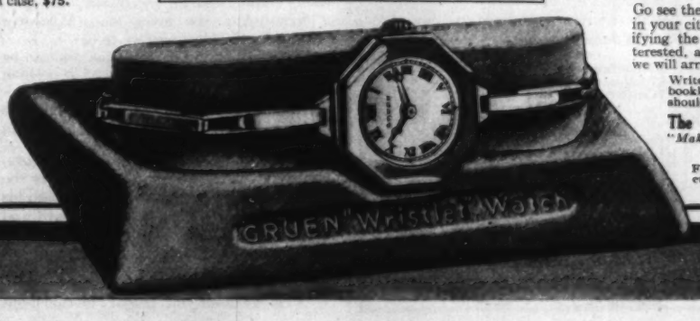
The movement is the genuine, original GRUEN VERITHIN, 17 jewel, adjusted to five positions, temperature and isochronism—the thinest, durable watch made in America and Switzerland, made possible by the patent inverted wheel train system. It has every known improvement; such as a double roller, visible steel escapement, patent regulator, time adjusting screws, Breguet hair-spring, safety sliding click and finest hardened materials.

GRUEN VERITHIN movements, with the trade mark **PRECISION** engraved on the plates, guaranteed to come within Observatory time requirements—in heavy 14k solid gold Octathin case—priced as follows:

No. 043—17 jewel Precision, **$90.**
No. 042—19 jewel Precision, **$100.**
No. 041—21 jewel Precision, **$125.**
No. 041X—21 jewel extra Precision, **$165.**

Regular Gruen Verithin Models, $25, $30, $35, $40, $50, $75, $85, $100, $150, $200.
The Dietrich Gruen, the world's finest pocket timepiece, $265 to $650.
Gruen Ladies' Watches, Wristlets or Sautoirs $25 to $250.



In green gold 14k case, $10 extra. Louis XVI dial—platinized or gilt, with 14k solid gold raised numerals on any of the above watches, $5 extra.

OUR GUARANTEE—There is not made another watch so thin at so low a price, with such combined quality, accuracy, style and durability as in this genuine Gruen Octathin.

See the certificate of real value. Under the "Gruen-Special-Service-System" the guarantee certificate in the box is made out in owner's name, with the agency's and maker's signatures attached after the watch is sold.

No model we have ever made deserves that title so often applied to the Gruen Verithin, "The Most Beautiful Watch in America."

No. C730—The Gruen "Octathin" Wristlet, as illustrated below, in 25-year gold-filled case, **$25.** In 14k solid gold case, **$50.**

Go see the Gruen Octathin at the leading jewelers in your city. If they are out of it, write us, specifying the model in which you are particularly interested, and mentioning your jeweler's name and we will arrange for you to see it.

Write for "One Word from a Woman's Lips," a booklet on watches and watchmaking everyone should read before buying a timepiece.

The Gruen Watch Manufacturing Company
"Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1874"
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A wise old head on spry young feet

A man is as old as he walks.

There's sprightly youthful walking in

CAT'S PAW
CUSHION
RUBBER HEELS

An old head is a wise head and insists on Cat's Paw Rubber Heels—

Because the Foster Friction Plug won't let you slip.

No holes to track mud and dirt.

They give freedom and lightness to the body and they grip safely any slippery street, pavement or floor.

They cost no more than the ordinary kind—you can find them at all dealers—50 cents attached—black or tan.

Put youth on your feet. Get a pair today.

THE FOSTER RUBBER CO.,
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Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.

FASTEST BOAT IN THE WORLD
10 to 32 Miles per Hour with 4 to 25 H. P.

17-Footer
$45
Complete
K. D. Boat

All material fitted—including hardware, $95 for finished 17-footer ready for motor. *Builder-Agents Wanted*

LOWEST PRICED BOAT IN THE WORLD

15-Footer
$25
Complete
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$45 for finished boat. $89 for boat with either inboard or outboard motor installed. Send for *free catalog* showing 100 boats.

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Shur-on
EYEGLASSES·SPECTACLES

LOOK
FEEL
QUALITY
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Look for the name "Shur-on" in the bridge
$2.50 and Up
E. KIRSTEIN SONS COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N. Y. ESTABLISHED 1864

Add Good Looks to Comfort

Soft cuffs feel good—look good, too, when you put Krementz 14 Kt. Rolled Gold Plate Loose Links in them.

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LOOSE LINKS

please men—everything that a man could demand is embodied in their manufacture.
They are correct in design; distinctive enough never to be confused with the ordinary; strong enough to last a lifetime—made without joints or solder.
Make your selection from a multitude of engraved, engine turned or plain designs, with platinum plated borders, in all the popular new finishes.

Sold everywhere with this guarantee:

"If damaged from any cause, a new button free."

In handsome box for a graduation gift, $2.50 a pair. Send for booklet of "Correct Jewelry for Men."

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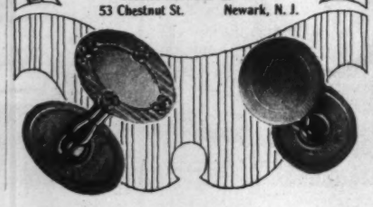
53 Chestnut St. Newark, N. J.



Citizens of the World

[*Continued from page 34*]

"I am sorry, Chakey, if I treated you like a boy the other night. You know I do not feel that vay. I am more prouder of you every day. All I have will sometime be yours, but I am sorry if I have blundered so as to cause you to lose some money now. But the game iss not over, and, you mark my vords, I will have that varm of Ballschmeider's, if it costs me a hunnerd and fifty an acre. For I am conwinced now that the colonel told you the truth."

ONCE again Hugo was summoned into the directors' room, and once again the boy was despatched for beer.

"Well, Hoogo," began Conrad jovially, "I thought mebbe by this time you hadt sold your varm already and struck out for Alperta. But, chokin' aside, Hoogo, my vife has set her heart on that little varm of yours and she says she will have it if it costs me hunnerd and fifty an acre. Of course such talk is voolish, but——"

"I would not take hunnerd and vifty," interposed Hugo.

"My Gott, man, you think I have discovered a goldt mine on your place!"

"Mebbe you have for all I know," observed the old fox.

They were closeted for nearly two hours and when they emerged they left behind six instead of two empty bottles on the black walnut table. As soon as Hugo had passed out the front door, Conrad called Hartley into the room. His face was red from something besides beer.

"Chakey," he exclaimed, excitedly, "I may be a vool, but I have bought that old muttonhead's varm for two hunnerd an acre!"

Hartley started. "Sixteen thousand dollars?"

"That's what it foots up, my son," said Conrad, mopping his brow. "And the old skinflint was not anxious at that. He smelt a mouse most strong. When I said, 'Now, Hoogo, we must fix this up so the whole town will not be talkin' tomorrow how Coony Wagner has gone crazy and paid two hunnerd for a varm vort' about sixty'—when I said that he vinked at me and said, 'Sure. Give me eight t'ousand now in zertificates of deposit and your note for the balance, due next March, when I give possession.'"

"Father, it seems like a big price," said Hartley thoughtfully. "But I firmly believe that by this time next year it will look like a mere bagatelle."

"I belief the same," said Conrad fervently. "And I will tell you vy. There iss not a cent in this deal for the Colonel. There would be no object for him to lie to you. He did not even ask us to buy the varm—only the option."

"What does Hugo think the Colonel wants the forty acres for?" queried the son.

"To raise Angora goats! By Gott, that is a good one on Hoogo!" Coony's tempestuous laughter made his whiskers shake like aspen leaves. "That Colonel of yours is surely a sharp one, Chakey." Presently he added soberly, "Chakey, now you have got a fine start in the vorld, I wish only one thing more. That iss to see you married to some nice girl. You will be twenty-nine next Janiwerry, and I would not like to see you an oldt bachelor."

It was a moment for confidences, and suddenly the son's great secret leaped from his lips.

"Father," he exclaimed tragically, "I shall never marry. I shall always love one woman, and she is already another's."

"The Colonel's vife!" cried Conrad, not wholly unprepared for the revelation.

"Yes. And she loves me. Whatever comes from this deal we owe to her."

"That is the kind of love that pays, to be sure. But be careful, my boy. Do nothing dishonorable. That Colonel would shoot a man quicker than vink. And do not mention it to your mother. She would not see it in the proper light, same as I do."

Hartley knocked off work an hour early, jumped into his roadster and sped toward the Springs. He was a bit fearful that he and his father had played their hand too hard and fast for the Colonel's approval.

As he swung into the grounds he all but smashed into Hugo Ballschmeider's fleabitten mare.

"A close call for you, Hugo!" he called out genially. "Serves you right, though, for wandering so far off your beat."

"My beat is any place what pays the best price for poultry," answered Hugo.

"Wouldn't Angora goats pay better?" asked Hartley slyly, throwing in his clutch. As he glided on he reflected: "It's queer I never ran across that old beggar before, if he peddles out here." But the thought went as it came, lightly.

Ascending to the second floor of the hotel, he passed noiselessly down the thick-carpeted corridor to Suite 6. At the open door he paused abruptly. Colonel Beauchamp was seated in a wicker rocker, his back to the door. Curled up on his lap like a kitten, with her feet drawn up beneath her skirts and her mass of blue-black hair pillowed on his breast, was Coralie, manicuring his nails.

It made a pretty picture, but the young man gazed at it stonily. Then he softly retreated to the other end of the hall and reapproached the door with an admonitory cough.

The Colonel heard his story with a grave face.

"I am sorry you had to pay such a price, or even to buy the farm at all, at this stage of the game," he remarked. "If the transaction should leak out, it might prove embarrassing to me. However, I have no doubt you handled the matter as cleverly as possible. Accept my congratulations!"

Hartley flushed with pleasure. "Would you and Mrs. Beauchamp accept a little banquet from me tomorrow night, in honor of the event?"

Coralie gave a little cry of distress. "Oh, Mr. Wagner, it is too bad! Tell him, Aguilar."

"I am tremendously sorry," explained Beauchamp, "but we have been suddenly summoned to Birmingham and are leaving early in the morning. A little deal in Alabama coal and iron. I shall retain this suite and hope to be back soon. Should I be detained, here is our permanent address. Now, if you will entertain Coralie till dinner, which you are to share with us, I'll finish signing a batch of leases that arrived this afternoon."

It was the first time he had ever used his wife's given name to Hartley. It happily symbolized their new relation, the latter thought. Yet, after dinner, as he and Coralie sat listening to the whining strains of the five-piece orchestra, a kind of gentle melancholy stole over him.

"I can't help feeling that your going away closes one of the sweetest chapters of my life," he murmured.

"And in mine," she assented soberly. "But if we don't get back, why can't you come down to New Orleans and celebrate the Mardi Gras with us?"

"I should love to. I haven't had a real vacation in three years. Thank God, though, my days of slavery are about over. Thank *you*, too," he added, chivalrously.

She suddenly dropped her eyes, with a deep flush.

He spent the night at the hotel, as he often did, ate a seven o'clock breakfast with the Beauchamps, and bade them good-by at the door of the motor-bus, which was to carry them to the railroad station.

As he motored back to Tecumseh, quite slowly for him, he noticed, for the first time, the flaunting goldenrod and pale blue asters along the roadside. Summer was gone, and her going left a little ache in his heart.

"Strange," he mused, "what dreams a beautiful woman will stir in the soul of a man!"

IN some way or other the sale of the Ballschmeider farm leaked out and rumors began to trickle along Main street — slowly at first, like a drop of rain creeping down a dusty window-light, but steadily gaining in volume and momentum.

"That new automobile of yours has something to do with it," chuckled Conrad, as he sat down at his son's desk. "But it is not a bad thing. We got to look after our end same as the Colonel does his. I think we shall soon organize a company with a capital stock of a hunnerd t'ousand dollars and turn Hoogo's varm over to it."

"For the whole hundred thousand?" exclaimed Hartley, startled at this flash of Napoleonic genius in his conservative father.

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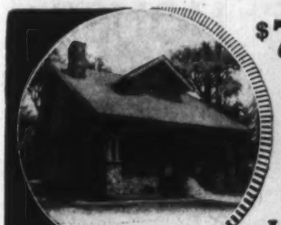

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"Sure. Maybe more. If people are excited now what vill they be when the railroadt builds a spur track in and the big buildings start up?"

"Father, it seems incredible."

"Still, it happens every day. Just open the newspapers and see."

He paused as the office boy approached with a handful of mail and then slit open a bulky envelope.

"What the dickens is this from the Boatmen's Bank in Zinzinnati!" he exclaimed. "It's those zertificates of deposit what I made out for Hoogo. I supposed they was still in his safety box. You imagine that dunderhead has been speculatin' and lost this money already?"

Hartley scanned the certificates sharply. They were indorsed in blank, in Hugo's unmistakable pothooks, and so contained no clue to the payee.

"It's mighty strange," said he slowly, "that Hugo should have sent this stuff out Of course, he may have bought a farm or he may have opened an account with the Boatmen's. But neither's likely. Suppose we drive out and pump him, making a bluff by asking if these signatures are genuine!"

"Why drive out?" asked the father, with constitutional caution. "Why not vait till he comes in?"

"I'm just a little anxious," admitted Hartley.

"About what?" demanded Conrad, in a higher key.

"Nothing in particular. But I hate a mystery."

The long-bodied new car skimmed the pike like a greyhound and swung into Ballschmeider's untidy barnyard just as the owner drove up the lane on a load of fodder.

"Good-morning yourselluf," returned Conrad, affecting a joviality he was far from feeling. "Come down, Hoogo, and take a squint at the signature on these zertificates of deposit and tell us if it's genewine."

"It's genewine," answered Hugo coolly, without coming down.

"Oh, all right, then. We just wanted to know as a matter of business." Conrad nudged his son. "We was a little zurprised, of course, you should be payin' out so much money at one time. I suppose you have bought a new varm."

The ghost of a smile crossed the old Teuton's leathery face.

"Nein. I have bought me no varm. But I have no objection to tell you who I paid those zertificates to. I paid them to the Golonel's pretty littlewife."

"To Mrs. Beauchamp!" cried Hartley, through his lips suddenly stiff, while Conrad plucked fiercely at his whiskers. "For what?"

Hugo tucked a shred of corn leaf between his lips.

"It was this vay. She bought a option on my upper eighty same time as the Golonel bought a option on my lower forty. She said if the Golonel was boundt to raise Ankora goats she would go him one better and raise gooses."

The two bankers listened with petrified faces, Hartley's of an ashen hue, his father's a brick red.

"Of course, it sounded voolish to me. But one day she toldt me if my land got too wal'able for her to raise gooses on she would zell her option back to me. The wery next veek, Coony,' you spoke to me about buyin' the varm, and when I asked the lady how much would she take to sell back her option to me she said eight t'ousand dollars. So of course I had to ask you sixteen t'ousand to git my profits oudt."

"You infernal old scoundtrel — you lop-eared old scally-vag!" shouted Conrad apoplectically, rising and shaking his fist at the gaunt, scarecrow figure on the corn stalks. "Vy did you not tell us all this?"

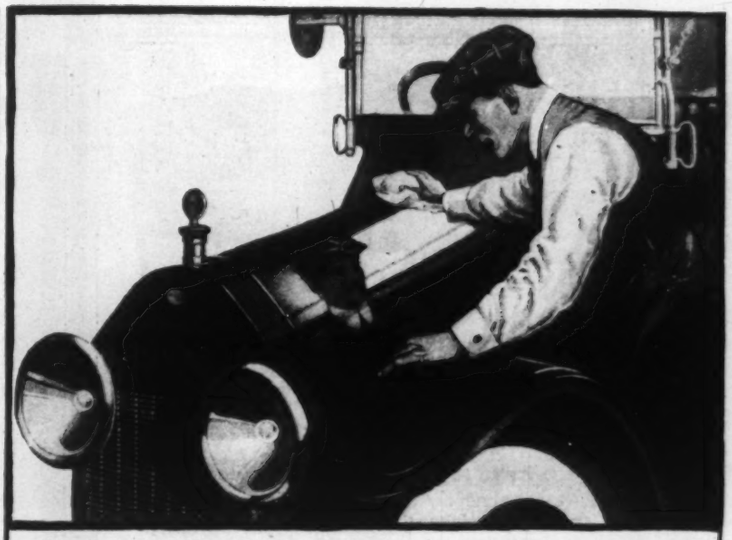
"Vat was there to tell?" asked Hugo, with unshakable calm. "If you wanted my varm worse'n the Golonel's wife, it was no business of mine. Besides, I like to make a dollar now and then myselluf, same as other vellers — same as you, Coony, when you offered me eighty dollars an acre for my varm and belief it to be wort' two hunnerd."

"Yes, you old noodle! And I belief it yet to be wort' two hunnerd an acre. Yes, two t'ousand. You think I bought it, eh, with my eyes shut! I am not a bird to be caught with salt on my tail."

"I hope you are right, Coony. If you are, my lower vorty will be wort' some money, too."

"You have no lower forty," interposed the son harshly. "It's optioned to Colonel Beauchamp."

"Not now. His option expired Nowember first."



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The words fell upon the ears of the two Wagners like sledge-hammer blows against the foundations of earth.

"Turn the car around, Chakey, and take me home," commanded Conrad. "I feel like I would have a chill soon."

The machine, sixty-horse powered though she was, labored back and forth for a moment in the mucky soil, then headed for the gate.

"I forgot to say, Coony," shouted Hugo, "if you vant to sell this eighty back to me any time I will be glad to give you sixty an acre. Udderwise I vill move down on to my vorty in the spring and build me a shack."

For answer came the vicious snort of the cut-out. Nor was any word spoken inside the car for some time.

"Well," finally said Conrad maliciously, "you will have a good time at the Mardi Gras anyhow, and can forget all your troubles."

Hartley, like a roused sleeper still struggling with the aftermath of a powerful drug, made no answer.

"There is nothing," continued the father mercilessly, "like the love of a peautiful woman, even if she is some other man's vife. I — "

He broke off. His son had burst into tears.

IN JULY: A rollicking story by Holworthy Hall, "Just Thirty Days." Flagg has made the pictures.

More Woman Stuff

[*Continued from page 25*]

Corinna, withdrawing her hands. She was, all at once, the poised, tactful hostess, putting her guest at ease. "Did you have a pleasant day?"

Now, as it happened, Benson had had a particularly pleasant day, swift-moving, stimulating, promising material returns; and, being only a man, with no feminine intuitions to guide him, he couldn't possibly know that Corinna passionately hoped he had been wretched. So he blundered.

"Oh, we had a gorgeous time," he replied, brightening under her interest. "Old Briggs has a beautiful place up there — a regular show place. You must see it some time."

Corinna nodded, already staring dreamily into space.

"And we had a bully luncheon — a lot of nice people."

"Oh, it was a party?" Corinna brought her eyes back to him for a second.

"Not a party exactly. Just our crowd — and then Fowler's daughter is staying out there, you know, and ——"

"No, I didn't know," said Corinna, rising, moving to the table and turning on another light. "Is she pretty?" she politely asked, as she resumed her seat.

"No-o, not exactly pretty," pondered Benson. "But she's attractive as the deuce. Bright and spontaneous and natural, you know."

Benson, before this, had failed to conceal the fact that he found feminine types attractive which were not the type of Corinna. Corinna rose again to fuss with the lamp.

"I'm glad you had such a pleasant time," she commented. "One imagines that business ordinarily must be so tiresome."

Benson sat staring at her, thinking how pretty she looked, wondering why he wasn't as happy as he had been when he came.

"Tell me what *you've* been doing all this time?" he asked. "Have you had a pleasant birthday?"

"Yes, very, thanks," replied Corinna.

It was heavy on his tongue to ask how she liked the picture, but he refrained; odd, how he could suddenly feel so self-conscious about that — with Corinna. Corinna, too, was thinking about the picture. Thought of it hung heavily between them, almost like a visible, tangible object. But Benson asked instead:

"What did you do?"

"Oh — a number of things."

"Oh, I see we're not telling things this evening." He tried to make his voice quizzically cheerful.

Corinna lazily stretched her slim arms outward.

"Aren't you staying a long while away from your personage?" she murmured.

"I've chucked him for tonight," grinned Benson. "He can get run over by an automobile or fall into the subway, for all of me. I simply couldn't stand it a minute longer — it seemed so long —" he interrupted him-

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self, suddenly leaning forward with that boyish, pleading expression Corinna knew so well—"Doesn't it seem ages to you, Corinna?"

But Corinna was not looking at him. She regarded her outstretched hands languidly.

"Does what seem ages, Andy?"

"Corinna, look at me!" commanded Benson.

Obediently she turned her soft, dark eyes to his, smiling.

"You perverse little thing!" His tone was half-exasperated, half-beseeching. "I've a notion not to invite you to dinner, after all."

The girl continued to regard him, not changing her non-committal smile.

"I chucked Fowler and bolted right up here to tell you," continued Benson. "Won't it be jolly to have a cozy little dinner again?"

"Yes," said Corinna, "but ——"

"But what?"

"I have another engagement. I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry, too." Benson's eyes and tone corroborated his words. There was a pause for a long minute; then, speaking slowly, he said, "Of course I couldn't expect you to hold the evening open; but it was your birthday, and I hoped I might be lucky and ——"

"I'm sorry," said Corinna again.

Another long silence. It was Benson who broke it.

"I suppose I might as well be moving along. You'll be wanting to dress."

If he hoped that the star-eyed, cryptic young thing, sitting there so radiantly calm, would disclaim his suggestion, would urge him to stay, he was fated to disappointment.

"I suppose I ought to begin to dress," she admitted. She raised a slender hand rather wearily, and pressed the palm against her temple. "I dread it—my head aches so."

"Oh, you poor darling!" Benson jumped up from his chair, crossed to hers, bent over her. "So *that's* the trouble! Why didn't you tell me before? I knew something was the matter."

Again that aggravating blunder—the persistent masculine assumption that whenever a woman "disciplines" a man, she must necessarily be ill.

Corinna, immensely true to her sex, hid her consuming resentment beneath the dark-blue softness of her eyes. She even smiled as she murmured:

"I'm sorry I bored you."

"Oh, it isn't that—you know it isn't that!" He laid his cheek against her soft hair. "Corinna, sweetheart, don't be so unkind to me."

"I'm sorry"—her repetition of that phrase began to nick into him acutely—"I didn't intend to be unkind." Her gaze wandered to the mantel clock, and she gave a start. "It is late," she ejaculated, "and I must ——"

"Well, I'll be going," Benson said dully. He moved toward the door. The question of the picture, his unmentioned birthday gift, hung, as it had hung throughout their talk, heavily between them.

Corinna, for some reason known only to herself and to her kind, waited until he had reached the door, his shoulders humped together and in his eyes that hurt look he could never conceal, before she exclaimed:

"Oh, I nearly forgot! Your picture!"

"Oh, yes," said Benson, striving to sound as though he had utterly forgotten the trifling thing's existence.

"Thank you so much for it. It's charming—Whistler's things always are."

"I thought you'd like it." Benson's tone had lightened, and he loosed his grip on the door-knob.

"Yes, it's charming," repeated Corinna.

"I hunted all up and down the Avenue for it," explained Benson, warming yet more. "I wanted to get just the right thing. And when I ran across this—it's hand-colored, you see ——"

"Yes, it's—exquisite." Corinna, glancing—perhaps unconsciously—at the clock, found a new adjective. But Benson did not observe; he was too busy feeling relieved. He was repeating:

"I'm so glad you like it—I wanted to get just the right thing. I first intended to send American Beauties, but ——"

He was interrupted by an exclamation.

"Oh!—American Beauties!" Only three words, but the tone was marvelously complex. It drew Benson up short in his enthusiasm.

"Why," he asked in some surprise, "you wouldn't rather have had the roses, would you, dear?"

Corinna smiled at him, a reassuring, patient, determinedly polite kind of smile.

"Why, no, of course not, Andy. But ——"

"But what, dear? Surely you can be perfectly frank with me?"

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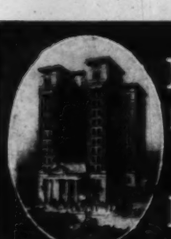

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"Well," she smiled at him wistfully, deprecatingly, bringing out her words as if against her will, "you know how it is with me and flowers — they seem the loveliest things in the world."

"I know — but I thought —" Benson, gazing at her in consternation, fumbled his words. "This etching was such a beautiful thing — and more enduring ——"

"Yes, I know. Enduring things are the most sensible. I suppose that's the reason —" again that appealing, pathetic little smile — "that we always treasure perishable things as the loveliest. I suppose I'm silly, but flowers — any kind of flowers — mean more to me than anything else in the world."

"I'm sorry I fluked," he said ruefully. "I hope you'll let me send you some to wear tonight."

"Oh, no, thanks — I have some. And I didn't mean you to infer ——"

"I don't infer anything. I'm only sorry I didn't hit on the right thing. I remembered you were planning your room in that shade of blue ——"

"Oh, it would *never* do for that!" interrupted Corinna. "It's an off-color — and you know *nothing* fights so as off-colors of blue. Besides, I already have so many pictures. I don't like too many pictures."

"I see it's a misfit all around," said Benson slowly. "If you'll let me have it back ——"

"Now you're feeling hurt!" she reproached.

"I'll feel hurt if you won't let me get something that really pleases you," he said doggedly. "Something that fits in. Anyway, I'd love to have the picture for myself."

Corinna lifted her slender shoulders slightly. "Oh, if that's the way you feel about it, of course you may have it back. I'll send it in the morning."

"No, I'll send a boy for it," he insisted. "Now I'll clear out of your way. I hope you'll have a nice time tonight."

"Well, I won't unless I run now and literally jump into my evening gown." She laughed gaily, closed the door after him, and then did run to her room — that she might throw herself, rent by sharp, uncontrollable sobs, upon her bed.

What was this hateful thing she carried inside her — this hot, passionate desire to make the person she loved unhappy, even while it stabbed more cruelly at herself? This fever, a mighty feeling that springs out of the dark, and subtly steals over one until it poisons the whole being; the passionate obsession to hurt, even while it breaks one's own heart; which drives one on and on, glorying in the racking secrecy of its turmoil, not allowing one's eyes to moisten, one's calm to falter, nor any slightest betrayal through that hideously cruel composure. What was it that had made her so resentful against Andy?

Were all women like this? Or was it only she who was a vindictive, ill-tempered creature? No wonder, as he grew to know her, that his love was waning. *Was* it waning? Did he realize what a petty, despicable thing she was? Desperately she put the question to that version, with deep-set, serious eyes, which rose up to haunt her — those eyes which could light up with such wonderful sweetness, when he smiled. Little remembrances of his tenderness thrust out before her, and, without warning, a great sob tore its way up from her aching heart.

A door opened. Alarmed, she smothered her mouth with her arm. It was a maid, to deliver a letter and to say the messenger was waiting for an answer.

Corinna felt her way across the dark room, took the missive, shut the door and snapped on a light. It was what the up-surge of her heart had told her — a note from Andy, very brief, asking her to give the picture to the waiting messenger.

Stumbling, spasmodic, then clear and definite, thoughts went charging through Corinna's brain, leaving her, in a quick and marvelous way, quite calm and resolved.

She moved to her desk telephone, called Benson's number, heard him answer.

"It's Corinna," she said, in a sweet, collected voice. "The messenger's here. I just called to ask if I may keep the picture."

"Why, of course, if you really want it." His voice sounded harsh and unsteady. "But if it's off-color, what's the use ——"

"I really want it, Andy. May I have it?"

"Why, of course."

"And, Andy ——"

"Yes?"

"I wish you could run around here for a minute."

He laughed, a discordant kind of laugh.

"That's an amusing notion," he said.

"Why amusing?"

"You ought to know."

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"I know I've asked you to come in for just a minute." A hint of impatience sharpened her voice.

"That's sweet of you," he answered dully, "but I know when I've had enough. I feel as if I couldn't crawl out of my hole, just now."

"Why, what's the matter, Andy?" she asked innocently.

He laughed that harsh laugh again.

"I suppose," she said, "that you want me to feel like a blot on the earth, for spoiling your pleasant day, and——"

"Corinna!" he begged. "Don't! I can't stand any more just now. I'm somehow not fit to see anyone, just now. I'd rather come tomorrow."

"I particularly asked you to come tonight. If you don't care to, there needn't be any tomorrow." The words fell clear and cold, like icicles.

"Corinna! Do you know you're talking to me like the very devil? And I don't like it! I——"

"Of course you don't, you nice old person!" she laughed, swiftly changing her manner. "But if you'll appear shortly, I'll promise——"

"But you're going out."

"I don't have to leave till late; and I'm practically dressed now," she lied sweetly. "How long will it take you, Andy, dear?"

"Fifteen minutes," he capitulated.

You would have been amazed to see what Corinna accomplished during those fifteen minutes. Cold water, powder puff, and of the tell-tale red splotches not a hint; magical touches to the soft dark cloud of hair; slippers, stockings, and, finally, a triumphant, transforming climax, a filmy counterfeit of moonlight and mist, the evening gown that Andy loved most.

She was waiting to greet him — eyes like moonshot pools in a dark forest, flushed, lovely, smiling, adorable.

She looked up at him mutely, entreatingly; and he, without a word, took her in his arms, held her close.

"Oh, Corinna," he whispered presently.

She gently turned her head so as to reveal one eye. "What, Andy?"

"Nothing," he replied unsteadily. "I'm afraid to say anything!"

"Please, Andy," she begged humbly, "just tell me that you love me."

He did.

After a time, he said:

"It was sweet of you about the picture, dear, but I understand. You must let me find something else — and take it back——"

"I won't *let* you have it!" she declared passionately. "It's mine — and I love it!"

Benson digested this change of attitude, then took courage to say:

"I stopped at the little florist's on the corner. But his stock was awful. I was afraid to bring you any of his flowers — I was afraid you'd send 'em back!"

His smile was whimsically gay, but Corinna's was tremulous.

"You poor dear!" she murmured compassionately. She looked up at him, misty-eyed and expectant. He bent and kissed her again. Under the caress her breathing quickened, her eyes closed. She tightened her arms about his neck, as if she would never loose him. Then her lips met his, soft, almost liquid in their abandonment; and in that kiss, in her little sigh of content, all inquietude, all discord, all foreboding — almost — was blotted from Benson's mind.

"You've forgiven me?" he whispered.

She nodded happily. "And *you've* forgiven *me!* Oh, Andy, how can you care for such an awful creature?"

Her humility was adorable — all the more precious because his sub-consciousness realized it was evanescent.

Corinna, relaxed in his arms, was thinking:

"That eager, wistful look in his eyes will never change. I treat him abominably, and he lets me forgive him. What a shame for me to take such an advantage of him — to have made him suffer just because his business — and I know it's important — took him away from me! But I must do that. I must have him for my own — nothing else ever to come first! That is because I love him so much!"

She did not know that she was analyzing the chief malady of every woman's love whether it be little or great.

Presently she glanced at the clock and quickly disengaged herself.

"I must run and put on my wraps!" she exclaimed. "We'll be frightfully late for dinner."

"*We?*" he echoed in astonishment.

"Why, yes, you poor boy! Don't you know it's my birthday? And I've put on your favorite dress so you can take me out for a party? A lovely, long, leisurely dinner — won't it be lovely?"

"Oh, Corinna, what am I ever going to do with you?" he asked ruefully.

But Corinna, as though unhearing, was saying:

"And you can tell me all about this tremendous business. I always mean to be interested in your business, Andy, and to understand its demands on you, and never to stand in the way."

For a second she lingered in the doorway, graceful, compliant, triumphant; smiling confidently at him as if to say, "You know that, don't you?"

And Benson smiled back, a loving, reassuring smile which, lying, said, "Of course I know that!"

Then Corinna darted away. While Benson sat waiting, a curious jumble of sensations, of thoughts, unbottled themselves within him.

He was happy because she had forgiven him. She was in the wrong, he knew, yet *she* had done the forgiving — and he was happy so. She refused to understand a man's responsibilities, was utterly unreasonable, was guided primarily by her emotions — more woman stuff! But her faults, somehow, made her only the dearer. And it was her love for *him* that brought her faults into display — because she loved him so much! Always, his common-sense told him, she would be like this: so sweetly foolish, so unreasonably bitter, so inconsistently, adorably repentant. And always he would forgive her, because he loved her and because he understood her; because he understood her so well that he realized he never would understand her at all.

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In sheer desperation Callie flags an express train which passes through. The brakeman, Joe Tipton, a good-natured young fellow, takes an interest in her and gives her a note to his mother, who keeps a very select boarding-house in San Vicente, asking her to give Callie his room while he is away. Callie receives a decidedly cold reception, especially from the women at the house, who look upon her with a good deal of suspicion. The first night she is in the house, she is awakened shortly after midnight by one of the maids who climbs through her window.

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The Straight Road

Continued from page 36

I was bound to be beaten — why not? — arguing with a lawyer. But the more Harvey insisted the more stubbornly I refused to make a positive promise till five-thirty, when he would be at liberty and, as he said, ready to take the boy out with him.

I got away from that building as though it had been afire. "Hush, Boy!" I said, almost fiercely, when he began again about the doggie out at the man's house. It was seven hours till half-past five — strange if I couldn't, in all that time, find among the thousands of people in this town something to do, some place to go, so that I could keep my son with me. I was young and strong; I was not without abilities; and I was keen to hurl the whole of me into the attempt.

I couldn't just go up to people on the street and ask for work; so I made a list of the employment agencies, and visited them one after the other. At most of them — I might have known it would be so at this time of year — the regular business was almost lost sight of in the signing up of hop pickers. It was work I knew well; they used to grow hops profitably up around Stanleyton; I had picked there once or twice, with other girls, when I was just a big child. Later, the farmers around Meagher attempted the crop, not very successfully. Oliver himself was nursing along a small field. I knew the toil in the burning heat, with the heavy drowsy odor of the hops in your nostrils. Even if Boy and I could have stood it, it was a temporary expedient, and would take me away from town where my real chance lay. No — it wouldn't answer. Yet it met me at every turn, and it was the only employment I found in which a child, so far from being a drawback, is regarded as an asset. One agent got quite enthusiastic over the chance she was offering me.

"This open air work's grand," she said. "So healthy. You'll have to pay your way up to Hopfields; but once you get there every member of the family can earn money."

"It wouldn't suit me," I said. "Have you nothing else, that would permit me to have the child with me?"

She shook her head.

"This is all," she said. "But at this you'll have steady employment in the open air, and at good pay for six weeks — every member of the family!"

"No," I repeated, and every member of my family walked out of the place hand in hand.

After all, why go into details concerning that miserable day? Everywhere I applied I was made to feel that Boyce was a folly, if not a crime; the sort of luxury a rich woman may indulge in, but for poor me little less than a piece of impudence.

Yet I brought some bits of worth-while knowledge out of my losing fight. If you go into an employment agency and ask for "anything" to do, you will get nothing. Even without a child, I was fitted for no regular wage-earning position. With him, it must indeed be something special, something out of the common, which it takes time to find and fit into. And time was what I did not have.

Though it was failure all along the line, there was one kind thing that cruel experience did for me; it shed light on what happened to spoiled, high-spirited, twenty-year-old Philip when his parents sent him unprepared to San Francisco to get a position that would support a wife. The keenest edge on my suffering then had been the belief that he had not really tried; that he had not cared enough to make a genuine effort. Today, as attempt after attempt of mine seemed to bring me only humiliation added to defeat, my heart went out to my poor boy lover who had been through it all before me. The old bitterness was clean washed away.

Boy's soft little feet were punished by the city pavements; his shoft legs grew so tired. Before I got back to the Cronin Building at half-past five, I had sat with him to rest on the bench of more than one employment agency, and even carried him at the last. For the time at least I was done. I could see my way no further; I was glad and thankful that there was a safe place for him where he would be welcomed and made much of.

Harvey didn't crow over me. He was only nervous for fear I should back out at the last minute. He kept hurrying me as though he didn't want to give me time to change my mind.

"You know Boy's got no clothes except what I brought in my suitcase, Harvey," I sighed. "My trunk hasn't come yet."

"Anything the matter with my going and getting what he needs?" Harvey suggested. "I always did want to buy boys' clothes."

"Oh, no," I said hastily, "you mustn't do that. He can wear what he has here — till the trunk comes."

"All right," he agreed, and we went down to his waiting car. Harvey got in and took the wheel, Boyce, mute with interest, beside him. He turned to me. "You go up to the Poinsettia and pack his things. J. B. and I'll drive around town a little and then pick you up at that drug-store on the corner of Arbolado and Fourteenth." He leaned closer to add, "No need to set all the old hens cackling by taking the machine down in front of the house."

This was probably only good common sense, but somehow it grated on me. I stopped, undecided, on the running-board, fumbling in the child's pocket to make sure he had a handkerchief.

"Go along, Calla. J. B. won't miss you." Harvey's hand on the steering-wheel twitched.

I looked helplessly at the two there in the motor. I was already an outsider. Harvey grinned at me with a full comprehension of his advantage. He might be dull about some things, but this he understood. I was sure that instinct told him what a hold on a child's fancy it gives one to buy clothes for it.

WHEN I got to the Poinsettia I was surprised to find my trunk in the front hallway. Well, anyhow, Boy could have his own things now. The trunk had already made trouble; Mrs. Thrasher stood over it talking loud to a straight, well-dressed young fellow whose back was to me, but who turned at the sound of the door — and there was Joe Ed's lovable, quizzical, devil-may-care countenance. My heart jumped; he'd have to have his room — where should I stay tonight?

He came up to me quickly. I felt sorry and ashamed about last night — as though I had spied. I tried not to think, as I looked at Joe Ed, so attractive in his fresh gray suit, what had hurried him back ahead of time, or about the act of that poor, foolish, sulky servant girl.

"Here is the lady now," said Joe Ed in that soft, Virginia drawl of his, advancing with outstretched hand. "Howdy, Mrs. Baird," speaking exactly as though we had been alone and there were no row going on. "Where do you want your trunk?"

"It isn't a question of where she wants it," Mrs. Thrasher cut in. "But if she's got other lodgings and is leaving, she surely will not expect her trunk to be carried upstairs — and then down again. Every trunk that is carried up the stairs is just so much injury to the house. The last one that went up scraped that place by the banister ——"

I paid no attention to her as I shook hands with Joe Ed, hesitating.

"I thought you were off on your vacation?"

He grinned a little sheepishly and explained:

"I found I might just as well go back and get your trunk for you."

"Oh, you oughtn't to have done that," I said gratefully, "though I am glad to have it sooner. You'll want your room, now." I tried to speak easily, but my tone was anxious.

"Why, no," Joe Ed didn't look at me. "I'm going right back this evening — going on to Santa Barbara, this time, sure enough. And say"—he lowered his voice—"stay here as long as it suits you. When I come back I'm going to bunk with a fellow down nearer the station — for a while."

I knew better than I had the day before how valuable his offering was — not merely a stopping place, but the guaranteed respectability of the Poinsettia behind me.

"I'll be glad to stay — for a while," I agreed.

"Stay!" echoed Mrs. Thrasher, listening shamelessly. "I thought we settled the matter of the little boy last night."

"It's settled; I've only come for his clothes," I told her; then spoke to Joe Ed, who stood by waiting to do anything I wanted of him.

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"While I run up and get the key, would you mind pulling my trunk over to the side of the stairs so I can open it and get Boyce's things out?"

It had been nearly nine hours since I passed through the door of that room. I tumbled my own things out of the suitcase, tossed in the few of Boy's that were upstairs, and then turned for the last putting-to-rights look in my glass. I caught up my one white silk scarf, drew it over my small hat, knotting it at each ear, and tying it under the chin. Then I went down to find Joe Ed undoing the trunk straps and snaps for me. He stood close a moment as I bent for the unlocking and looked sidewise at me.

"They tell me you had a merry, merry time here last night over the kid," he said in an undertone.

"Yes," fitting my key in and turning it.

"Well — you're going to stay awhile, anyhow."

He seemed a little uneasy at lingering while I might wish to open up the trunk, yet he was plainly so anxious to be reassured that I said heartily:

"Oh, yes — I'm only too thankful to stay till I can find a suitable place where I can have Boy with me."

He looked relieved, and strolled toward the front door, his hands in his pockets, whistling under his breath. Vaguely I noted something familiar about the little musical phrase he repeated over and over; and then forgot it in getting out Boy's clothes.

Mrs. Thrasher had not Joe Ed's delicacy. She came right up and watched me like a customs inspector.

"You, yourself, are going to stay awhile, then?"

"Why, cert, Your Highness," Joe Ed spoke softly over his shoulder. "She couldn't get away from a house that had you in it. Don't I just pine for a sight of you when I'm out on my run? Ain't that what brought me back here right at the beginning of my vacation?"

An incredible, silly half-smile relaxed the line of Mrs. Thrasher's iron jaw.

"Get along with you," she said. "You came to bring another woman's trunk. You can't pull the wool over my eyes, Joe."

I didn't hurry myself; I got out everything I wanted, and packed the suitcase neatly. Mrs. Thrasher stayed by me through the operation, and Miss Creevey came to join her before it was done. At the front Joe Ed lounged in the vestibule, still whistling. When I came out he took the suitcase from my hand as though it had been what he was waiting for. Mrs. Thrasher, following, watched us leave the house together.

We passed an express wagon drawn up before that wonderful leafy tunnel at whose entrance I had seen the tenant of the back bungalow that morning. The driver was unloading a large box labeled, "Books."

"Seen the Big Noise yet?" asked Joe Ed, evidently for the purpose of making conversation.

"Do you mean the man who lives in the bungalow?"

"Yes. Frank Hollis Dale. Look at it there on the box. Mark it well. Funny as a crutch to see those dames back at the house run after him and get left — and him a-standing still all the time."

"The name sounds familiar, but ——"

"Don't talk that way in San Vicente," Joe Ed shook his head at me. "The town's so proud of having the Real Thing in it that it believes everybody ought to know all about him. You remember his being in the magazines so long when they thought he was lost in Central America and sent a searching party after him? That's where he got his health broken down; he's come to California to recuperate — lectures at the college here — and every woman in town that thinks she thinks a thought is after him to come to her pink teas."

We were getting pretty close to the corner; I began to feel a little embarrassed.

"There's a reason," I blundered, "why I don't want you to come any further with me."

"Just as you say, lady," he agreed amiably. "But where do I take the suitcase then?"

"Just give it to me," I said, and reached out for the suitcase. "I can carry it. It isn't very far."

He refused with a motion. Stepping nonchalantly along, he glanced sidelong at me and began whistling again under his breath the same phrase that had caught my attention back there at the Poinsettia. As our eyes met I recognized that it was from the thing they tried to make the state song, and carried the words, "I love you, California."

"Nobody could help it," he whispered

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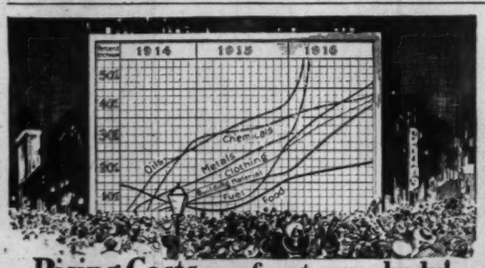

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laughingly when he saw by my startled glance that I had got the hint. "That little old white veil just puts the finishing touch. Makes you look like the Light of the Harem, sure enough."

"Thank you," I laughed back. "A woman needs a compliment now and then — even if it is only the approval of a small boy, it does her good."

"You're welcome," he agreed amiably. "I've got a lot more any time you have use for one in your business. By the way, where is your sure-enough small boy?"

There was no need to answer. At the moment Boyce, sitting in Harvey's car drawn up to the curb on the side street, caught sight of us through the plate-glass windows of the corner.

"Muvver! Muvver!" he called. "Did you bring my bud'n?"

There stood the car and Harvey with my son, evidently waiting for me discreetly — out of sight — by appointment. There was nothing for it but to go ahead then, and of course the two men must be introduced. I hastily reminded Joe Ed that this was the Mr. Watkins I had spoken of, and that Boy was going to stay out at Las Reudas for a while. Here it was that Joe Ed's breeding showed. Apparently he was not in the least surprised at our arrangements, though I instinctively knew that any car he drove would have come up to my door for me, openly, though that door had been the front entrance of the infernal regions themselves. He put the suitcase into the tonneau, lifted his hat and took himself off like the young Virginia gentleman that he was.

"Who's that?" Harvey demanded as soon as his back was turned.

"The boy I told you of that I met on the train." I was getting into the front seat, taking Boy on my lap. "The son of Mrs. Tipton who keeps the Poinsettia."

"I thought you said he was going on to Santa Cruz."

"He was, but he came back to — to ——"

"Well?"

"He came back to bring my trunk. It had just got there. I was awfully glad, for it gave me a chance to get all of Boyce's clothes together. I hope you didn't buy anything for him. He doesn't need it."

Harvey had started the car. We ran a block or two; then he turned to say, dryly:

"Never you mind what we bought, Calla. I want to get it clear in my mind about this young man."

"There's nothing to get clear," I said irritably. "He was the brakeman on the train, and he's offered me his room — temporarily."

"For two weeks," supplied Harvey, and guided the car into a broad, tree-lined, quiet street.

"Well," I hesitated, "he says now that I can have it as long as I want to keep it ——"

"Heh," said Harvey, and speeded up. "I'll keep J. B. for you, as long as you want to stay there."

Chapter VI. From Her Who Hath Not

WHEN it came to parting with Boy I was ashamed of the scene I made. The youngster himself was all taken up with the ducks and the garden, swaggering about, Fairy at his heels, glorious in the belief that he owned her now, as well as the house and Mrs. Eccles.

She stood looking on while I knelt where I had snatched Boyce just by the door for a last good-by, Harvey waiting half-way down the path with his back to me, the motor at the gate. Everything had been said. I saw she was used to children, and would be entirely competent with him. But the more suitable and reasonable the arrangement seemed, the worse it hurt me. I hugged the little soft, limber body to me in a way that I knew Boyce hated.

"I wouldn't get him all worked up if I was you," Mrs. Eccles remonstrated. "He won't sleep."

And Harvey called:

"Come on, Calla. J. B.'s all right. He's a man. He doesn't care which woman darns his socks. Come on."

I hated him for the speech, but it stung me into allowing one of Boy's "Good-by's" to stand as final. I tore myself away, jumped up and ran, pulling down my veil as I went, jostling against Harvey, passing him, blundering into the car ahead.

I got into the front seat because I had ridden there on the way out. It never occurred to me — till Harvey was climbing past into the driver's place — that I ought to have offered to go back to town on the street-car. I said so, and he answered promptly:

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"Certainly not. I don't know how it is with you, but I've got to have some dinner."

"I couldn't eat," I mumbled.

"Well, come along and see me eat, then," and he started the machine.

In the car with its lighted lamps, everything about seemed dark, as though night had suddenly come. Sliding along in that tunnel of brightness that went ahead of us, I wondered helplessly at myself that I had ever agreed to the arrangement which separated me from Boyce. Why, that was what all the effort and agony had been for — that I should take the child away from Oliver, who was unfit, and have a chance to be the right kind of mother to him. Only that, it had long seemed, could restore my self-respect. And here, at the first touch of difficulty — and partly to please Harvey, who knew nothing of the real me and her aims, I had given the child up. Temporarily? At the moment, our separation seemed eternal.

"Crying?" Harvey turned and tried to peer through my veil; then as he got the little catching of an indrawn breath he added softly, "dear."

"No." I paid no attention to the familiarity. He might have called me "dear" or damned me, then — I was indifferent.

"I'll bet you are."

"I'm not."

"Why don't you put up your veil, then?"

I laid the veil back, saying, as best I could:

"I oughtn't to have left the child. I know it now."

"It was the only sensible thing to do," Harvey declared. "When you've had a good dinner you'll see it that way, too."

"Dinner — oh, just take me home, and then go and get your own," I said nervelessly.

"It'll be pretty late by the time we get back to town," he objected.

"I'm sorry. What do you want to do?"

"Why — er — there's a place on the way where we could get a mighty good dinner — the best crab Louis you ever ate." He hesitated oddly. "Would you mind going there?"

"Why should I?"

It was a very quiet place, secluded, almost sly looking, behind its latticed front fence with a tall gate. We had a private room and Harvey ordered lavishly.

When the dinner came I realized my hunger, and ate with appetite. As always, the good hot food began to put heart into me. I found courage to look forward; I remembered the one helpful suggestion made me that morning. The woman at the Y. W. C. A. employment agency had asked why I didn't take a few months at a business college, and fit myself for an office position. I turned this over in my mind now, watching Harvey, glad to see him enjoying his dinner; glad enough that he'd had his own way about that visit from Boy — it was mean of me to grudge him the child.

There's something queer in the effect of long association. It isn't a question of affection, or even of the most ordinary liking. It's just familiarity. We simply do not see the faults or failings we have so many times overlooked. I had never cared for Harvey Watkins; yet now Harvey, helping my plate, watchful to keep me supplied with everything, dealing competently with the waiter, finally piling a little heap of coins on the cloth beside the dinner check, evidently ready for his settlement, was a known quantity and a fairly agreeable companion. After all, this was Harvey — not just anybody I had chanced to meet coming to the new town. When he got as far as his coffee — my dinner had been done some time — I laid the Y. W. C. A. woman's suggestion before him.

"Sounds good to me," he said. "The Phipps business college is on the top floor of the Cronin Building. Suppose you go there tomorrow morning, and talk to Pop Phipps about it. I'd stand for your expenses."

Without looking, he fingered a coin away from that little pile on the cloth, and pushed it forward till it lay directly between us — a five-dollar gold piece.

"I took typing and stenography a few weeks in my last high school year," I said hurriedly. "And they have night classes there at the Y. W. C. A. Don't you think I could brush up sufficiently that way?"

"Too slow. You'd break yourself down at it."

"Well," I felt my face reddening; I was acutely conscious of that gold piece on the table; "she did say that some of them borrowed the money for a business course, and paid out after they got a position. I shouldn't dare do that unless I was sure of a place beforehand."

"That's what I'm figuring on," said Harvey, cutting cheese in little strips and laying it with a water cracker. "We've been chewing the rag for six months there in the office, about a private secretary for me — somebody not concerned with any other member of the firm."

"You're really going to have one?" I demanded. "Can you hold the position for me till I'm ready?"

"The position's yours — nobody else's," Harvey nodded. "As it stands now, Bates hammers out the briefs and the correspondence on that darned old threshing-machine they call a typewriter, and they're a disgrace to the firm. But the main point is that any lawyer handling the sort of work I do — the McBrides have shoved all their dirty jobs off on me from the first — has got to have a private secretary that he can trust. That's what's needed more than stenography. You can get enough shorthand within three months. Better put that out of sight — the waiter's coming. He might take it for his tip."

"I'll pay just as soon as I can," I said huskily, covering the coin.

"Needn't hurry yourself," Harvey grinned a little. "There's no interest charged on that sort of debt. Pay when you get ready — or never pay. Maybe I'll see a way to square it for you in some item of the office expenses."

The waiter came and went. I sat pushing the coin about under an uncertain palm. It seemed to me I couldn't pick it up.

"Maybe I could get a place to work for my board," I said finally.

"You'll get on faster at the college if you give your time and energy to it. The tuition and expenses together won't amount to much. I'd advance the expense money personally, you see."

The coin under my hand got some reasonable color with this, and I picked it up, held it a moment, turning it over, then dropped it into my pocket.

"Oh," I said, "I ought to get along with three or four dollars a week."

Harvey shook his head.

"You'll need about ten."

"Not so much —" I was beginning, when he interrupted me: "Well, split the difference," and added in another tone, "That white scarf thing's very becoming." I glanced over to find him looking steadily at me. As our eyes met he smiled. "But I like to see your hair — I always remember you with a lot of curls hanging down your back — the prettiest little school girl that ever kept all the boys guessing."

"I might have taken my hat off for dinner," I said. "It's too late now. What time is it? Oughtn't I to be getting back to the Poinsettia?"

Harvey looked at his watch, and snapped it shut without telling me the hour.

"That's all right," he said. "But while we're here alone and have the chance, I want to talk to you about your divorce case. It'll take three months to acquire residence in the county. Meantime we don't want to slip up on anything. I've got to have the facts, so I can be ready to meet any movement of Baird's."

I sat silent, rolling some crumbs on the cloth. I suppose I looked uncomfortable. There was a flicker of curiosity in his eyes. Speech, at the moment, was beyond me.

"Don't be squeamish," he encouraged. "You know, Calla, as a matter of fact the real grounds are not generally the ones on which the decree is obtained. A lawyer shields his client — but he's got to have the facts."

He paused expectantly. I had a queer feeling as though my circulation were shifting the blood all away from my head and to my pounding heart. Then, in another instant, it all went there, making my cheeks burn, and the big arteries in my neck throb.

"You needn't mind me," Harvey gave me another lift.

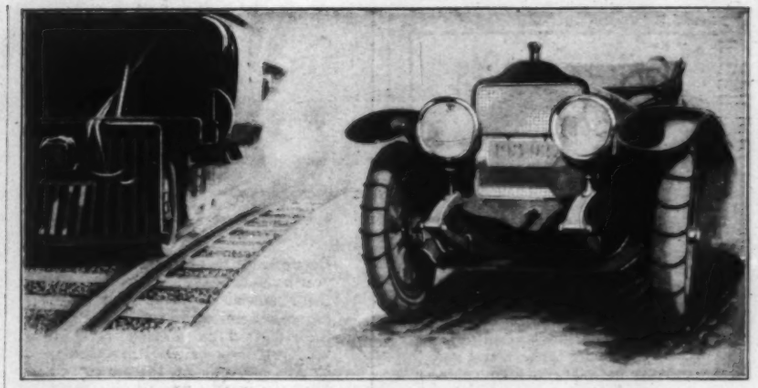
"What do you want to know?" I breathed.

He leaned forward. His eyes looked into mine in such a way that I felt suddenly exposed, shamed.

"Say, Calla, have you the grounds for divorce?" he asked, in a husky, intimate whisper, "or has Baird?"

"I — why I don't know what you mean," I halted out.

"Take it easy," Harvey said. "You'd be astonished at the things a lawyer is told — by people of the highest respectability, too. Suppose Baird has got the grounds? We'll find a way to put the screws on him. I'll get a divorce [*Continued on page 75*]



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Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing this booklet. Some new material has been added by Mr. Atwood, but the purpose of this Financial Booklet remains the same. It is intended for McCLURE readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that this booklet is invaluable to them. A library edition bound in leather may be had at a dollar per copy.

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made because of the great number of inquiries received. Mr. Atwood cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies, nor to suggest speculative opportunities.

Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, McClure Building, New York.

THE attention of American investors is sure to be drawn more and more to foreign securities. Since the war much has been said and written in this country concerning the advantage of overseas investments, but aside from the Anglo-French Loan and various Canadian bonds the American public has not until very recently been given any definite information regarding the opportunities now available. Several readers of this magazine have asked for specific, concrete information along these lines, and it may be possible to at least furnish preliminary data.

In the past British Consols, French Rentes and German and Russian bonds were not quoted in the New York market for the obvious reason that they were not wanted. We had enough to do to take care of our own development. But the war has wrought a great change. This country has money to spare, and the European lending countries have none whatever, because they are spending it all on war. Not only are we buying back our own securities from England, but we are rapidly becoming interested in European, Asiatic, African and South American as well as Canadian enterprises. As far as South America is concerned it is clear that we cannot build up any extensive reciprocal trade with that continent unless we invest in its enterprises. England was dominant in South America because she owned the railroads, and naturally the railroads bought their supplies from the country which owned them.

But the individuals who have money to place at interest do not care much about the economic or political reasons for foreign investing. They desire to know if safe openings are to be had at high rates. Undoubtedly the answer should be affirmative. On September 30, 1915, Dr. Edward Ewing Pratt, Chief of the Bureau of Domestic and Foreign Commerce, addressed the Investment Bankers Association of America, as follows:

"Let me suggest that you will make a very real contribution to American trade and the expansion of the United States as a world financial power, and at the same time earn an honest penny for yourselves, by organizing special departments for handling foreign securities for American investors. At present investment propositions which come from foreign countries are cared for only in a most incidental way."

Bankers and brokers responded quickly, and today there are a number of strong firms ready to buy securities practically all over the world. I am not urging all citizens of this country to rush headlong into unknown fields. But certainly the time has come for persons with fairly large sums at their disposal to at least investigate the high rates obtainable abroad. A few enterprising brokers are publishing booklets on Argentine rails, and Killiks Argentine Railway Manual, in a new edition, is a small book now easily had. For general information concerning all Latin American subjects, "The Americas," published by the National City Bank of New York, is easily the most useful magazine for investors. It likewise furnishes information about Russia. The Committee on Foreign Relations of the Investment Bankers Association is rapidly collecting a library, accessible to all its members, in which foreign investments are fully covered. The South American Handbook, issued by the National Foreign Trade Council, is useful.

There is no doubt that many foreign bonds will enjoy a marked advance in price. Canadian bonds (treated more fully in McClure's Magazine for March, 1916) have gone up since that article was published, and Japanese 4½s, actively traded in on the New York Stock Exchange, have had a considerable rise from the exceedingly low prices at which they were selling a few months ago. The great war profits in Japan surely should strengthen the government bonds of that country. When Japan brought out a large issue of bonds some years ago, part of them were sold in Berlin and these still bear German revenue stamps. London does not permit any trading in German stamped securities during the war. And so one of the greatest markets has been cut off. But the bonds contain a clause providing that the interest shall be paid and the payment of the principal shall take place, in time of war as well as in time of peace and whether the holder of the bond is the subject of a friendly or a hostile state.

While the great majority of foreign securities are bought by way of London, many are either listed on the New York Stock Exchange or may be bought directly in the New York market. Among them are: Anglo-French 5s, numerous Canadian issues, Argentine Government 5s, Chinese Railway 5s, City of Tokio 5s, Cuban 5s, and the various government bonds of Germany, France, Norway, Austria, Italy, Switzerland and Sweden. There are also Hawaiian and Philippine government issues (really United States bonds), many new Hawaiian and Cuban sugar stocks, and the 6 per cents. of the strong Cuban Mortgage Bank to pay 6½ per cent. It should be noted that bonds of neutral European governments have practically all risen in price, and probably the average American fears them less than the belligerent obligations. When the Swiss 5s, maturing in 1918 and 1920, were "brought out" in March, 1915, they sold to pay 6 per cent. but now (in April, 1916) they have risen to pay only 4.90 per cent. But the Norwegian 6s still pay more than 5½ per cent. They come due in 1923. Argentine government bonds have enjoyed a considerable rise, but those which do not come due until 1920 may still be had to pay 5½ per cent.

As showing the wide variety of securities available at the present time, to the American investor *via* London, I quote from a report just received from a leading New York brokerage firm (date of April 5, 1916):

"There is a brisk inquiry for Buenos Aires 5 per cent. bonds of 1913–14. These sell around 83. We have, ourselves, orders standing in City of Petrograd 4½ per cent. bonds of 1914, which are quoted around 74, and City of Lima (Peru), 5 per cent., issue of 1911, quoted around 66.

"We have also handled a very considerable volume of Uruguay Consolidated, 3½ per cent. bonds, Venezuelan Diplomatic 3s, Swiss Federal Railway 3½s, City of Moscow 4½ per cent. loan of 1912, and just at the moment the writer is trying, by cable, to buy a block of Russian Rentes of 1894, being what is known as the Imperial Russian Grand Loan, and is also trying to buy some Paris, Lyon and Mediterranean obligations, old and new.

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"There is now a large movement of American capital in connection with the firm of Lewis & Marks of London, by way of entry into the East Rand of South Africa, and undoubtedly there will be a movement to popularize some of the South African mining stocks among American investors. These issues are particularly deserving of careful attention by the American public as they are being financed and the development work carried on by the very highest grade of engineering talent.

"We are also offering a line of Colonial stock issues; being Colonial Government stocks issued by the Province of New South Wales, the Province of New Zealand, the Cape in South Africa, Natal, also South Africa, Tasmania, Victoria and West Australia. These can all be bought around 75 or better, and on such a basis show a very handsome return on the money invested, with an almost certain capital appreciation equivalent to one-third of the actual amount of outlay."

As showing the decline in foreign securities since the war, another firm prepared the following list:

		Prices in March 1916	Average prices before war
Argentine 5% Interior Loan 1909		88	100
Austrian	4% Rentes	50	90
British	2½% Consols	59	75
British	4½% War Loan	97	...
*Brazil 1898	5% Funded Loan	87	100
*China	4½% Gold Loan 1898	81	92
*Egyptian	4% Unified Loan	76	100
French	3% Rentes	60	90
French	5% War Loan	88	...
German (English Stamped)	3% Reichsanleihe	48	78
*Japanese Imperial (second series German Stamped)	4½% Loan	76	90
Netherlands	2½% Loan	60	67
4% City of Rotterdam		88	97
Russian Bonds	4% Gov't. and *R. R.	55	85
*San Domingo	5% Customs Loan	93	100
*San Paolo (Brazil) 5's 1913 (Redeemable 1923)		88	100
*Uruguay	3½'s	61	69

Bonds marked (*) are specifically secured by Custom Revenue or otherwise. Some of these bonds may be secured materially cheaper. "German Stamped."

One of the banking firms strongly recommends shares in Rio Tinto, the great Spanish copper mine. These shares have been depressed by the fact that so many of them are held in belligerent countries. The mine is perhaps the oldest and one of the richest in the world.

In the purchase of many foreign securities it must be remembered that a prevailing depreciation in the European exchanges on this country favors the investor on this side. Simply explained, a dollar in American money will buy a larger amount of European money, or its equivalent in stocks and bonds, than in normal times. Thus a much higher rate of interest is obtained than appears on the surface.

At present writing it appears feasible to purchase through New York banking firms, which have no prejudice against the Germans, various high-grade German-owned American securities, to be left on deposit in Switzerland or Holland until after the war. England will not allow the passage of such securities on the high seas, but those who are willing to forego physical possession can obtain German-owned stocks and bonds in this way at prices ranging from 3¼% for Pennsylvania to 8% for Japanese bonds lower than those in New York for the same securities. Canadian Pacific stock can be had 18% cheaper in this way, but German-owned Canadian Pacific gets no dividends during the war.

One field which has hardly been touched in this country is the lending of money on mortgages in South America. Formerly in Argentina, French and Belgian mortgage companies took over mortgages at from 7 per cent. to 9 per

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City of Buenos Aires 5% 1913
Uruguay 3½% Consolidated Loan
Imperial Russian 4% Rentes 1894
Venezuelan Diplomatic 3%
Mexican Government 5% 1945
Mexican Government 4% 1954
City of Moscow (Russia) Sinking Fund 4½% 1961

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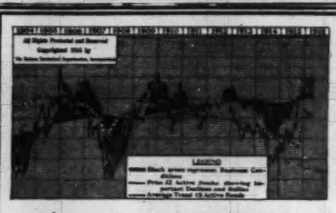

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cent., issued their own debentures against them at from 4 per cent. to 5 per cent., and in consequence were able to pay dividends on their stock of from 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. A year ago mortgages could be had in one of the largest and most prosperous cities of Brazil, Sao Paulo, to pay 12 per cent. or even more. In some cases rates of 1½ per cent. a month were arranged. It is to be hoped that bankers in the States will soon make arrangements to offer the more conservative of these South American mortgages. The writer does not at the present know of any domestic firm which deals in them.

Perhaps the most important single company engaged in obtaining capital in this country for the use of South America is the American International Corporation, a $50,000,000 concern formed by leading financial interests. It proposes to invest in South American, European and Asiatic industries and sell its own debentures to purchasers in the United States, against these investments. It has not made any offer yet, but when it does, the investor may feel sure that the foreign proposition has been carefully selected and that great capital and credit are behind it.

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A booklet entitled "Odd Lot Buying" has been issued by Hartshorne & Pica ia, members of the New York Stock Exchange, 7 Wall Street, New York. The booklet lays special emphasis on the firm's methods of giving advice to small investors and may be obtained by writing for booklet U-16.

A very interesting booklet has recently been issued by The F. B. Collins Investment Company, Oklahoma City, Okla., which gives valuable information to prospective investors in Farm Mortgages.

The Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass., furnishes weekly reports and charts which help its subscribers to anticipate the larger movements in security, commodity, and labor prices.

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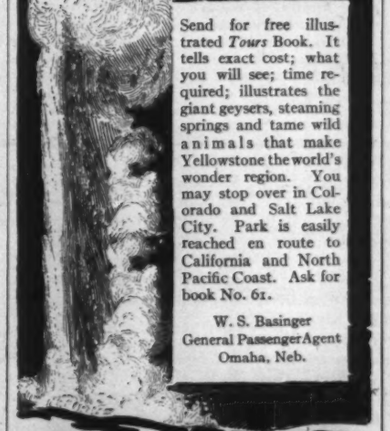

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Send for free illustrated *Tours* Book. It tells exact cost; what you will see; time required; illustrates the giant geysers, steaming springs and tame wild animals that make Yellowstone the world's wonder region. You may stop over in Colorado and Salt Lake City. Park is easily reached en route to California and North Pacific Coast. Ask for book No. 61.

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Send 6c postage for illustrated booklet, map and guide, to John F. Pierce, Asst. Pass. Traffic Mgr., 137 R. & O. Bldg., Montreal, Canada.

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

The Westfield Standard — Does It Pay?

As Answered by Those Who Find That It Does

ECONOMICALLY, the Westfield Standard has become a factor to be reckoned with. Today, in the food market, it is causing more comment than anything similar ever attempted; for by the consumer, it is now generally recognized as the safest and the sanest basis upon which to purchase food products.

Ten years ago, before the enactment of a National Food Law and prior to the creation of the Westfield Standard, the fake food business was a flourishing one. Food frauds passed unnoticed; debased foods of all kinds were accepted without question; over-refined, dyed, bleached foods were even in demand. At the present time, pure food has a market far over and above that of fake foods. The fake food is still with us, it is true; but its existence is now, in a majority of cases, doubtless a matter of ignorance rather than a wilful desire to defraud, and, even for the crook, its manufacture and sale is far from being the simple, profitable industry it once was. Not only the housekeepers, but the food purchasing agents of our large hotels and similar institutions, have learned to discriminate between the superior brand and inferior products. They are determined to have pure and safe foods only, and in order to protect themselves as well as their customers, are now checking up their orders according to the Westfield Standard.

The enterprising manufacturer and food merchant realizes that he must adapt himself to new conditions, that the manufacturer who lives up to our standard, and the dealer who sells according to our standard, is doing a bigger and a more profitable business than he who disregards it. In other words, honest goods are no longer merely a matter of conscience, they are a matter of profit.

Does the Westfield Standard pay? The letters that follow are our best answer:

Direct from the Manufacturers

"Alberta, Canada.

"We are interested in your 'Pure Food Contest' and wish to help out wherever possible. We are turning out a line of potted beef. The point we wish to take up with you is this: Without the use of a preservative there seems to be a slight difference in the meat if kept over one week.

"We would like to be able to keep the product sweet within the requirements of the Westfield Standard. Is there any kind of preservative that you would consider favorably, for the purpose of keeping such a product in a sealed container for a greater length of time?"

"Athens, Georgia.

"We have your letter of the 17th instant, and thank you for same. We will appreciate it very much, if you would kindly refer us to a vegetable product having food value that would give color similar to amaranth (coal tar dye) or at least a deep red shade."

"Cincinnati, Ohio.

"In addition to your gratifying report on our coffee, we have seen the official Westfield Report. This latter report would seem to indicate that, because of a misstatement on the label the coffee has not been duly accredited as passing the Westfield Standard. We are very desirous, however, of securing a listing in your book, and accordingly are taking immediate steps to change label in conformity with your suggestion. Will we be permitted to state that our coffee passes the Westfield Standard?"

"Anaheim, California.

"I am in receipt of your letter stating that Crawford's Orange Marmalade meets the requirement of the Westfield Standard for pure food. I would like to have your permission to use the statement: 'Meets the requirement of the Westfield Standard of Pure Food;' as such a statement in my advertising matter would undoubtedly be of value to me."

"Lawrence, Massachusetts.

"Samples of our ice cream are forwarded for your inspection. The color used in our strawberry ice cream is 'Certified' by the manufacturers, B. Heller & Co., of Chicago, Ill., but if it does not comply with your standard we will be very glad to use one that does if you will inform us where it can be purchased."

"Newark, New York.

"In your esteemed favor you state that it will be a pleasure to be of service to us.

"We believe most emphatically you can be of service to us. If you can guide us to satisfactory vegetable colors we shall be very much in your debt.

"We should also like to inquire concerning your attitude towards synthetic flavors in such cases as Banana, Pineapple, Strawberry, Raspberry, and such other fruit flavors as cannot be made from the fruits themselves.

"We feel that your endorsement is of value to us and we should like to put our line in position to receive your unqualified support."

"Melrose, Massachusetts.

"I am sending different specimens of our new dessert. The basis of this preparation is tapioca, concentrated fruit juices and colored with U. S. certified colors.

"If these colors do not meet with your approval, will you kindly regulate them for me? It is necessary for me to create a little bit of tart in the pudding. I have tried a small portion of citric acid; if this does not meet your approval in this particular product, I would be grateful if you would suggest something suitable in place of citric acid. It is my express desire to comply with the Westfield Standard."

And these are only illustrations from hundreds of others. New foods are constantly being manufactured "*according to the Westfield Standard.*" Well-known products—ice creams, dessert powders, gelatins, preserves, candies, canned goods are frequently changed and improved "*to meet the Westfield Standard.*" Labels are revised "*to correspond to the Westfield Standard.*" In the baking powder agitation, the "mixed flour" case, and the benzoate of sodium discussions the Westfield Standard has figured prominently.

Interesting Correspondence with the Man Who Sells

"Mason City, Iowa.

"We are much interested in your pure food investigations, and handle a great many of your advertised products that appear in *The Ladies' World.* We also carry a complete line of foodstuffs put up for us under our own label. Would it be possible for you to examine this line for us and tell us how it stands up?

"We will gladly pay any expense for the examination, and any charge you might see fit to make. If you act favorably upon this matter, we will forward the amount of goods necessary to make this test."

"Westfield, Massachusetts.

"In reply to your query would advise that we should be glad to be of assistance to you, if you will forward to this laboratory a complete line under the brand you mention. You, of course, understand that in order to measure up to the Westfield Standard, each product under the particular brand must correspond to the standard; otherwise it would invalidate the entire brand. Two samples of each product would be necessary, in order that we might check up results.

"Lewis B. Allyn."

"Mason City, Iowa.

"Yours of the first at hand and contents noted. In reply wish to state we are sorry the baking powder and catsup did not come up to the standard. Although we have never handled the baking powder, catsup, salmon or coffee, it was our intention. Since receiving your letter, we have decided to handle only the fruits and vegetables. Would appreciate it if you could drop us a line recommending the fruits and vegetables. Also wish to state we are a small concern and a young one in this city, and our sole aim is to treat the people right, and so far we have had an excellent business. We went to the wholesale house for the items we did not carry; that's how we came to send the complete line. We handle Royal Baking Powder, Armour's and Libby's Canned Meats, Walter Baker's Chocolate and Cocoa, also a full line of Heinz products.

"Trusting to hear from you favorably."

"Westfield, Massachusetts.

"Your letter of the 3rd has just the right ring to it, and we shall be only too glad to cooperate with you. We are asking the New York office to send you the Westfield literature, for I feel sure we want your firm to come into the fold with other high grade dealers.

"Relative to the following articles: Royal Baking Powder, Armour's and Libby's Canned Meats, Walter Baker's Chocolate and Cocoa, Heinz products, would say they pass the Westfield Standard, as they are free from all adulteration and are products of great merit. We are enclosing herewith copy of the Westfield Standard of Pure Foods, and are forwarding a copy of the Westfield Book of Pure Foods, which please accept with our compliments. "Lewis B. Allyn."

From the Wholesale Buyer

"Susquehanna, Pennsylvania.

"Please send me a list of food products which correspond to the Westfield Standard for Pure Foods.

"I am at the head of this hospital and wish to give the patients the best."

A Western Confectioner Enthusiastic

"Avondale, Colorado.

"I received your letter and pure food list and wish to thank you for same.

"I am writing several firms listed therein and you can be assured that the only flavors or other goods used at my fountain have to have the endorsement of the Westfield list hereafter.

"I am very glad that I was on the right road before I read your article, because I would have felt very much ashamed of myself when I found that I was using cheap and inferior goods.

"Why not organize the dealers who live up to the Westfield Standard?

"You are doing a mighty good work, and I for one would be willing to join such an organization and have a sign to let the public know we were carrying on this work. I myself will insist on goods having the Westfield endorsement.

"Thanking you for your interest and again assuring you of my hearty support."

Professor Allyn's Question and Answer Service

McCLURE'S is a magazine of service. Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please inclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase.

What the Westfield Standard of Pure Foods Is

Foods shall not contain added alum, copper, formaldehyde, suphurous acid or its salts, boric acid or its salts, benzoic acid or its salts, formic acid or its salts, hydrofluoric acid or its salts, salicylic acid or its salts, nor any other non-condimental preservative.

Food shall not be colored with coal tar dyes, nor with poisonous vegetable colors, nor be contaminated with inert fillers, nor shall any substance be taken therefrom or added thereto so as to injuriously affect their quality, strength or purity.

Foods shall be packed and sold under sanitary conditions, and package goods shall bear no dishonest label nor labels bearing any extravagant or obscure statements.

Hose of Luxite

HOSE of LUXITE is *never* "loaded" with metallic compounds like much present-day hosiery. The exquisite shimmer, soft firm body and beauty of HOSE of LUXITE are due solely to fine materials, close stitching and pure dye.

Women's Silk, 75c, $1 and $1.50; Men's Silk, 50c a Pair

Ask for HOSE of LUXITE *by name*. We ship direct, if your dealer fails to supply you. Other grades for men, women and children, 25c per pair and up. Write today for descriptive booklet.

LUXITE TEXTILES, Inc.
567 Fowler St., Milwaukee, Wis.
New York Chicago San Francisco Liverpool
Makers of High Grade Hosiery Since 1875

for you — whatever the circumstances are. But I've got to know — I've got to know the ground facts — the truth."

At a loss, I made no answer, and he added:

"There's nothing in the matter of — er — this fellow that's with you — young Tipton — that's going to handicap our action, is there?"

I stared at him angrily.

"Oliver never saw or heard tell of such a person."

"That's all to the good, of course, but if there's anything there to furnish Baird with a cross-bill, we want to ——"

"For goodness' sake!" I burst out, my face flaming. "That boy! Why, I never saw him but once before and he — he's like any child, to me — like Boyce. Certainly there's nothing."

"Oh, all right. Glad of it. Then let's get back to our real starting place. Give me the ground facts — the case exactly as it stands — fully — explicitly — between you and Baird."

The ground facts — it seemed to me that I must descend into a pit of slime to get them and bring them up to him; but this once it must be done. I put my hand up across my eyes and began speaking. I stumbled along somehow with things I had never intended to tell another human being. Once launched, I made a clean breast of it, looking down beneath my sheltering hand, blurting out one statement after another, while Harvey let me alone — I suppose his lawyer's skill told him he would get more out of me that way.

"That's all," I gasped finally, when I had come to an abashed, humiliated completeness of revelation. "I'll never speak of it again to you or anybody else, if I never get a divorce."

Harvey hitched his chair forward, leaned across and reached for my hand.

"Don't worry," he said. "That's plenty to go on — and a lot more than I expected to have. I can see where Baird doesn't resist your suit. We can get money out of him, too, if you're willing to bring these complaints into court."

I fairly withered at the thought.

"Oh, no," I said hastily. "I promised in my note that I'd never ask for a cent, if he'd let me alone and let me have Boyce."

"Maybe that's better," Harvey agreed. "He hasn't got enough to be worth fighting for. Huh, after all, I envy you. You can have a divorce for the asking. You're not tied by the leg for life."

I settled hat and veil, and picked up my gloves nervously.

"Never mind those things." Harvey took the gloves from me and put them in his pocket. "You needn't try to shut me off that way."

"I wasn't," I said, embarrassed.

"Well, you needn't." He wagged his head. "I'm going to talk some. Don't think you made the only marriage that looks pretty well on the outside, and is a dead misfit, as far as fundamentals are concerned. Hold on —" he saw I was trying to interrupt him —"I was a widower when I married Dele, was I?— supposed to know a few things? Well, I'd been a decent kid — I had no women experience. That first marriage of mine — miserable affair! The poor little girl didn't know any better than I did why she oughtn't to go through the form of marriage with a healthy young man. Now I suppose I can spend the rest of my life paying Dele's sanitarium bills, and looking at other men's children. That boy of yours — ought to have been yours and mine, if things had gone right."

I didn't know which way to look.

"Maybe — after a while — when her health's better," I began, shamefacedly, but he cut in on me.

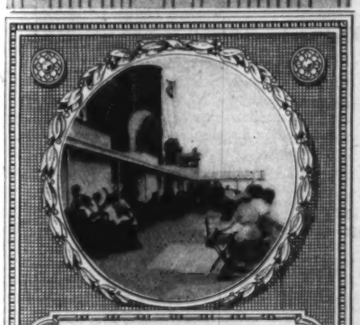
"Oh, no. Dele's made sure of that. She was half sure when she married me."

I wanted to turn the conversation, but couldn't think of anything to say. Harvey was chewing away at something in his own mind. Now he began again:

"I suppose they all thought back there in Stanleyton that I made a fine match — good family, and so forth. Huh! When I came down here to San Vicente, Dele was the only girl I knew. She and her mother went after me strong, and they got me — that's all. It was you I always wanted. Calla, do you remember that time when we were making fudge at your house, and you and I were in the pantry pouring the stuff out into the platters, and I tried to kiss you?"

I laughed, between apprehension and nervous relief at this childish turn he'd taken, and reminded him:

"You came pretty near getting yourself



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By Daylight

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"HENDRICK HUDSON"
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"ALBANY"

The fastest and most beautifully appointed river steamers in the world.

Service daily except Sunday, between New York and Albany. All through rail tickets via New York Central or West Shore R. R. accepted on all boats.
Orchestra Restaurant

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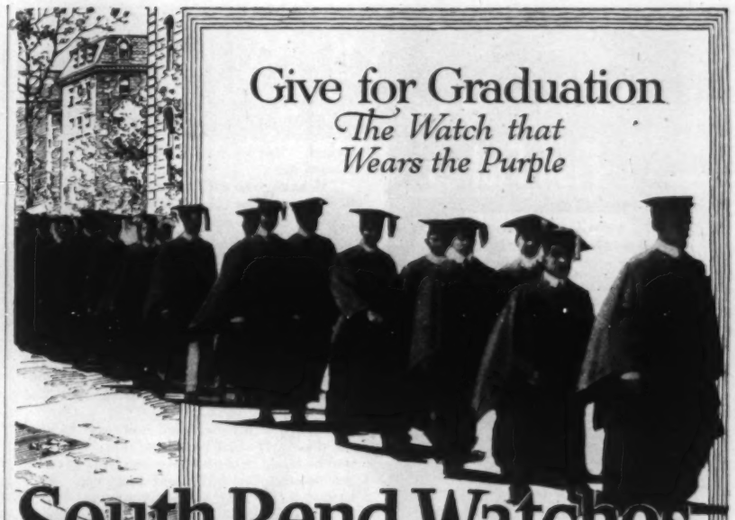

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The Watch that Wears the Purple

South Bend Watches

THERE is no more appropriate graduation gift than a South Bend Watch.

Its dependable accuracy, its handsome appearance and its high quality will quickly make it a possession prized because of its usefulness as well as for its association with one of the greatest events of a lifetime.

You can easily distinguish South Bend Watches in good jewelers' windows and show cases by their identifying bands of Purple Ribbon. Made in several models and different sizes. The price range of $16 to $100 offers such a variety from which to choose that your satisfaction is assured.

Ask to see the new 19-jewel *Extra-Thin* model. It offers unique features never before offered in a watch selling at $27.50.

We will gladly send our catalog to any address requested

The "Chesterfield" *Extra-Thin* Watch for Gentlemen

SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY
76 STUDEBAKER STREET SOUTH BEND, IND.

CLOSE-TO-NATURE OPEN AIR CANVAS HOUSE

As *open* to the air as an *umbrella*, but *instantly closed* weather *tight*. Lets the *Air IN* but keeps the *Insects OUT*. Quickly *erected* or *taken down* and rolled into *convenient* cylindrical *bundles* without the *removal* of a *bolt* or the *use* of a *tool*. Eight sizes from the small ones that may be strapped on the automobile or motor boat to the very large ones for family summer residences.

Why *sweltter* under *hot roofs* when the *Canvas House* is as *cool* as the *atmosphere*? Designed especially for *sleeping outdoors*, the shutters close by sliding *upwards* thus giving *ventilatson* under the eaves on *stormy nights*. Sleep in a *Close-To-Nature* house this summer and make enough *red blood* to take you through the winter. For tuberculosis, nervousness, insomnia, and ill health generally, sleep in the open air. Catalog free.

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Before You Buy Any Refrigerator

I want you to know the beauty, convenience, sanitation and ice-economy of the White Frost. Let me put a White Frost in your kitchen for **30 days' free trial**—freight paid. You can send it back at my expense if not satisfactory. This is the only round metal refrigerator in the world. **The Gold Medal winner at Panama-Pacific Exposition.** I have no dealers, but sell direct to you. You can buy a White Frost on easy terms and enjoy its use while paying for it. Enameled snowy-white inside and out, and provided with every modern improvement. **Revolving shelves**—air-tight cork-cushioned doors and covers—cooling coil for drinking water—nickel trimmings—move-easy casters. Many features found in no other refrigerator. Lasts a lifetime. Write today for handsome free catalog and factory prices.

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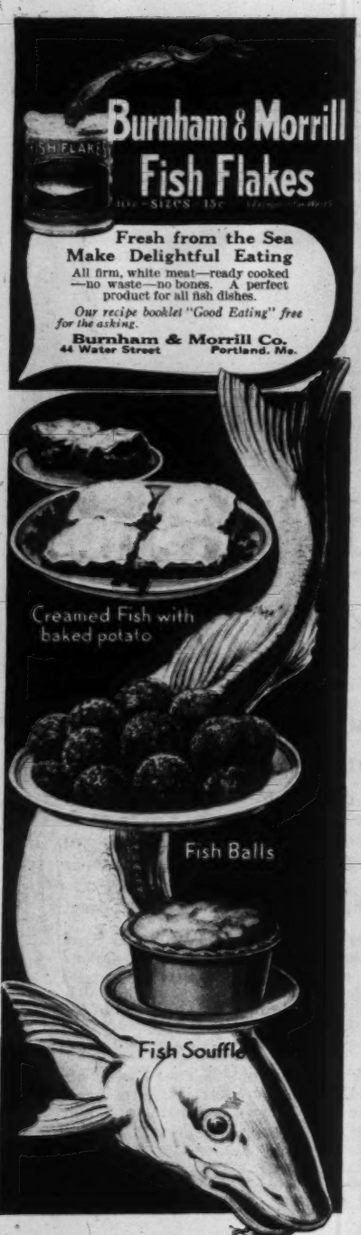
White Frost SANITARY Refrigerator



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Quickly pays for itself by saving storage charges. Moth proof. Protects furs, feathers, fabrics, from moths, mice, dust and dampness, and lasts for generations. A superb gift. Handsome piece of furniture exquisitely made. All chests shipped on free trial. WRITE FOR CATALOG.
THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 432 South St., Portland, Me.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
The Antiseptic Powder to Shake Into Your Shoes

and use in the Foot-Bath. Makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. Over 100,000 packages are being used by the German and Allied troops at the front. Nothing rests the feet so quickly and thoroughly. It takes the friction from the Shoe, the sting out of Corns and Bunions and makes walking a delight. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it TO-DAY. Sold everywhere, 25 cts.
Don't accept any substitute.

"Oh! What Rest and Comfort" **FREE** TRIAL PACKAGE sent by mail. Address, **ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.**

lamed for life by having hot candy spilled on your foot."

"Sure," said Harvey. "You fought like a little tiger — and I didn't get my kiss." Then suddenly, "I want it now. This time I'm going to have it."

I jumped up and ran, but the door I tried opened into an adjoining room — and was locked. Harvey was on his feet, and coming toward me.

"Behave yourself!" I cried, doubled, and flew around the table. We stopped with it between us and stared at each other.

"Calla," whispered Harvey, "you don't put me off this time. Oh, you know how to look at a man, and just drive him crazy."

"I don't," I protested, though I dared not glance away from him for a moment. "It isn't so. Harvey — for heaven's sake!"

"Don't raise your voice that way," he cautioned uneasily. "I'm right here — the folks outside needn't be taken into our confidence. Come on — girl. Give me that kiss."

I had got my bearings now and located the door. It must be behind me. I whirled and had hold of the knob before Harvey could get around the table and stop me. As I turned it, his hand closed over mine.

"You don't want to do that," he said quietly. It seemed as if the mere prospect of my opening the door had cooled him. He was more like the man who had talked to me in his office that morning. Still I clung to the knob, leaning as far away from him as I could. After all, the scene was not so very different from that one back in my mother's pantry when we were pouring out the hot fudge and he had tried to steal a kiss.

Harvey began to argue reproachfully.

"See here, I don't understand you. Of course you used to be a regular little touch-me-not. But now — why, I came mighty near having my kiss this morning when you grabbed me there in the office — only it wasn't the right place."

"Stop talking that way!" I said. "There's nothing to understand. I'm not any different from what I was back in Stanleyton."

"Oh, yes, you are." Harvey drawled out the words, looking at me through narrowed eyes. "No woman goes through what you've been telling me and isn't — different."

"I knew you'd never respect me again," I said, very low. "But you told me you had to know the ground facts. The ground facts! I ran away from that. I went to any length to get out of it. I think such a marriage is more immoral than what the world generally calls immorality."

"And there's where you're dead right." Harvey tried to draw me away from the door, but I kept my hold. "A man and woman could live together comfortably, without marriage, and not half the harm — no harm at all, in fact."

"I wasn't discussing — anything of the sort."

"Well, I am. There's plenty of it going on, let me tell you. If people are only careful of appearances — Take you and me, for instance; we could ——"

"Harvey, hush!" I broke in. "What do you want to talk about such a thing for?"

"All right," he said slowly. "Then I won't." His eye was on me as he fumbled in his pocket. "Here are your gloves."

I let go the door-knob, and reached for them. He grabbed me. I ducked. Hat and veil came between his face and mine, were dragged down in the tussle, threatening to bring my hair about my eyes. I shoved at him desperately with my doubled fist, and with the other hand reached blindly out and turned the knob — the door was opening when Harvey caught it.

"Hold on," he whispered. "Let's get straightened up before we let the waiter see us."

I flung my head back, crouching away from him. He took a look at my face, and his own changed.

"For God's sake, don't look so scared, child." He waited with his hand on the knob. "Pull yourself together. I apologize." He still breathed short. "Nothing's happened. You're all right. I'm all right. We're the best friends in the world — and always going to be."

Without a word I crowded toward the door.

"Steady. Turn round — let me see if your hat's on straight. All right." He opened the door. "We must be getting home," he remarked in a louder tone, apparently for the benefit of the sleepy waiter behind the desk in the office. "The folks will be wondering what's become of us."

Out at the car, Harvey stopped me, when I moved toward the tonneau.

Fate cast them up out of the sea

© *American Sunday Magazine*

HOW THEY MET—HOW THEY LOVED—IS TOLD IN YOUR FREE SET *of* ROBERTSON

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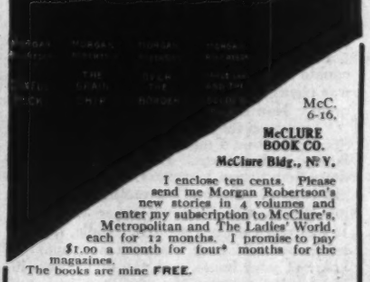

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"Won't you sit beside me?" he asked penitently.

I made no answer, but got into the front seat. He cranked up, stepped in, and for some time we drove in silence. At last he began speaking.

"Now see here, Calla, you don't want to be a foolish little puritan and quarrel with a good friend because he chances to be a human man and not just a stuffed suit of clothes."

I hadn't the heart — nor the voice — to answer. He waited a minute, and then said:

"I'm sorry. I'll promise never to offend you that way again — though if you ask me I don't see why an old friend that's willing to go his length for you shouldn't have a kiss. It seems to me you're making something wrong out of a thing that has nothing wrong in it. Aren't you? Isn't that so?"

I sat hunched up, as far away from him as I could get, looked straight ahead of me, and made no answer. That gold piece was white hot; it burned through and through my consciousness.

"Calla," there was alarm in his voice, "what is the matter? What makes you take it like this? I didn't mean any real harm — honest to God, I didn't. I'm just that way. You always knew it."

"I suppose I did." My voice was so husky that he had trouble to hear me. I tried again. "It made me slow about coming to you in the first place. And now you've fixed it so that I haven't got a friend in San Vicente."

"You know better than that. I'm a good friend."

I cleared the choke from my throat, and cried:

"You can't do anything for me now! I've got to go out and get Boy back tomorrow, and ——"

My hand moved toward my pocket. Harvey caught the wrist, exclaiming:

"You've no right to do that! You're bound to consider the child's welfare."

"Well, we'd both better starve in the street than that his mother should ——"

"Oh, Calla, Calla!" Harvey threw up his hand in protest. The car came to a sudden stop in the middle of the road. "There, I've killed my engine. What can I say? What do you want me to say? I'm sorry to death — I'm just as humble as I can be. Will it fix it if I promise never to give you the slightest offense again?"

I couldn't answer him. After a moment he started up the car. We rode on awhile; then Harvey asked quietly:

"How is it, Calla? Are you going to forgive me? You have to be helped. You can't make it alone. I want to be your friend — somebody's got to. I can do it — if you'll give me a chance, I can behave to suit you."

"Well," I sighed wearily.

"And it's all right between us? We're friends — if I promise to be good?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll push your divorce case; and you'll let me go ahead with the business arrangements for you? Don't say no. I'll turn it over to old man McBride, if you want me to — you won't have to deal with me at all, if you'd rather not."

"Oh, you needn't do that," I allowed. "Harvey, this has been a hard day. I — I'm worn out. It's all right — but just let me go home and rest."

"I will," he said. "Poor girl, it's a shame to give you any more walking to do, but — it will be best for me to drop you out at the corner by the drug-store again — won't it? I only want to use care — for your sake."

I just nodded. A minute later we drew up at the furtive corner, and I got out in silence. He would have driven on instantly, but I stopped him to say:

"You'll see Boy in the morning?"

"Oh, certainly."

"If there's anything he needs — maybe I'd better call at the office and see."

He caught at it eagerly.

"That's right. You'll be starting in at the business college, anyhow. Come to the office on your way up. I'll have the good word for you from J. B. Bye-bye."

He turned the car and drove quietly away.

Dead tired, I slept that night like an overdriven animal, my empty arms thrown out across the place where Boyce's little body should have lain.

Chapter VII — The Turning of the Wheels

I AWOKE next morning with my soul all black and blue; but I blamed myself more than Harvey for the bruises. What a way to behave — protesting, struggling, and pulling away, girl-fashion! Of course it would only make him worse. And in the end that gush of his about "being good"—"never offending again"— was no practical basis for a business relation. He was offering me much; he meant to be kind. The only way was to have things out with him calmly and definitely. All through my dressing, my breakfast, and going down to the Cronin Building, to the very minute I walked into McBride, McBride & Watkins's office, I was nerving myself for the interview — only to be told that Mr. Watkins hadn't come down yet!

"But he 'phoned me to hand you our scholarship card," said Bates, the clerk, when he saw how blank I looked, and reaching it from a pigeon-hole, shoved it into my fingers, along with an envelope that had my name typewritten on it and the memorandum "Expense money, $2.50, in addition to $5.00 in hand paid." Harvey had made an open business transaction of the matter. I was still a little bewildered, but I couldn't see why this wasn't better than my idea of having a talk. Apparently he'd put matters now on a basis that would answer. Bates was explaining like a cash register:

"You're to get this weekly or any way you prefer, at my desk."

I nodded.

"If I might offer a suggestion, Mrs. Baird," Bates's imitation-lawyer tones were modeled a little on Harvey's, but more on the older and more imposing McBride brothers; "I'd advise you to read law at night — just a handbook or so. They're right here in the office library. You'll find it a big help in holding a job of this kind."

"Thank you, it seems a good idea," I said, passed out, got into the elevator and went up.

The Phipps Business College occupied the entire top floor of the Cronin Building, divided off by cheap, half-high partitions, except the one to the typing room. When the door of this opened a moment for Pop Phipps to come out and speak to me, a perfect blast of factory-like clatter came out with him. He received me in a little glassed-in office. Down at the other end I could see that some rooms were used for housekeeping. A red-haired girl in a bungalow apron was plainly visible through the open door, washing dishes. Mrs. Phipps came out of the same place and joined us in the office.

My card turned out to be a free scholarship, placed with the McBride firm when the college was getting started, supposed to cover any legal business that might become necessary, but really given for the purpose of advertising the school. The Phippses openly lost enthusiasm at sight of it. Yet they proceeded to the routine questions. My little bit of work in stenography and typing, in high school so long ago, amounted to nothing. As a beginner I would be in Mrs. Phipps's classes. While Pop — nobody ever called him anything else — went after the books I was to carry home with me, Mrs. Phipps took the opportunity to size me up. I didn't wait for more than one plain, blunt question, to give her the practical points of my situation quite as plainly and bluntly, and I finished by saying that I still hoped to find a place where I could work enough to cover my board.

"Yes," she glanced back toward the half-open door and the girl in the bungalow apron, "we use student help; but Miss Scott has the place now — and there's always a waiting-list among the students."

So I began at twenty-two, and with a child dependent upon me, to do the thing that ought to have been completed when I was seventeen and in high school. If I had ten daughters they should all be given knowledge of some useful occupation by which they might earn an honest living at need. My mother had felt that her daughter was too pretty and attractive ever to have that need. She did not know how any beauty or charm a woman may have seems to turn against her and hinder her when she is pitched into the tide of unskilled workers.

Mrs. Tipton surprised me a little when I came to deal with her. There was something fine in the way she accepted me, never taking the attitude of the others in the house that I was a designing woman, an adventuress, a divorcée — worse, a would-be divorcée — dangerous to her boy; but fluting at me like a little brown partridge mother.

"If Eddie likes to let you have the room while he's not using it, why should I charge you rent? It is certainly a poor place. I couldn't offer it to a boarder. You're welcome, Mrs. Baird." In my heart I forgave her for having called me "an oddity," and I accepted the room for the two weeks that Joe Ed had at first offered me. Beyond that, we finally settled on a dollar and a half a week as proper rent. It was ridiculously

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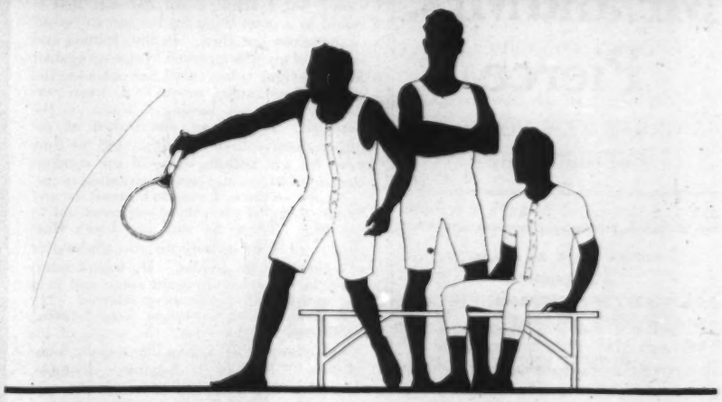

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cheap for anything in the Poinsettia, of course, and when I'd cleaned, swept, dusted and got my books and a few other things I'd brought with me in place, it began to be home.

There was no guessing whether Joe Ed's mother had any inkling of what had been thrust on my notice that first night in his room; but I knew, if she did not, that it would be a good thing for her son to be out of the house just then. In the cleaning and settling of my new quarters I came up against Addie several times, with her smouldering gaze and red, sulky mouth — a cheap personality; yet not lacking a touch of the dramatic. Poor thing, she looked at me rather queerly that first day; but as time went by and nothing came of the incident she ceased to pay any special attention to me.

At five o'clock I couldn't stand it any longer, dropped everything and went out to see Boy. There he was in "Can't Bust 'Ems," all taken up with his own affairs over in a corner of the garden. He wasn't interested in me unless I would come and help dig, and I finally went away relieved. My last view was of his bright head bobbing there under the acacias; the sound of his voice followed me, singing like a giant bumble-bee, "Doomble, doomble, doomble, doomble; oomble, oomble, oomble!"

How I reveled in the sense of individual responsibility! I, none other, was to make it — or fail. Back at the ranch, I was part of an enterprise in no sense mine; I had to work it in a way I should never have planned in the first place, or held to afterward, like a rower down in the bowels of a galley who can't see where he is going or why he's trying to get there.

The week flew past in a hurry. I was so rushed — and so pleasantly rushed — that I hadn't a minute to think, much less to worry. Getting up early to study before I left the house; carrying a book along to the restaurant to prop it beside my coffee-cup for a last desperate go at the lesson; sitting in a school desk, praised for a good recitation, reproved for a poor one — why, it was as though I had wakened at a stroke, from a dream, a nightmare of miserable marriage and a ruined life, to find myself a school girl again!

Oh, I knew I was like a girl once more when the admiring glances began to come my way from classmates or young fellows who waited in the lobby of an evening to walk home with some girl. If I didn't want such an escort myself, I had need to look a bit prim and unapproachable. Well — I didn't want one, of course; but it *was* a luxury and a reassurance to be able to tacitly refuse again! Let the most correct and puritanic gainsay me if she can!

With this insurging of the tide of girlhood, curiously real, the thought of Philip came back also. It was as though he might have walked into the classroom any morning, to make the whole day raidiant wth a glance.

I had dreaded Sunday a little, on account of Harvey; it would be my one free day for Boyce — and his, too. But it seemed I need not have worried — he was out of town for the week-end. Boy and I took a picnic lunch and rode as far as a little spur line, the San Vicente, Las Reudas & Corinth, would take us. It wound up in a beautiful, still canyon of the foothills.. We had a long, happy day of it there.

Then back at the school work once more, I dug at it for all I was worth; it went fast; what I had done years before was not altogether wasted. It was early in that first month that Pop Phipps called me, the rawest beginner he had, into the office to talk to Frank Hollis Dale. I had seen the tenant of the back bungalow almost daily, as he went and came, always fluttering Mrs. Tipton's "bunch of dames" by his mere passing. It surprised me a little to find his Eastern elegance and finish here at the Phipps school looking for the sort of student help that cost nothing. But when he began to speak I forgot this.

He wanted his weekly lecture at the college typed. Pop Phipps had picked me out on account of my Latin, and because he said I was the only one he "had on hand," among those who would work for the practice and without pay, with sufficient general intelligence to handle Mr. Dale's matter. Perfectly superior and unabashed, the great man explained that it would be mostly copying, asked me if I could read a bad hand and very blind manuscript, and suggested that he'd have to read the worst of it to me; but if Frank Hollis Dale said only, "Two of these," or "Make them eight by twelve," or inquired, "Will it be ten cents, or fifteen?" the power of a big, clear intellect seemed to

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raise the value of the insignificant words. Listening to him was like stepping into a large, quiet, well-proportioned room, that contained — everything you wanted to know.

It was my first contact with greatness in the flesh; and for once the maxim failed—I was not disappointed. The arrangement was for me to do the typing on Mr. Dale's own machine at the bungalow, the work to begin that afternoon. I think I carried as wildly beating a heart as Miss Creevey would have had under similar circumstances, when, about three o'clock, I made myself as neat as possible, went out the front door of the Poinsettia, took the leafy tunnel-way, and knocked at the entrance of the little green hill in the back yard.

Mr. Dale opened the door to me himself; I took a quick look around. The cottage had been rented furnished; there was nothing interesting except his books which filled the built-in shelves and overflowed on tables, chairs and floor. One section of plate shelf by the door was crowded with copper and sculptured stone things that I was sure had come from the Central American explorations. But he called me straight across to the typewriter, without giving me a moment to examine. He was behindhand with his work, and in haste to begin.

He found me slow, and drove me like a fire, seeming to forget whether I was a human being or a clumsy, half-made tool. Impatiently he repeated his phrases till I got them down on the paper. His fingers twitched irritably as they pointed me through the labyrinth manuscript. The lecture was on Archaeology; I knew nothing about the subject, and would have said I cared less. But even amid that breathless struggle to keep up I could see that he made it fascinating. I panted and perspired. It began to grow dark. I thought we weren't going to pay any attention to dinner time; for Mr. Dale snapped on the current in the gooseneck light that stood beside the typewriter table, and went ahead, till he suddenly realized that he was hungry. He was done with me that minute, though we had only about one-third of the lecture in type. I got up quickly to go.

"What time will you want me tomorrow?" I asked.

"A little earlier, please."

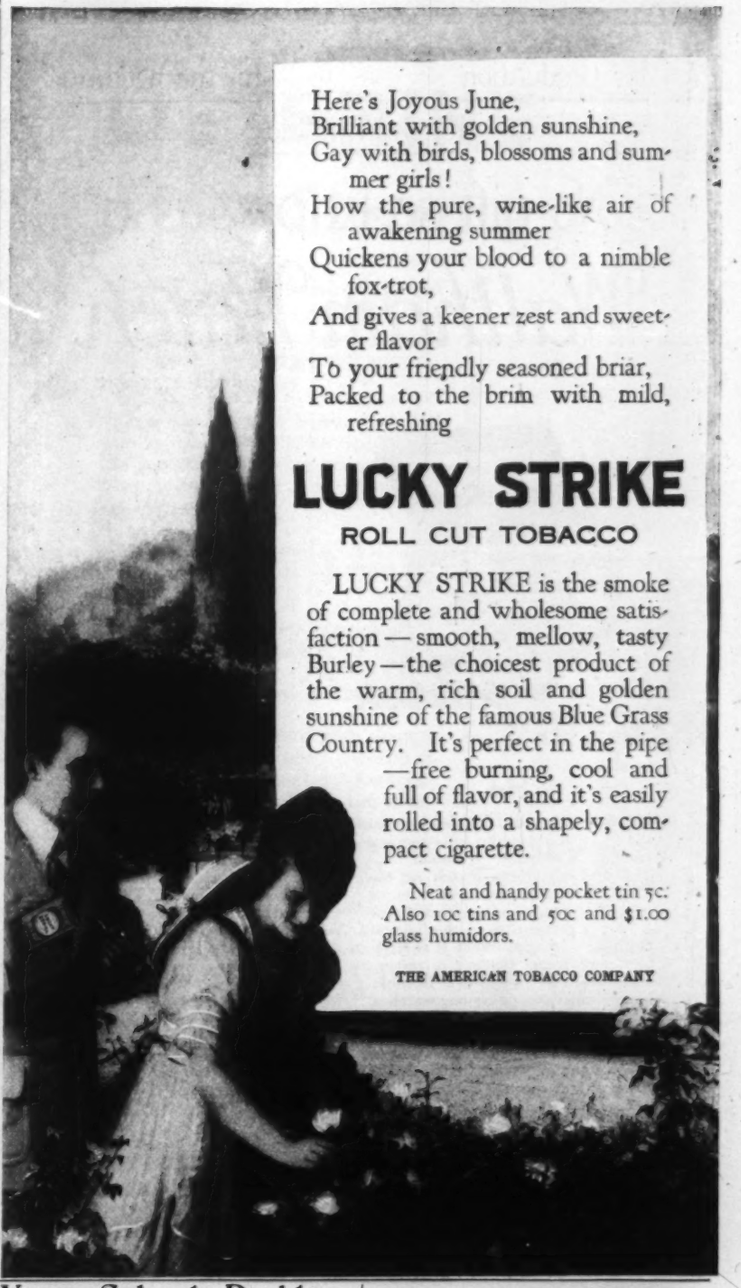
I went out. In the days after that, I was always looking for a chance to become a little better acquainted with the room and the man who dictated. The interest of both lay partly in their refusing themselves to me. It was a charm I couldn't get away from, and more purely of the intellect than anything which had yet come my way.

My only chance really to enjoy it was when Dr. Rush dropped in, as he did sometimes while we were at work. Mr. Dale wouldn't stop for any other human being; but the doctor might stay as long as he liked—which couldn't be very long, for he had a big practice, and was always on the jump. The two had been classmates; it was through him that Mr. Dale had come to San Vicente. They were physician and patient, yet I realized that there was no question of money between them any more than there was between Mr. Dale and myself, but that the overworked, big-brained physician, starved for mental companionship in this material, rich, money-getting little city, prized above money the contact with a first-rate mind.

A visit from the doctor always meant a bout. At it they would go, hammer and tongs, never discussing anything less than world matters, always on opposite sides—the doctor with his warm, quick-grasping hands, his red-brown eyes and hair and skin, vital, human, radical; the other conservative, dispassionate, cold in his coloring as his view of life.

I secured a public-library ticket. Crowded as I was with school work, and Mr. Dale's typing, I used to go and get out something that I'd heard him and the doctor wrangling over, and carry it home snuggled under my arm, with just the gloating, guilty feeling a secret drunkard has over his bottle. And oh, when I read them, my dingy walls would melt away! I read "Jean Christophe" this way, stealing time for it, taking it in great gulps, daring to have opinions about it.

The people at the Poinsettia executed a quick right-about-face as soon as I began to do typing for Mr. Dale. I was certainly no less a working woman than when my statement of the fact had put me down in their eyes at my first dinner there; yet being on any sort of terms with the great man made me at once a person of consequence. They even had an air of forgetting by common consent the odious existence of Boyce, and one after another, as by chance, they way-



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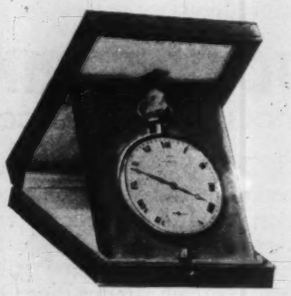

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laid me to make friends. I was willing enough — I never cared to quarrel. The insatiable curiosity they had on this one subject was what Joe Ed would have called "funny as a crutch." Why did Mr. Dale do his own work — as if I could — or would — tell them anything about that! They had the same chance that I had to know that he did his own washing even, so far as socks and knit underwear were concerned. They could see him hanging these things to dry in the seclusion of that back yard. They seemed to hope I would know — and tell — where his salary as lecturer at the University of San Vicente went. They all asked whether he had his wife's picture up anywhere. Did I notice whether letters seemed to be passing between them? What did he seem to like to eat?

About the most ridiculous of all these encounters was when Miss Creevey found me reading her book that I'd picked up from the hall table through curiosity. She was so pleased — I felt such a hypocrite! She told me breathlessly, her lisp tumbling the words heels over head, that she had presented Mr. Dale with a copy, and that he said it was very unusual!

"He athked me if I wath ever going to write another," she said. "I hadn't thought of it before; but with hith encouragement, I am conthidering the matter. I could get him to critithithe the manuthcript — and I would thertainly have you to type it."

So the poor old lisping thing caught step with the procession, just as she had when I first came to the house and Mrs. Thrasher was on the warpath after me. Then, Miss Creevey got out her little hatchet and came along; now she brought her book and put it in my hands, as full of pride as a young mother showing off the baby. "The History of Modoc County in Rhyme" was a deformed infant. My sympathy for its satisfied, uncomprehending author made us friends. When Mr. Dale handed the book to Dr. Rush a week later, with one of his biting, brilliant comments, I felt like defending it.

WITH Mrs. Thrasher herself, the Battle of the Undesirable Boarder and her Impossible Child had given place to the Siege of the Garbage Man. As owner of the premises she attended to the garbage; she said fiercely that he had been systematically overcharging her, and her row with him might have taken her mind off my affairs; but it was plain that the iron-jawed woman, no less than the others, yearned toward Frank Hollis Dale, and hoped to approach him even through his typist. She transparently made occasion to speak to me one day, and gave her formal sanction to my existence — yea, even to my dwelling in her house for a time.

So I thought of course when Miss Chandler, meeting me in the hall, asked me in for a cup of tea, that she too wanted to talk about the great man. I was none the less flattered by the invitation, for I knew nobody else in the house had ever received one. Eugenia Chandler, an orphan about twenty-six years old, was by common consent the leading figure at the Poinsettia. She belonged to what was possibly the most distinguished family in San Vicente. Chandler Street and Chandler Square carried the name, and though it seemed there couldn't have been a great deal of money left her, she was certainly a very influential person for so young a woman, admired, envied, run after.

Her room, directly over the big downstairs hall, had a great bay or oriel window that jutted out above the front entrance. Its own passage cut it off from the main corridor, shutting it away behind two doors. It was like a little separate residence within the Poinsettia. There was a curtained alcove for bed and dresser, a private bath, and a wealth of closet room. The old mahogany, good Turkish rugs and concert grand piano in the corner were her own. I was attracted by the tea-table with its embroidered linen, Balleek ware and heavy, handsome silver, till I caught sight of the books in her bookcase; then I flew to them. There were French and German volumes in the original, besides a lot of late books that looked like heavy reading. I knew by this time that she had been educated very finely at home, and studied music abroad under teachers to whom you must have an introduction, and who will not keep you as a pupil unless you show a certain ability. I knew, too, that she went all over the state, at the invitation of women's clubs and musical organizations, to give her parlor piano talks. The boarders took pride in her, her birth and station, her attainments, only a little less gushing than that they felt in Frank Hollis Dale's celebrity. I had once or twice heard her practising — brilliant, difficult stuff — as I passed in the hall. I don't care for that sort of thing, but as I went and sat down at the table, feeling rather subdued, it occurred to me that it would be polite to ask her to play for me before I left.

When I did so she shrugged and laughed and said it would be "such a bore." I didn't know whether she meant to me or herself. She answered my timid remarks about books in a word or two. I saw the subject did not interest her.

It wasn't that she had books about her which she hadn't read, or kept them there for show. Her attitude toward the world of print seemed to me that of a well-bred person who had had all of that sort of thing she wanted all her life, and saw nothing in it to talk about. I would have said that she read a book and put it up on the shelf — and that was the end of it. It just seemed to be there, lying without life in her mentality. My mental interests, freshly roused, keen and unsatisfied, found no response here. It seemed I might as well unpack my Frank Hollis Dale budget — of course that was what I was there for. I had just come from my work at the bungalow, this time not a college lecture, but a magazine article, a splendid thing, whose statements were set forth like a martial array, whose arguments came down so many marching columns. But instinctively I chose to tell Miss Chandler a little personal incident of the afternoon.

"Mr. Dale doesn't need distance to lend him enchantment," I said; "he always seems great to me. This afternoon when I went in, I found him down on his knees with a bucket of warm water and a soapy cloth wiping up the kitchen linoleum. He wouldn't let me finish the cleaning for him, but just went and sloshed out his bucket and cloths in the sink while I was getting my machine ready, then came in and gave the most wonderful dictation I've ever had from him."

There was a little silence. Miss Chandler poured me more tea. I slowly realized that I had been mistaken; here was one woman not in the least concerned about Frank Hollis Dale.

"I imagine that sort of thing — scientific magazine stuff, even the best of it — doesn't pay very well," she observed as she handed me my cup. "He's not a popular writer, of course."

"Oh — I suppose not," I said, a little dashed. "I wasn't thinking of money. The play of such an intellect is something above and beyond money — like the flare of lightning in the sky."

Miss Chandler looked across at me curiously. "How enthusiastic you are!" she shrugged. "You may not think about money, but Hollis Dale married into a set where he's got to."

"You know his wife?" I questioned.

"Some of my friends do. It was an ambitious social match, but he didn't get any money with her."

"Why, I thought it was her fortune that went into the South American expedition," I said, "and that that was why he was so determined to make good — saving every penny — doing work not fit for him, as he does."

"Does he save? Well, he'd better. She didn't have any money; just a rich girl's tastes, and nothing to support them. Her relatives — Boston people — put up for that South American venture. And they'll put up again. Pride, you know — a scientist in the family — but they'll get him just as cheap as they can."

It was pride matching pride, I thought, then, recalling a lavish gift I had helped him pack to send home to his wife on their wedding anniversary, an exquisite necklace of carved Chinese jade, that never cost less than a hundred dollars — and he washing up his kitchen floor to save the fee of a Jap house-worker; choosing rather to scold and fret over my bunglings than to pay even the nominal charge of a more advanced pupil.

When I described that jade necklace to Miss Chandler, I quite innocently stumbled upon the Great Subject, so far as she was concerned — dress; personal ornament. She began to get out her own jewelry to show me. Soon the top of her bureau was covered with rings and pins and chains of one kind and another, some old pieces, but mostly new. It was like a store. The conversational route from jewelry to clothes was short and easy, and never had I dreamed of anyone with such oceans of them! The big closet with a window in it that opened off her room, a smaller one cut from the entry, even some extra hooks and shelves in her bathroom, were fairly stuffed with shoes, hats, wraps, dresses — of rich material and special design.

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She was all for what she denominated the *dernier cri*. Whatever was fashionable was to her desirable; so she kept buying new things all the time; and though she gave away a great deal to the servants, particularly Orma, who waited on her like a personal maid, she had there more clothes than four women could have used.

After that I was often asked into Miss Chandler's room. She had spells of pulling out everything she possessed to look over, when bed, couch, chair-backs, and even the floor, would be piled and draped and hung with clothes. She called me in one of those days as I was passing. There she sat on the carpet in the middle of things, that limber, graceful body of hers curled up in the loveliest attitude. She wanted me to look at a blouse she had in her hands, a combination of coffee-colored Arabian lace over delicate tissue of a curious raisin shade.

"Try that thing on," she said, and tossed it up to me.

I slipped it over my shirtwaist, and went to the glass. What I saw there hurt me. As I stood staring, saying nothing, "Do you like it? Is it becoming?" she called from her place on the floor. "Turn around and let me see."

I wheeled reluctantly, hesitating.

"People always look nicer in light things."

There was no use talking that way. I saw in her eyes that she recognized instantly the transformation. That rich, exquisite garment, made simple with such cunning skill, gave me the look of stationed ladyhood which belonged to the woman for whom it was originally designed. People would make way for the wearer of the raisin-colored waist as they had never made way for me in the clothes I bought as cheap as I could, using my best taste and judgment, keeping them clean — but never having had any margin for mere glory and dominance in my wear.

"It's a wonderful color combination," was all I could say as I turned again to the glass.

"It's out." Miss Chandler might have been a Roman matron turning down her thumb in death sentence on a vanquished gladiator. "Those pastel tints were just coming in when I bought it — they didn't last very long. I suppose they're considered trying — but it's certainly becoming to your warm blonde coloring and hazel eyes."

"I wonder if I could make —" I slowly drew off the lovely thing.

"Sew, do you mean? Can you sew?" Miss Chandler inquired with interest.

"Not enough to attempt a waist like this — unless I could copy it from yours," I hesitated. "Would you mind that? We never go to the same places:"

"Why not take this one? I'll never wear it again. It was bought in San Francisco, and I found it bound me in the armholes. I got another at the same time — the olive-green one you admired — that I've worn a good deal; but this one's laid by till it's utterly passé. If you'd care to remodel it for yourself, take it along."

Miss Chandler's idea of what was "utterly passé" was very extreme. I knew that not a stitch was needed on the blouse, yet I hesitated and finally asked:

"Haven't you got some plain sewing or mending I could do in exchange for it?"

"Oh, certainly!" she laughed, rose straight up, unfolding herself without touching a hand to the floor, went to a drawer and began to pull out silk stockings and underwear. I saw she would enjoy my visits much more after she had set me to work on her things. "There's a skirt to it — somewhere under this stuff — hunt it up and take it, too. Throw your coat over them as you carry them upstairs. Nobody in the house ever saw them."

There were not only skirt and blouse but a big, shady hat, trimmed with dull grapes and vine leaves, and raisin-colored suède pumps with ecru silk hose the shade of the Arabian lace. I held off from taking the things till I had seen just what I was going to do in exchange for them, and we had what seemed to be a very enjoyable hour to Miss Chandler, going over all her wear, hunting up odd jobs for me. Among other things, I was to break in some shoes, my foot being smaller than hers. There was a whole armload of her silk stockings to darn. After I had them she picked out those that she considered beyond repair, and I put them in order for myself.

It was a pleasant little feminine, material intimacy that sprang up between us. Our subjects of discussion were mostly confined to clothes and people. Miss Chandler didn't feel about either as I did. I'm a good deal like a setter pup; if I can't love folks — a little, anyhow — I hardly know how to get along. She was interested in them mainly

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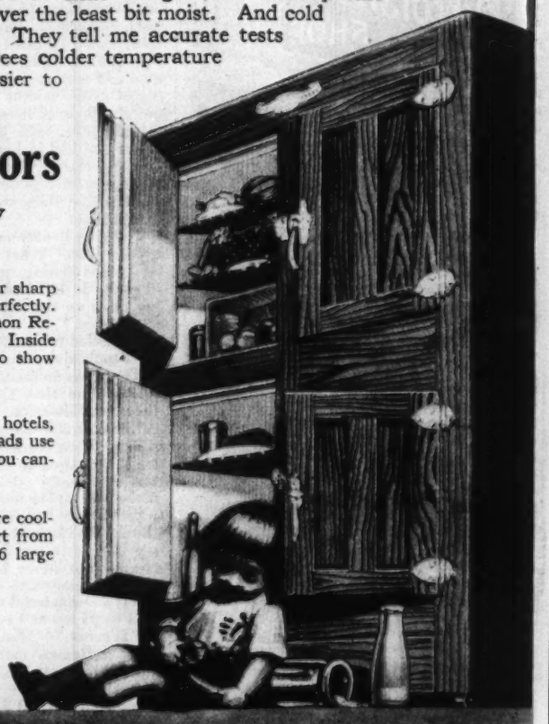

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from a critical point of view. She was what you might call a confirmed knocker. She had the high society way of characterizing persons and discussing the affairs of others with the brutal freedom you expect from a day laborer or washerwoman. There's no denying that her outlook on life was cynical. And my outreaching for intellectual food found no response in her. But this hungry heart of mine did love her. Everything about her was so beautiful, and generous — why I could hardly go down to her room without being offered something. She had two or three of all the articles that most people are glad to possess one of; for instance, she pulled out a very pretty little manicure set one day and insisted on giving it to me, saying carelessly:

"I bought it when a party of us were on a trip — unexpectedly. We went to some outlandish place where there was no manicure in the hotel, and I sent down to the drug-store and bought that thing. Take it, child — I don't even know how much it cost. I didn't pay for it myself. You're welcome to it."

It seemed to be by chance that this surface association with Miss Chandler came to have any quality of real intimacy. I always found her competent, reserved when it came to anything that really concerned her, a little jeering, and not asking favors from anyone — rather giving them. But one Saturday afternoon I had gone down to return some things to her room, tapped at the outer door, got no answer, and went away, though I had felt sure she was in. An hour after I went back, passed through the hall door which was unlocked, and rapped at the inner one. This time came the faint inquiry:

"Is it Orma?"

"No — Mrs. Baird," I answered, startled at a sort of moaning quality in her voice.

I heard a little stir within the room, the key was softly turned, and after a minute Miss Chandler told me to come in. The shades were down, and at first when I opened the door I could see nothing. Then I made out dimly a limp, drowned-looking figure propped on the piled-up pillows of the couch.

"Oh," I said, "I didn't know you were ill."

"I'm not," she sounded more as usual. "Come in. Shut the door. Sit down and talk to me."

"Talk?" I echoed awkwardly.

"Just sit down here by the couch and talk to me. I've got one of my blue spells. I have them about once in so often."

A blue spell — what a way to meet depression! In groping forward I knocked a book from the table, and Miss Chandler's voice said peevishly:

"I hate being read to;" then added, "There is nothing in the world the matter with me but the blues — they run in our family."

I pulled up a chair close beside her. The room was stuffy, and heavy with incense. I couldn't see the expression of her face, but the lines of that beautiful figure of hers under the clinging folds of the embroidered Oriental robe fairly dripped with woe. Who ever did think of a suitable word to say when suddenly told to talk? I sat there, mum, trying to dig up a cheerful remark, till she broke out:

"The game's not worth the candle. Do you think so? Are you satisfied with life — as it is?"

"Yes — pretty well," I said, "and I've got something better coming."

"What?"

"A position and a salary."

"Ugh!" she moved with a flowing motion from one side to the other. "Where?"

"In an office."

"What's the man's name?" Miss Chandler's voice had a little life in it.

"Harvey Watkins, of McBride, McBride & Watkins." I could think of nothing interesting to add to that.

"A second-rate lawyer," she murmured finally in a weary voice. "It seems to me you might do better than that."

"Oh, I'll have to take the place as soon as I'm ready for it," I said. "Harvey's an old friend. He's getting my divorce for me, and advancing the money for me to prepare myself."

"Of course," Miss Chandler accepted the financial statement negligently, as people do who have always had plenty, "but do you think you'll like office work anyhow?"

"I don't see that I've got much choice," and I laughed a little. "Anyhow, it's a great improvement on what I've been doing for some years."

"Is it?" She lay staring up at the ceiling a moment, then said suddenly:

"I remember that Mrs. Harvey Watkins, now. Bounder. Thick, stubby, pale woman — village-dressmaker clothes — belongs to improving clubs."

I had got used to her speech; but because of her blues she was slugging a little harder than usual today.

"We knew each other as girls," I said. "Delia's a good sort. She's been away ever since I came here."

"Are they separated?"

"I don't know. I've wondered myself, sometimes."

"Keeps you guessing, does he? But the idea in the background is that he'll divorce her and marry you — eh?"

"Oh, no, nothing of the sort!" I cried, but to save my life I couldn't keep my voice natural.

"An old dodge," she murmured, as though I hadn't spoken. "A girl's got to play her cards pretty careful with a man who has a wife to get rid of before he can marry her."

I had to laugh.

"I don't want to marry Harvey," I said, "— not if he was divorced from Delia a thousand times. I've just got to have a job — and he's got one to give me."

She turned on her pillow and stared at me with those light gray eyes.

"I don't understand you half the time," she said. "You're a man's woman. Every man that comes near you looks at you in just one way. That's what you get — whether you want it or not. What makes you sit there and talk as though you know nothing about men?"

"Well," I said doggedly, "I can't pick and choose. I've got to make the most of whatever genuine kindness I get, and put up with what I can't change. Do you think I ought to make friends more with women?"

I seemed to have said something amusing at last; she laughed a little, silently.

"Women — humph, they're worse than the men, hounding an unprotected girl. Look at the way the women treated you here in this house."

"They did make it hot for me," I said, "but since you've taken me up, and I'm working for Mr. Dale, things are different."

"Oh, you shine with reflected respectability from me, do you?"

"From you, the great musician," I added.

"Who said I was a great musician?"

"Oh," I joked, "they've told me all about you downstairs — they know, of course. They have the soothing fiction that the reason you won't come down to any of their card-parties is because you're so wrapped up in your profession."

"My profession?"

"Well — career — of course, music's a career. They say you're not like most rich girls — contented to be a mere society butterfly. They despised me for having to earn a living; but they're tickled to death over the prices you get for your piano talks."

"Much they know about it," she rolled her head on the cushions scornfully. "Those club lectures wouldn't keep me in nail polish." Then more to herself than to me, "A rich girl — I wish I were."

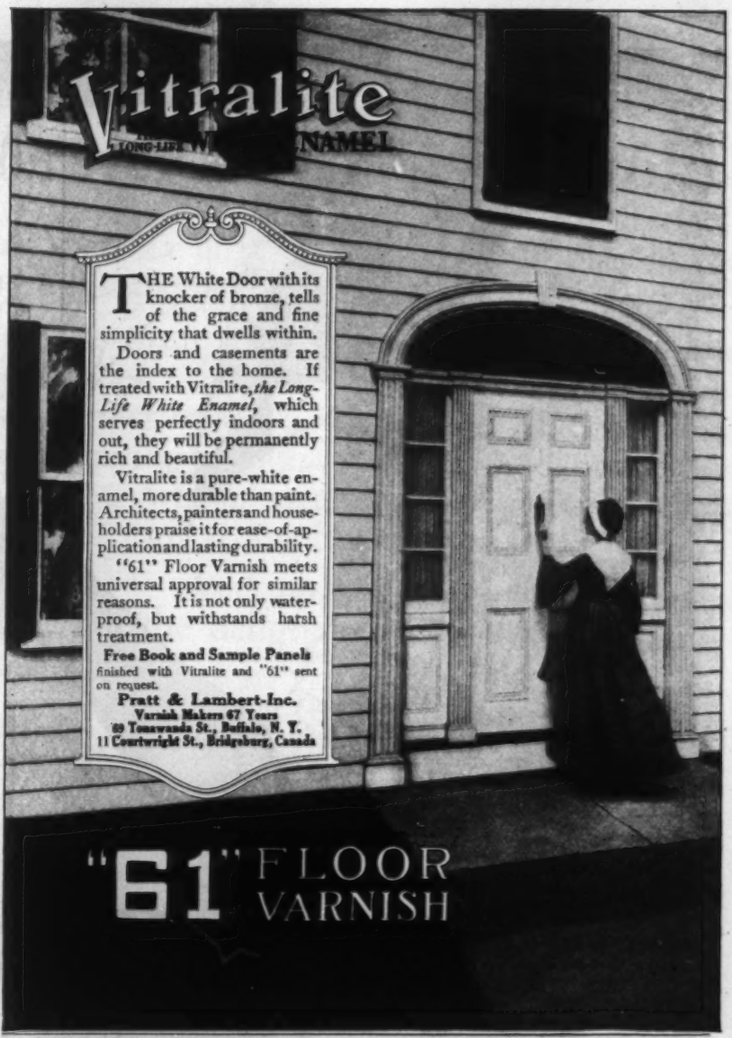
I sat back in silence. So this was it. I might have known. What does anybody worry about? Money, nearly always. I had to admire her pluck in keeping up appearances. Flattered, copied, run after — it would all have been over for her the moment they had suspected that she was hard up — pinched for means. I didn't doubt that I had to be economical; but it seemed that Miss Chandler had to be extravagant. Like an echo of my thought she spoke:

"I bought some new things yesterday afternoon — a chiffon scarf with fur on it, and a smart turban — in the closet there — let's have them out. I think I could stand a little light now."

The scarf was a beauty, the hat that went with it great style — I saw that at once — but such an odd little thing, like a stew kettle. Miss Chandler asked for another pillow under her shoulders, and within five minutes we had the upper closet shelf and half the hooks cleared, and were criticizing, trying on, planning more purchases. It cheered her up so well that when Orma brought up the tray she sent the girl back for another and I stopped and had dinner with her.

[To be Continued]

***NEXT MONTH:** Callie makes a strange discovery, and has a dramatic interview with Miss Chandler. She also meets Delia Watkins after many years, and tries to renew old bonds.*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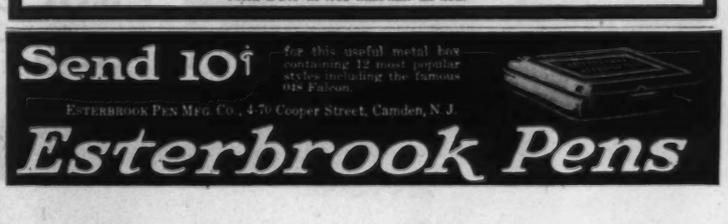
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